

# BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXI

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No 4

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"AS HE NEARED THE PASS . . . HE HEARD THE CLATTER OF HOOPS  
BEHIND HIM CEASE."

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## The Campaign Fund in Canada

By T. A. Petersen

THE post-election question in Canada is not "Was there any money?" but "how much?" and "where did the money come from?"

J. Israel Tarte said, as everybody knows, that "elections are not won with prayers."

A statement similar in substance, but somewhat different and perhaps a trifle more striking in the wording, is ascribed to Sir John Macdonald.

It is not the purpose of this article to do more than present as fully as the circumstances will allow, the theory of the campaign fund, which is vicious, and to outline the application of the theory, which is — scientific. "I am not," said Sir Richard Cartwright, once, "addressing a girls' school in this matter."

An essay on honest elections, or to put it in another way, on elections won by prayers exclusively, would begin and end with the wealth of data to be found in the standard work on snakes in Ireland. Of course, and to do no man or party or government an injustice, it must be admitted, and is hereby admitted, that nothing herein set down can apply if it should be determined that there are

after all, snakes in Ireland.

It appears upon a careful study of the subject—made with all proper precautions as to sterilization, etc.—that the "corruption fund," travelling "inco" as the "campaign fund," and more euphemistically known in polite society as "the sinews of war," has a double purchasing power. It buys a group before it buys the individual. It is paid over to the "group" in return for legislative favors, delivered or prospective. It passes from the "group" to the individual for his vote. Said individual may know it, or he may not, according as the bidding is done directly or indirectly, because there are some forms of bribery which harder upon art.

It is the fault of the electors if they are bribed. If corruption has become a recognized part of an election campaign, it is the fault of the people who consent to be corrupted.

It would be a difficult matter to buy votes if no votes were for sale. It is within the range of possibility that if corruption funds were not needed, that is to say, if they could not be used for the purpose for which they are intended,

political parties should cease to collect leftie money so systematically.

If these political parties had ceased to collect leftie money because there was no chance of using it, charter thieves and franchise-grabbers would have to go to Parliaments and ask for legislation on its merits. It is a dream, but a somewhat pleasing one.

There are undoubtedly more ways than one of holding elections. The ingenuity of election agents and workers, in all time since election-by-ballot began, has been directed toward the discovery of new ways of tricking the common people into the betrayal of the elementary principle of responsible government. That is, by the sale of their votes. The midnight visitor who journeys up and down the side-lines and mysteriously separates himself from dollar bills or ten dollar bills is a crude product of the aforesaid ingenuity. The method adopted in the London bye-election where a third man held the price of the vote until the vote was delivered, was primitive and, as subsequent events proved, somewhat dangerous. The bribery of an entire constituency with the promise and at times the gift of public works at a cost wholly unjustified from a revenue basis, is a common and regular modern method. The threat of the employer to the wage-earner who finds himself bribed with his bread and butter and the bread and butter of his family, is one of the most frequently adopted forms of exercising "influence." There are other ways, some easily discernible, some so subtle as to be detected only by a moral sense of smell. Some men, of course, know they are being bribed without being told but there are many heroes who will hold the telescope up to the blind eye.

But here is the theory:

The campaign fund, large or small, is provided by the corporations, large or small. The corporations do not do it out of philanthropy or out of patriotism. It is purely a business transaction. They are not giving something for nothing. They are giving something to get something, and the large corporations give more because they want most. Moreover, as a general rule, they get value for their money, full measure and running over.

The party in power naturally gets the most because it is in the best position to deliver the goods. The party which is in the minority is nevertheless not without power and may not always be in the minority. So the minority party gets its share, although competing corporations sometimes ally themselves with opposing parties and give only or principally to one party.

The corporations in return for the money "contributed" get "legislation." If it is legislation to which they are entitled they pay less for it, unless there is a hold-up by the other party to the transaction. Legislation which is least in the public interest is the most expensive, involving probably a very large cash contribution and in addition an energetic and expensive lobby. This cash contribution finds its way eventually, or some of it does, to the electors, or some of them. If the distribution were equal and general this might be called a round-about justice, inasmuch as this money is the price of the alienation of public rights and public domain. Some smarting consciences are salved with that idea.

Federal and provincial campaign funds are separate. They do not originate together and they are handled separately. But the basis in each case is the same. The collection of the money begins a long while ahead. That is why a forced dissolution and an appeal to the people at a time when the War Chest is fast poorly stocked results in a more accurate expression of public opinion than usually follows a campaign conducted at the close of a long parliamentary term.

A government for the time being has within its fold one minister whose duty it is to look after the chest. Where this duty is not performed by a cabinet minister it is done by a man closely in touch with the ministry. Absolute security may require the admission of this man into the Cabinet circle at some time. But it is the defined duty of one man, and he attends to it, while his colleagues draw their skirts about them and fix their gaze on higher things. The contributing corporation likewise has one man whose business it is to look after legislation and to see that it arrives when ordered. The corporation knows what is going on in-

side the party circle because, usually, there is in each party one man who is the creature of the corporation and responsible to it.

When a general election period approaches the business of the party is first of all to get funds. The War Chest of the party in power has been already partly filled. More comes. The minority party has some, but not nearly so much and must scurry around among the rich men who are its adherents. The need is regulated by the extent to which the electoral appetite for money has been educated in the past. Take a province of the size, say, of Ontario. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars might be sufficient to provide for the whole of one province of this size and be wholly insufficient for the corruption requirements of another province of equal or nearly equal size. The same is true of individual constituencies.

Experienced organizers say that a constituency once debauched is never reclaimed. Its fall has taken place probably at some bye-election when the whole energies of two parties were focused upon it. It has been bought. It has to be bought again. It goes into the column of ridings for which thereafter appropriations must be made as a matter of course. For a generation, that is to say, until a new and as yet, unthought electorate grows up in the place of the old. In one of the Ontario ridings in which was fought one of the historic bye-elections which marked the close of the Liberal regime in Ontario, both sides, it is said, spent enormously. It is still in the cash constituency column.

Take particular note of the word "cash." The corporation is after a valuable franchise. The terms are arranged. The legislation is to be granted on the definite understanding that a generous contribution will be made to the campaign fund. The franchise or the desirable legislation of whatever sort, is obtained. The corporation pays up and fails not, because, although the goods have been delivered and although the transaction would not bear publicity, both bargainers are in it, and the vendor has the power to discipline the retailer to the verge of ruin or beyond. He may not be

in a position to exercise that power to-day, but he will be to-morrow, and the other man knows it. Self-preservation is the rock upon which is founded the honor of both parties to these transactions. Cash payments are preferred.

The spending of the campaign fund is necessarily done with some degree of caution. I mean, that "spending" other than that which has to do with the printing and distribution of campaign literature and the payment of organizers and the renting of halls, the total of which is comparatively small. The absolute need of secrecy in the other sort of spending has resulted in the perfection of a filtering system so elaborate as to make the tracing of corruption money an impossibility. There have been times when bribery has been proved and the money seen. There has never been an instance in which such money has been traced back to its origin.

A business man of means, a friend of the party, doing a large business with his bank, taking out and putting in large sums of money, draws out one day, say—ten thousand dollars. It is the most ordinary thing in the business world. He draws another ten thousand out of another bank. There is nothing to excite suspicion. To all outward appearances he needs the money in his business. This first money, in cold cash, goes into the vault in his office. The business man, of course, is not giving away his own money. The second ten thousand is his pay. He is merely assisting in the breaking up and re-assembling of the "Campaign Fund," which after much of the same sort of procedure, becomes a huge collection of the bills of a dozen different banks. It takes time, sometimes a long time, the banking and changing being spread over as extended a period as possible.

The whole object is to get the fund in cash and to do it as far away from the time and scene of the election as possible. The fund is made up of Dominion twos, of fives and tens, some fifties, and are exercised to see that there are not too many of the same denomination of the same bank. The aim and result of this is that when the money gets into the place where it is to be spent, and the in-

holidians proceed to display unusual affluence in the vicinity of the town bar, the hotelkeeper does not find himself possessed of valuable political information in the drawer of his cash register. To ensure this happy result it may even be considered desirable in the breaking up of the original fund to exchange Canadian for United States notes. An agent makes a short journey across the border and the change comes back.

The banking is never under any circumstances done in the place where the money is to be spent. Between these two points or stages there are many intermediate points or stages. It is a long coil to the final stage. Small sums are deposited in one bank and are later drawn out of another in different bills. The system has reached a high degree of excellence, but those who have contributed to its success are ever on the lookout for improvements. In the handling of campaign funds eternal vigilance alone is the price of a fair measure of safety. Once in a while, of course, the current may come close to the surface because the success of big schemes will always depend upon trifles. The principal danger against the successful working of the "Campaign Fund" is the danger of there being left a trail. It is against this danger that the precautions of the fund-handlers are directed, and these precautions must be taken at the banking stage. One important factor is in the favor of the successful working of the filter. The bank employees must co-operate in the maintenance of secrecy. The fact that the larger sums are handled through business men who are customers of the bank makes it imperative that the bank employees should shut their eyes and mouths, even assuming that they suspected that they were handling campaign funds. Up to now the system has never broken down.

In the Ganey case every effort was made to trace the money that R. R. Ganey swore he received. Every effort failed. The banking transaction was never discovered. The question "Where did the money come from?" was never answered. Probably it never will be answered. The circumstances suggest a possible explanation, namely, that the

money, assuming that there was money, had been collected some time before for another purpose, held in cash and not deposited in a bank at all. That may be the explanation or it may not. A Royal Commission tried to find out and failed. Bank books and other books were diligently examined and signatures of big cheques were subpoenaed. The question remained unanswered.

Campaign funds are not shovelled out to every party man who applies for help. Nor is the shovelling done by the man who has done the collecting. A distributor takes the collector's place. To him go the sitting members, on their way back for re-election. Theirs is the first claim, and they are attended to first, according to their needs and their own values as party men. Then the organizers take the map and size up the doubtful ridings. The candidates are weighed and the best man gets the most help. In some cases money is provided for no other purpose than to prevent an election by acclamation, a thing which the organizer abhors. A thousand dollars may be put into a fight under such circumstances, the organizer going into the riding and digging up a candidate whose campaign will cost him nothing and who gets himself in line for favors to come. That's why there are so few elections by acclamation.

Part of the fund is always reserved for the last week of the campaign and eleventh hour appeals, but it is then that most care is exercised for two reasons, the other side begins to watch about that time and, occasionally, perhaps, a candidate may be seeking a further hand-out with no idea of passing it on. Most politicians have at one time or other heard stories of campaign funds that never reached the intended mark.

It has been said that the country is ruled by railways, and, at various times, that various governments have been owned by railways. It has been more than once hinted from time to time that the great railways are included in the list of these corporations whose financial relations with governments assist in the creation of great stores of political war supplies. I have heard it stated that the pres-

ent Government of Canada fathered the Grand Trunk Pacific project and hacked the undertaking by pledging the resources of the country to an enormous extent, for the primary purpose of having an instrument with which to offset the political influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Northern Railway in western and north-western Canada. That may be so or it may not. The fact remains, however, that the influence of a transcontinental railway thrown into the scale against one party or another is tremendous. The friendship of such a corporation is of itself a campaign fund and no political party will willingly and deliberately make an enemy of a great landed transportation

company, unless perhaps, it is for the purpose of retaining and acquiring the aid of a similar and stronger company. It may not be too much to say that, all things considered, the railway companies in this country held the balance of power as between a government and the people. The operation of the Intercolonial Railway in the Maritime Provinces has taught successive governments this lesson. It is accepted now as a rule of the book that the railway influence must be counted as one of the first factors of an election campaign and no government or party can afford to ignore this over-shadowing power until the chartering and financing of great railway projects is taken out of the hands of Parliament.



## The Legend of the Cliff

By John Boyle

THE cliff stands a hundred feet high about mid-way in the valley. The mountains—the Rockies, that form the walls of the valley, look down upon it from all around and a little lake, little by comparison with the height of the cliff, lies at the foot of it.

On that side of the valley which faces the cliff and across which the rising sun glistens every morning, there is a long piece of smooth land which falls in easy terraces from the craggy shoulders of the

eastern wall of the valley like a cloak, and which runs smoothly down to the edge of the little lake, where, upon its hem as it were, grasses leap up and stand staring across the lake at the frowning height of rock. And when, in the afternoon, the sun finally turns his back and steps behind the hills, leaving only the twilight to light the late birds home, great shadows creep out on the face of the cliff. Now these shadows are unlike any other shadows in that valley. They are more



black. And as for the cliff itself, it is unlike any other thing in the valley. It is as still as a man lying in wait for his enemy. It is as still as a drop of water hanging from a twig and never falling. It is not the stillness of a thing which is dead, but of a thing with a mind behind it, sinister, threatening. It has such an evil property that the little winds of the valley are afraid after sunset to creep upon the breasts of the water, but instead go round about it, whispering softly on the edge of the low plain. The foolish looms cry at night for an echo out of the cliff. But it never answers except when there is a great wind and the waters and the wind beating against the foot of the rock make a sound like women waiting in a camp.

## II.

Now in the days before the valley was invaded by the white men, before there were any apple trees and irrigation ditches, and before the Okanagan Valley had become famous for the apples it produces, there lived on the low side of it a tribe of Indians after whom the valley and the apples-to-day take their name. They were called the Okanagans, and the name of their chief was Tsemumchouton.

Now this chief was a young man and a champion, very tall, very brave and rich, as riches were estimated in the tribe in those days. He had horses and he had blankets. He was skilled with weapons and a hunter of renown. And all that he lacked in the mind of the tribe, was a wife and a stouter disposition. For he was a man of humors and whims, sometimes cruel, sometimes kind. Often he

wandered away into strange places. And he was fond of being alone. When the old women sent their best daughters to walk by his door that he might see and choose, he mocked at them and chose none.

But of a certain day he called to his Mother, who was an old woman blackened with the smoke of cooking, and he said to her: "Woman, I am going to find the top of the cliff."

"How shall you find it?" she answered, sneeringly. "Is it not a forbidden place? Is it not known that none ever ascend it, and that on the top of the cliff is the abode of none but spirits?"

"There are no spirits," he said, "or at all events there are none on the top of the cliff. I am going."

So he took his horse and rode off slowly, leaving the young men to go hunting alone. And passing by the shore of the lake, opposite the face of the cliff all the time, he came to the place where the lake begins and a small stream falls exhausted into the deep bosom of the lake after its long journey down the sides of the mountains round about. And at that point he crossed the stream and found himself on a narrow footing right under the bellies of the great rocks above.

Suddenly he came upon an opening in the face of the rock out of which a very small stream of water ran. It ran slowly as though it had an easy path down which to fall and the young chief saw that it was heavy with mud which it had picked up on its road. So he followed the water into a fissure in the cliff and searching diligently found a way, steep in places, but none the less possible,



up which he led his horse and by which he attained the top of the great cliff.

And then he discovered the strangeness of the cliff. For when he came to the top and was on the plain above, he looked about him for the edge of the precipice and behold he could see none! The same mountains were on all sides of the valley. He observed the same peaks and gulches. But the floor of the valley seemed smooth. There was no cliff, no lake and no sign of the camping place where his tribe had lived since he could first remember. There seemed to be but one stretch of dry earth from the one wall of the valley to the other and he would have been afraid for his senses only that he happened to look a little closer in one direction than the other and he saw a bird rise, seemingly out of the ground, but which had in reality risen from its nest under the edge of the cliff. And then he saw that the cliff so matched the color of the ground on the other side of the valley, and was so straight along the top that it was hard for the eye in the glare of the sun to discern the edge of this upper plain. As he looked and thought, he saw that a stranger, riding toward the farther side of the valley, not knowing that there was a cliff in its middle, would ride over it and be destroyed. After a long time he turned away and after marking the place where the cliff was, so that upon his return he should not fall over it himself, but should be able to find his path and descend to the level of his own plain once more, he rode straight into the pass which he saw opening in the rear wall of the valley, and came into the valley of the Nicolas and the camping place of that people.

## III.

Lying in a thicket he looked down on

the camp of this new people. With his arrows by him and his hatchet close, he lay and peered through the leaves of his hiding place down on the tops of the village. It seemed deserted. There was no life except for a few old dogs and the young chief saw that the tribe was away hunting except for the old men and the old women and the very young. As he looked down on the village he laughed and planned cunningly how he could steal down and set it ablaze with just a brand from a nearby smoldering fire. His fingers tangled with mischief and he narrowed his eyes in the very delight of his cunning. But as he did so he heard a voice laughing, a very pretty laugh, soft and changing like the voice of a stream as the wind varies. Suddenly his arrows were gone from beside him and his hatchet was drawn out of scabbard, and as he leaped to his feet he stood facing a girl, a girl who was laughing at him as he stood there disarmed. Her face was full of mischief.

He spoke civilly and she answered civilly. The tongues were different but there was enough resemblance between them so that they could talk. But as he picked over his words to make an understanding between them, the girl suddenly tossed his hatchet and his arrows out on the thicket in the direction of the camp, and he heard them falling with a clatter on the roof of a tepee. He heard a shout—a dog bark—more dogs taking up the cry, and he bit his lips as he realized that he was near being trapped. Anger and admiration for the laughing squaw, and concern for his own safety were quarreling in his mind. He compromised swiftly, and with one bound seized the girl and lifting her lightly, set her before him on his horse and rode swiftly back



THE SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF TINGLED IN THE ENDS OF HIS FINGERS

along the trail he had followed from his own valley. As he rode he heard the young man of that camp returning and heard them shouting as they searched the thicket where he had been hiding. He knew they would be following. He heard the commotion. He heard pursuers coming. They seemed about to overtake him. Yet as he neared the pass he heard the clatter of hoofs behind him cease, and the girl was smiling back into his face.

"Why have they gone back?" he asked her.

"Do you not see?" she said, nodding up toward the red summits guarding the pass. "The blood on these peaks has always been a warning to my people never to venture through the pass. None that ever entered it ever returned. You are the first to come out of it. My people are afraid to follow till that light has faded. Only my father would be bold enough, and he is away hunting. But I am content to be loved by you—a spirit."

"Spirit! I am a man," he answered.

"It is enough," she said, simply.

But the little horse is running softly as though the girl in front of the chief was not the addition of a feather's weight. The chief paid no heed to the girl's words. He made the pass, he crossed the high plain of his own valley and came to the top of the path which had let him up

from the other side of his valley, and so came into the camp of his own people.

He called his people. "There are pursuers coming," he said. "I have carried away a captive from the people that dwell in the next valley."

"A captive!" they shouted.

"Yes," he replied curtly, "but she is for a wife. Do as I bid you now." And as they gathered about him to hear his instruction, he commanded them to light fires upon the floor of the valley far back against the eastern wall of mountains.

"As for you," he said, to his captive, "you would have deceived me into riding less swiftly through the pass so that your people could overtake me, but I was wiser than to heed. They shall follow and I—it will be amusing."

He had judged the distance so that the fires could be seen from the moment the pursuing Nicolas should emerge from the pass into the valley of the Okanagans.

#### IV.

Now the hunters returned to the camp of the Nicolas a little before sunset and found the daughter of the chief gone and the trail of a stranger leading into the pass which let into the valley of the Okanagans. They were afraid. They thought the stranger must have been a God or a

## THE LEGEND OF THE CLIFF.

Devil or a spirit. For it was a tradition in the tribe, as the girl had said that none who ever rode through the pass had returned, and as a warning the heads of the two mountains on either side of it were smitten with blood every clear evening in the year. So the Nicolas were afraid and in debate.

But the Old Chief, the father of the girl, was unafraid. "The warning is against entering the pass in the sun-time," he said. "When the sun sets the warning is taken away from the hills. The hills are then no longer the color of blood. We shall ride into the pass to-night as soon as the sun has lain down."

So the camp mustered and stood watching the sunset on the top of the two mountains at the sides of the pass. And as the red of the sun faded little and little and a little more, they mounted and rode with the old chief at their head, into the pass. Behind them the old women moaned and rocked and the old men recalled how one and then another, and in all ten men of the tribe had ventured into the pass and returned not. But the old Chief rode on and his men.

#### V.

And they returned no more. For as they entered into the valley which lay beyond the pass they saw the fires which the Okanagans had made on the far side of the valley.

"Do spirits have fires?" cried the Old Chief, as the young men drew rein. "Are you afraid of fires?"

They answered by spurring their horses to the front. They said nothing, but spreading apart, rode swiftly down toward the far-off fires on the far side of the valley. The ground slipped pleasantly under them. The air was good, the land smooth. They had no longer any fear 'till suddenly—those who were riding behind could see nothing of those who rode in front, and listening—there were no sound of hoof-beats from ahead. They pulled short their horses, still there was only a silence.

The old chief was gone. They called for him softly and gave the signals of the tribe, but there was no answer, and they turned to flee. But even as they turned to flee they were attacked from behind. Arrows assailed them and great giants, as

they thought, strode among them striking with their hatchets and driving them back toward the place where the Old Chief had disappeared. So some were slain and the others, save only a few, were driven over the cliff.

And down below, in the valley of the Okanagans, the young captive wept in the tent of her lord.

So was commenced the hatred of the Nicolas for the Okanagans. The Okanagans became great warriors while the Nicolas became farmers and tillers of the soil. Out of that generation there were none left but old men and old women and young children who learned the tale of the blood-smitten pass which leads, as the saying came to be used, "into the valley of death."

#### PART II.

THE young husband grew old and he died. The wife, the daughter of the Nicolas, grew old and she died. And as time passed the old Hag of Poverty came into the camp and pitched her wigwag. The smoke of her fires clouded the hearts of the people. There was hunger in the camp. The very poles of the wigwags showed through like the ribs of a lean horse. The horses of the camp were short of wind, poor runners, starved. The women were the weary, patient look of women who suffer in silence and nurse cold thoughts against their husbands. The children's knees were sharp and if rain fell on the cheek of one of them while it slept, it lay in the hollow. Where one dog had quarrelled before, ten quarrelled. The males thieved from the females, and the leaders among the dogs warred with one another for scraps that had gone to the litters before. The mark of dice was all around the slovenly camp.

For the Okanagans had fallen upon evil days. The white man had come; had fenced in long stretches of the level land; had strung the poles of the Long-Talk over the dry land. Game had passed further and further away and though the camp had followed, still they came back always to the old valley. Their old game of War was gone. There were



gone in the other tribe of the Nicolas to fight with, for the Nicolas had become a peaceful tribe and had put aside the art of arms and had learned by scraping the soil after the manner of the white men, to get crops enough to feed them. And if the Okanagan would have pillaged them the officers of the White Man's Law made proceedings that took the heart out of the braves. So that at length there had come into the empty heart of the tribe the passion for gambling. The white men had brought it with them into the valley, together with convenient little tables and neatly-made dice. The gaming spirit crept first into the blood of the young chief, and from him entered all the young men of the tribe so that they gave up hunting and frequented the town of the white man which had grown up in the valley. And there they gambled.

But there had come the day of starvation. The pots were empty. The best saddles and the best horses were gone; they had been lost by the braves. The best knives and the rifles which the camp had acquired were gone. The Hag of Poverty brooded over the boiling pots of water.

This day the braves had lost everything. As they fled home, afoot, up the trail, the women had come out to meet them and see their luck. They knew of it before the men were within hailing distance for they came afoot, whereas in the morning they had ridden away well-mounted, considering the evil days of the camp.

So in the evening of this day the young

Chief sat by a burned-out fire and brooded.

"Do you plan to save us?" mocked an old squaw, peering.

"I plan nothing," he replied.

"And we eat nothing!" She passed on slowly, rubbing her smoke-blackened hands together, crosing, evilly.

Another squaw passed, with three lean children dragging on her hand.

"Did you bring us food?" she asked.

"Do you see it with me?" he retorted.

"How shall we feed the children?" Another and another squaw went by in reproach, until at length, exasperated, the young chief rose and summoned the dwindled tribe together.

"We have lost at the tables," he began as his shamed braves hung in behind him. "There is no food."

"Can we not beg a little?" pleaded a lean squaw with a watery-eyed baby on her hip. Would not the tribe of your mother lend us a little?"

"They are merchants, not warriors," returned the Chief, sneering. "They have learned to tickle the earth for meat."

"Could not we also learn to tickle it?"

"Will a conqueror teach you to mend the sores you left upon yourself? We conquered them in war. In peace they are our conquerors since there can be no more war."

"Let us then—steal!" wailed a squaw who had once been fat but whose flesh had fallen away pitifully.

"Let us give them the ransom for ourselves to be taught their art. Let us make peace," cried another.

"Do as you please," he said. "I called you to tell you to wait. I am seeking a



way for us. Get me a horse and I shall go. I go to the tomb of my father."

They brought him a pony and he rode off toward the great cliff, in the early evening. And he came to his father's tomb and knelt upon it while the sun was setting and the moon rose heavily.

## II.

In the morning there was still no food in the camp. The dogs had run away. The sun had waked the camp in vain. The people rose and waited, stupidly for the return of the young Chief.

And when the sun was well up, one of the young men saw the Chief returning from the place where his father had discovered the path to the top of the cliff and upon the top of which was his tomb. The tribe staggered weakly out to meet him.

"What have you done?" they asked. "Have you brought us food?"

"No," he answered, "but I have dreamed a great dream and I have been to the camp of the Nicolas. But in the dream I saw my father and he commanded me to play once more on the little tables and to watch carefully the game."

"To play again!" they shouted, dismayed.

"Aye! And you shall bring me all the horses that are left and all the saddles and we shall play them all, after the manner in which my father, the great chief, directed me."

"But if you lose," they wailed.

But he turned his back.

They brought all the saddles that were left, all the blankets and all the horses. And the gamblers, seeing them coming down the trail, laughed.

"By Gad!" cried one fat old gamester, "They've more spunk than white man. Here they come with the last of their saddles, I bet."

"Not worth a whoop," snarled an evil-faced man.

"Nope," sighed the old one, "but I'd like to see what's going to happen when the game is up."

"They'll be cleaned out. That's all," returned the other.

They waited.

The young Chief came in, clearer-eyed than they had ever seen him before. And with him were seven young men, also clear of eye. They had been fasting.

"Have a drink?" asked the fat one.

"No drink," said the young Chief, and lifting his finger he pointed to the starving rabble that had followed the gamesters into the town.

"Gad!" exclaimed the fat one. "They are thin."

As they sat down, the evil-faced one to play against the young chief, the seven braves stood close by to watch that he did not cheat. He did not see them at first. Then he swore. But he had no excuse for the fat one, who was his principal, was in a peculiar good humor. So there was no cheating.

The dice rattled merrily, then there was a little thump as the hand of the evil-faced one touched the table, turning the box over and spilling out the dice.

"I win," he said.

"I have lost only one saddle," replied the young chief.

Whereupon he played with new interest, and behold! Then, again, he won, and again, and again.

"I will play no more," said the Evil-Faced.

"Oh, yes," laughed the fat gambler. "Let them beat us this time, Pete. We can win it back again."

"You can never win it back again," said the young Chief, stiffly.

The half of the tribe had gathered about the little table. The room was hot, a day after play the young Chief won, and then, satisfied, counted his winnings carefully.

"Play again!" shouted the tribe. But he shook his head.

I am the chief of the Okanagan and am an enemy of the Nicolas whom my father led over the great cliff. By war they were made to learn the art of peace. By peace have we been disarmed. We have been starving. Is it better say you to learn the art of peace. To tickle the earth and make it feed us, or die? When I left you last night I went first to my father's grave which is beside the cliff, and then I rode into the valley of the Nicolas. It is green and well fed. In the night I found the chief of them. The chief of the Nicolas has offered to teach us the art whereby his

of the Nicolas and make peace. Here is the offering for the plough."

As he finished, a tall man dressed in the clothes of a white man, with a great straw hat on his head, and a red handkerchief over his shirt collar came for-

ward and accepted the money from the hand of the young chief. Then he led the way back into the valley of Nicolas, the conquerors into the valley of the conquered. So was peace sealed between the two tribes forever and forever.

## RELIABLE PEOPLE.

*From Great Thoughts.*

THERE is doubtless a great deal of worldly success won by men who are not reliable as far as rightness goes. But such success has its drawbacks. It works for a while, but is apt to break down like an unreliable engine. The unscrupulous man gains power or position, but not the respect of the better elements of the community; and in the long run, his life breaks down. Every town, every city, every nation rests on the shoulders of the reliable people in its borders. They may not be its most prominent or most wealthy citizens, but they are its absolutely necessary ones. The individual who determines to be reliable, determines thereby to be valuable to all around him.

"How did he come to be the head of the conferees?" was asked about a peculiarly quiet man who forged to the front in a growing business. "Why, it was this way," was the reply. "All anybody had to do, in case of things going wrong, was to refer matters to him. He was always attentive, always cleared up the tangles, always could answer questions, always was ready to do more than he was expected to do. He was not ambitious; he did not want the head place especially; but what was the use of making anybody else the head when we had him?" His reliability made everyone depend on him, and he became head in title because he was first the head in fact.

As one follows up reliability one finds how it includes and accompanies other fine traits of character. In its best form it is always unselfish, usually humble, and allied with a true sense of honor. Reliable people are apt to be harder on themselves than on others, and given to bearing other folks' burdens for them. Patience becomes second nature to the reliable soul, and so do sincerity and neighborly kindness. On the other hand, to be unreliable is never a fault of character that exists alone. It means self-indulgence or dishonesty or shirking or insincerity. The unreliable fall to the rear of life, and deserve it. The "blessed company of faithful people" are the ranks of the advance, and to march among them is to find life worth living.



AND OVER THE TOMB OF HIS FATHER HE KNELT, WHILE ON ONE SIDE THE SUN WAS SETTING AND ON THE OTHER THE MOON ROSE HEAVILY.

"I have enough," he said.

They went out to a quiet place in the skirts of the town and there sat down. He counted the money before them. There was forty dollars. He gave orders and the seven young men went into the town and bought meat and bread with twenty dollars. The tribe ate ravenously and when it was finished the young Chief gathered them about him again, and made them a speech.

"My children," he said, "I am of both the Nicolas and of the Okanagan. Yet

people live, provided we give them a ransom. They have need of money to buy a medicine stick—a plough. If we get it for them for our ransom they will take us into their camps and teach us to plough and to reap, as they have done. Shall we pay the ransom?"

"Aye!" they shouted.

"Then," said the young chief, "Let the chief of the Nicolas come before me to receive the money which, according to the direction of the spirit of my father we have won, and let us go into the camp





SIR ALLEN AYLESWORTH, K.C.M.G.  
Member of Justice

## In Regard to Modern Knights

**S**UPPOSE that there had been a misunderstanding among the storks as to the order in which people were to be let into this world. I mean, suppose there had been a mix-up in the tickets of admission so that some people were let into the nice, warm, cheery glow of this world, out of the gloomy atmosphere of pre-natal eternity, before their turn. Suppose Milton had arrived before Chaucer and Shakespeare before that again. It might have made a wonderful difference to this world. Shakespeare might not have had anybody to steal plots from, and Paradise might not, at that time, have been lost. Of course some people may argue that men are merely the product of their times and that there would have been a Shakespeare when there was a Shakespeare, nevertheless, though his name might have been Brown. So to avoid argument, one might confine the speculation to the question, what would have happened, supposing that the six Canadian Knights, who were just recently created by King George, had been born in the days of King Arthur, in the real days of real knights.

Would Sir Allen Aylesworth have gone galavanting around the country looking for Princesses needing a lift out of a tight place?—letting their golden hair down from their second storey apartments for Sir Allen to write sonnets to it, and climb up? Would Sir Donald Mann have spent whatever time he could spare out of the King's court in evicting old ladies across muddy London crossings, or retrieving scented bits of lace and cambric dropped from the hand of some passing damsel? Would Sir William Mackenzie have gone off by himself into the woods to look for dragons, in the same "Ha Villain! Have at thee!" manner that he still wears? Would Sir George Gibbons of London, Charles Hyman's friend, have gone on a still hunt for some wrong to right? Would he have cut much of a figure in the lists? Or would Sir Thomas Tait? Or Sir Charles Townsend? We venture to say "not." Knights and Knighthood are different affairs now-a-days. They are, for one thing, secured differently.

It would not be kind to surmise what these gentlemen would have been doing when Arthur was waiting for a queen at his Round Table, or when the Nubian, in Sir Walter Scott's story, was polishing the shield of his Royal Master. Mackenzie might have tried in vain for a charter to build a coach road. Dan



SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE  
Of the Canadian Northern Railway

Mann—for he is still Dan Mann, despite the impediment in his address—might have met Mackenzie a hundred times over and without finding any work for their mutual co-operation. Sir Allen Aylesworth would have been without law books to study. Sir Thomas Tait would have had no Australian railways to re-organize, nor Sir Charles Townsend any precedents on which to base his judgments. They would have been jobless, without opportunity, without hope, swine herders perhaps, or pot boys, or tavern keepers, or stage coach drivers, perhaps highwaymen, perhaps fat churls, or early old squires with gout. They would have been men born before their time.

Knighthood then—and Knighthood now, are two utterly different things. Not that the estate is any less honorable, or the position easier to attain. But there is a difference! The world has grown up. It still keeps Knighthoods as one of the rewards which it offers men. One wonders often that the fashions in this world's "rewards" do not change; that all children like candy, that the earthly goals men set their hearts upon do not seem to change; that money and a nice wife and children, and a Knighthood, a little honor, a little power and enough in the bank to insure a decent burial, are still the ambitions of the world. One man's ambition differs from another's ambition only in method and degree. So Knighthoods are still a sugar plum. "Sir Knight!" is still an honorable title. But the way of obtaining it has changed. There is a new fashion in the world.

Sir William Mackenzie, mounted on an office chair for a charger, with a pen for a lance, a check for a pennant, a secretary for a shield, and a bank for helmet and armor, rides into the lists. Does anybody cheer? Are there any heralds? Does the King stand by to watch? Or do the ladies look on from their boxes?—Instead, nobody saw him enter the lists. The whole world is the lists. There is no audience except those fighting in the lists and a few figure heads. He has no steed, no lance, no pennant, no shield and no helmet or armor. He was born into the lists without them. But by hard work he built for himself an office and an office chair and acquired the other accoutrements. When, at New Years he was Knighted, it was in recognition of the fact that he had won, that he was the victor. It was not because he had built great railroads in Canada or attracted much capital to Canada. Every poor little man in the world would do as much as that if he could, and more, if he were sure of Mackenzie's profit. But Everyman couldn't. The world would have defeated him. William Mackenzie defeated the opposition which would have crushed Everyman. He becomes—"Sir" William.

Mackenzie and Mann earned their honors by valor in the field of material accomplishment. They have unhosed their competitors. Their presence in the lists is for the first time recognized by the public acknowledgment of their victories. Sir Allen Aylesworth won his knighthood by service to the Nation. Sir Charles Townsend for service to Justice and therefore to the state,



NORTHOMLAND MANN — OTHERWISE CALLED "DAN" MAYE TO "HILL" MACKENZIE

Sir George Gibbons by service on the Waterways Commission which is state service, and Sir Thomas Tait by service to Australia in her railroad problems.

Had the Knights errant of old been born to-day they perhaps might have been as much out of place as might our six new Knights in the days of the Round Table. Yet I think I saw one of them the other day being taken in by a fake-cripple selling tax shoe-laces. I have also a notion that some of the officials of certain social and moral reform associations are in reality valiant dragon-slayers born in the days of only figurative dragons—though dragons nevertheless: while as for the men who strive to wipe out poverty and shame and crime in our communities, who are striving to alter laws and amend things which are not equitable to all, and therefore not equitable to society—they are the true Knights Errant. Quite a few of them are unknighthed.



Sir Allen began life by poring over books. It was on an Ontario farm. He continued it, through law offices and court rooms to Parliament and the Privy Council. He is the most self-contained man in Canadian politics. Nothing phases him. Nothing could ever remove the angelic calm of his cherubic face. He has a theatre in his head. He never needs to go outside of himself to be amused. He merely absorbs the shocks which some honorable member opposite him in the House of Commons is giving off, and, translating them in his own thoughts, he amuses himself and smiles calmly at what he is thinking about. He is gentle and kind, but if you get personal he is apt to fall on you and make a stain on the floor.

Sir Allen gives very few cares for what the world thinks of him. A Toronto Liberal lawyer attacked him in the Globe. Sir Allen only smiled with touching simplicity. The Conservatives accused him of being a party man. He admitted it—undisturbed. He had a hand in ousting certain race-track gambling legislation, and the Social and Moral Reformers fell upon him. He was shredded—in print. But he cared nothing. He drawled an answer to them. It was perfectly plain and candid. He had done, he said, what he had done, because he felt like doing it. That was all.

He is a keen lawyer. That is where he was valuable at The Hague. That—and his ability to keep cool and take his time and think. His thinking is fruitful. He is a wise, calm, unpermeable man.



Sir William Mackenzie is the man who can take an empty trunk into a London fog and come out again in a week with it full of money—five million per trunk-load. He brings it to Canada, and, phat—a pass of the hand, and it is transformed into long, shining streaks of steel, and sweating locomotives and crowded depots. He is a little man and in his early days kept a general store. He was born on a farm and he is Scotch. He



SIR THOMAS TAIT

Former C.P.R. official, who recently finished the reorganization  
of the Australian Railways.

started his railroading career with the C. P. R. in the west. He is plain and unpretentious. He is inscrutable. He is nice to you and uses you as a tool. He is nasty to you, and you die—very often.

Sir Donald thinks like the explosions in a gas motor in a race. But his conclusions are wrapped in lead, and hard to lift. He is Scotch—born in Ontario—silly in words, an inveterate smoker, an occasional writer, and eloquent upon occasions. Mackenzie is the financier of the firm; but Mann the balanced brain power. Mackenzie the roar of the steam in the piston chamber; Mann the awful force of the silent fly-wheel.

The mystery of these two men is—where did they meet? One and one made four when they two met. Sometimes, when it comes to putting legislation through at Ottawa, it looks as though one and one made—the whole House of Commons. But maybe "Billy" Moore, the square-jawed lobbyist, has something to do with that. Perhaps he is the genius that brings M. & M. the little advantage of building (for the Government, of course) and operating the Hudson's Bay Railway. But that is another matter.

As to the meeting—Sir Donald knows where it happened. Once, when the writer was interviewing him about himself, he started to tell, and then closed his lips, and kept the secret.

"I'd like—" he said, "to tell you where I first met Mackenzie—" and he twisted his cigar out of the way so that he could smile over the thought. But that was all he said.

In the photograph of Sir Donald, "Tay Pay" O'Connor is standing beside him. They were at the O. J. C. races together last fall. Notice the two right hands. Observe the delicate, nervous, humorous, "light" hand of O'Connor, held uncertainly against his coat. Observe Mann's. Mann's thumb is sticking out straight. Could that hand edit T. P.'s weekly? Could it wield the Irish? —! Could T. P.'s little affair push the push-buttons on Mann's desk? Or keep Mackenzie from running away with the whole shooting match?

The Editor.





SIR GEORGE GESSONS, K.C., OF LONDON  
Was now Chairman of the Waterways Commission.



SIR CHARLES TOWNSEND  
Chief Justice of New South Wales

# The Little Heathen

By  
Charles Shirley

THE great unfinished Canal lay basking in the sun while half the ships in the world went traipsing around Cape Horn and twice the length of South America cut of their way, and—while Lyon and I stood at the top of the bank of the Calicut Ditch, and gazed down at our protégé—young Grey.

"Fine lad!" chuckled old Lyon, "ain't he, John?"

"One can't help liking him," I admitted conservatively.

"I've no use for women," pursued Lyon, as our admiring eyes took in every movement of the young giant down below us boozing his men, taking as much pains in his work as though it was a wall in the actual canal itself instead of a mere temporary embankment to meet the purposes of the Chief Engineer, "I wouldn't give you tuppence for all the women in Creation, but I like a wuss. I don't mean your party-faced, cigarette-smoking niggers that I've seen so much of around these parts. Always coming to me for dope for some peevishness brought on by some fool doings. But I mean a real man such as Grey. A fine animal—clean and white and sound. You can have all the women in the world, John. Give me a Man."

"Women are all right in their place," I answered, for I have seen some good ones in my day, "We mustn't be sour on 'em, Lyon. We're too old. People might think it was sour grapes."

"I'm not sour on 'em," retorted Lyon, "but I want no dealings with them. That's all."

As he spoke I happened to turn my head and look along the top of the bank on which we were standing. Not far from us, but hidden slightly by a heap of brush, I saw a little copper-colored girl

sitting, Indian fashion, among the overgrowth. She was gazing contentedly, chin in hand, elbow on knee, down into the old dry ditch which young Grey and his gang were converting into a temporary reservoir for a certain river which the Chief wished to divert for a little while.

"Why, look, Lyon," I said, "what's that little native girl so interested in the ditch for? Look! She's waving her hand down into the ditch at somebody. Probably it's at a nigger!"

"Not at a nigger?" exclaimed Lyon, becoming suddenly animated. "Look at Grey!"

He pointed into the ditch. There, big and fair and handsome, with sun-helmet on his head and his shirt open at the throat, in the centre of his swarm of men, stood Grey. A procession of wheelbarrows was filling just him up a plank runway from the piles of material on the far bank of the ditch. Some carried earth, some stone, some heaps of dried out rushes. All around the boy's feet other niggers were putting the material in place, raising the wall to the proper height. A moment before, when I had looked, Grey was intent upon his work, his first real commission in the work on the great canal. Lyon and I had been admiring his poise, the way he seemed to be cursing his niggers without heat, as a good engineer does—but now, he was waving his hand up at the little Copper girl, squinting on the top of the bank with his coat.

"Perhaps he's waving at 'em," suggested Lyon, hopefully. "Let him see we are here. Show your hand."

"No!" I returned, "don't let's make fools of ourselves. He hasn't seen us. He sees nobody but that little brown girl, and she sees—nobody but him. Let's get out of here."

Now in our district, in the building of the Panama Canal, there had been many rumors concerning the ways of certain white men who had made friends of natives. There were certain little tragedies recorded in the mess-room gossip which resembled in not a few ways the story of Madame Butterfly and Kipling's yarn called "Boogie Porgie." But they were not such pretty stories. They were rather grim. Men who wished to avoid being talked about had made it more or less of a rule in our division to have no truck with natives. Yet Lyon and I had just seen Grey lay himself open to being misunderstood. We had intended bringing Grey home with us to lunch instead of waiting for him on the verandah of our mess house. But as if by mutual consent Lyon and I turned off toward home without having informed Grey of our presence. Lyon was even more silent than usual on the way. I had nothing to say either.

We two, among the rest of the staff in our division, were bachelor Canadians. Grey also was Canadian, but he was young and he had been in the camp only a little while, whereas Lyon and I were veterans. We were in our fifties. He was still smoking of teens. Lyon was a physician. He had been a country doctor in an Ontario town. His business here was malaria, yellow fever, cholera and obstetrical cases. Mine was steel and concrete. For two years we had lived alone together because our tastes were similar and we had certain whimsical ideas about making coffee and broiling steaks, which necessitated our having one cook, the only other option being to accept the fare at some other mess table. We seldom went out, except for billiards or some little bachelor pleasure and I am aware that we were known to certain of our friends as "nancies." But this does not matter. The story is about Grey—and the Little Heathen.

Grey was a youngster from the Science Department in Toronto. He was pretty new, as you could tell by the extreme neatness with which he would make a drawing for a blue-print. When you've been thirty years out of school you are either a good engineer and make pretty sloppy drawings—or else you're a draftsman. Grey's experience had consisted in working with

an English party, prospecting for coal in B.C. He had done a little right-of-way work for the C.N.R. in the West, and had prospected for silver in Colorado. But he was very green. The Chief had already put him to work on a draughting board when we found him.

Lyon liked his face—Lyon's hobby is 'Men.' In a dry Scotch way he was always falling in love with them. He would find a man and idealize him, set him up on a pillar and worship him secretly, until, one day, he'd find some disappointing thing about the fellow. The chief might smoke or chew or drink so long as it did not impair his health, but Lyon wanted no "fusser" as he called them. He laid a ban upon women.

So we had hauled Grey into our mess and emptied him of news from the Dominion. Later on we proposed him and seconded him to ourselves and voted him a third member of our mess. He was handsome and shy for so strong a man, and stolid. There was something clean and fresh in his appearance that made people fall for him everywhere. Lyon and I were jealous of the invitations he received. But he accepted only for such stag affairs as Lyon and I accepted and we cherished him the more. Then the two of us planned to get him promoted and accomplished it by dropping little words about Grey in the ear of the Chief, and when the Chief finally had given our man an outside job, a real commission, Lyon and I rejoiced. It was only the building of a mud wall across the Calicut ditch to act as a temporary reservoir for the waters of the Yama creek, but still it was a commission, and Lyon and I, after brooking our impatience for several days, had gone down this morning to the ditch to look at it, and to observe our protégé at work.

He had been so disappointed. He was handling his men well. From the distance, he seemed not to be cursing them so much, nor too little, but moderately, and with much reserve, which is the best way in handling certain kinds of niggers.

But just that little incident of the copper-colored child—she seemed no more than a child—disturbed Lyon and disturbed me. I overheard Lyon muttering to himself as we crossed our verandah. As

we entered our mess room he turned and faced me with a long enigmatical.

"Look here John," he said enigmatically, "are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"About Grey? Yes."

"Then," he whispered, "you'd better quit it. I tell you there's none of that monkey-business in Grey and besides—" he growled, "if there is then—but there isn't! It was probably just a little accident. That-ravaging of the hand business."

"Probably," I asserted.

## II

We might have thought no more about it only that Grey did not stay home that night as usual but went out, without so much as saying where he was going. And the next night he did the same, after making a lame sort of an excuse about leaving some plans at the office. The next day somebody stopped Lyon and me on the street and asked us what Grey was so interested in the native quarters for. The fellow leered at us knowingly and Lyon, fuming up, wanted to know whose business it was what Grey might be doing. And he added weakly: "He may be studying the language. In—In fact, I believe I heard him say so John, didn't you?"

But the other man was skeptical. The latest news was ruminating in Lyon's mind as we went home to lunch.

"Well," he remarked irrelevantly, "Confound the women! I think that's nice a boy as Grey—"

"I don't think anything about it," I retorted. "If that boy's going to be like a few other young folks that happens to be mixed up with natives—if he's going to turn black-guard—"

"Who said black-guard?" cried Lyon, wrathful. "There's no need for anybody to make things out worse than they are—and anyway," his voice trailed off into a rambling tone, "I guess it's none of our business. Let's tend our own affairs. It don't matter to us."

"Of course it don't," I said. "That's right. Let's shut up. We ain't his Mother—though say Lyon! Didn't he say he was engaged to a girl in Winnipeg?"

"Shut up!" retorted Old Lyon, trying to be satisfied with the conclusion we had arrived at. "We ain't his Mother, nor his girl in Winnipeg. What's a young whelp like that want a girl in Winnipeg for anyway, or anywhere else?"

So we went into the house. Grey a little later, swaggered in. You can always forgive some people for swaggering, while there are other people that you hate to see walk across your line of vision. Lyon and I, for the moment forgetting what had been in our minds concerning Grey and the little copper girl, fell in on either side of our protégé like two rusty old senile demagogues as cherubs under the feet of some Herculean Madonna, if, in your imagination, you could twist Grey around to be a Madonna. He could have walked over us for all we cared. But in order to show our imperviousness to any charm he might possess, we scowled at him and growled.

"You're late," I remarked as he strode across our living room, taking his coat off and rolling up his sleeves preparatory to disappearing into his own room.

"That so?" he asked, serious at once, "Oh! I'm sorry if I kept you waiting John."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," I said, hastily backing down.

"Well y' know," he said as he came out of his room and put on his coat again, fresh and smiling through his tan, "I know John, the Chief was passing just as I was ready to come up to lunch and he stopped to look things over."

"Did he say anything?" blurted out Lyon, hoping that the Chief had expressed some approval of our protégé, and at the same time trying to scowl. "What'd he think of your wall?"

"Nothing much," returned Grey, passing me the yams. "He was saying it was a good thing there wasn't much water to be held behind that wall, because if there was much strain on it and she ever gave way it'd wipe out a bunch of niggers that are living farther down the ditch. We're to put the wall up flush with the tops of the sides of the old Calicut ditch so as to make a road-way across for teams. That'd be handier than going across the upper road-way. The wall will be finished to-

night and at six o'clock the creek will be turned into it, out of its present channel. I told the Chief that with a little concrete I could make a decent wall, but he said no, he couldn't afford the machines nor the material and for all the water there was to be held back, the mud wall would do. As, he said, the creek is pretty low. But I warned him. If anything happens the wall, he admitted it'd be his fault."

"Humph!" sniffed Lyon, absorbed in his plate. "And if anything happens your wall what happens your natives? Suppose there was a nice young cloud-burst up the river and all the water was being turned against your wall?"

"But that's not likely," argued Grey, "and if it did happen they could open the temporary gates and let the water back into its old course."

"Humph!" granted Lyon.

There was a long quiet silence during which Lyon continued to study his plate and I carefully avoided Grey's eyes. Grey went to pull some papers out of his inside pocket and as he did so something dropped out of them and on the table. Lyon and I both looked at it. It was a little charm carved in jade. As Grey reached to recover it, Lyon, very red in the face, exploded.

"So it's true!" he said, "so it is true Master Grey!" He rose and was leaning excitedly across the table. "That you have been seeking pleasure among the natives—preferring the society of little heathen wenches to the company of white men."

"I beg your pardon," said Grey, quietly, apparently puzzled by Lyon's manner, and a trifle ill at ease. "What did you say, sir?"

"Say!" cried Lyon, exploding again. "Say! You telling us you were to marry a girl in Winnipeg and carrying on with a little copper wench that sits on the top of the bank and waves her hand at you when you ought to be at your work—"

"Sir—"

"Sit down!" commanded Lyon—but the boy remained standing. "Where did you get that?"

"That?" returned Grey. "That's an Aztec idol."

"Yes," hissed Lyon, sneering. "A heathen love token—"

Grey went white. He had seen what

Lyon meant. I expected a hot denial and I would have accepted it and been happy. But instead, after a pause, he turned from the table, taking the little trinket with him. "Ho!" he exclaimed, and walked out of the house.

The sound of his steps died out. Our food grew cold on our plates. Our servant stood dumb at the end of the room. Lyon looked at me and I answered him with one word. "Food!" I snapped.

"Ass!" he admitted humbly.

I hurried to the door and looked out. But there was no sign of Grey. As the doctor looked over my shoulder I heard someone crying and perceived a small brown girl, huddled in a shadow across the street.

"Then—then it's true," said Lyon, turning to me.

"I guess it is," I returned, weakly.

## III

Old Lyon, in a conversational way, severed the heads of several people from their respective bodies that afternoon. The nurses in the divisional hospital were quite fluttered at the really unadmirable manners he displayed. His reputation had hitherto been fairly good among the women with whom he came in contact, for although he avoided them and wasted as little ceremony with them as he could, and although he was forever quoting, early, old proverbs about the cardinal virtues and the gossiping propensities of "fee-males," they discounted it all by saying that his "bark was worse than his bite," and that he was after all nothing but a peppery old fellow with a kind heart. For when it came to a matter of babies and mothers, Old Lyon was a trifle softer, and some of the stories which had leaked out concerning the midnight trips and the everlasting patience of the old bear when it came to handling certain kinds of cases, softened the women toward him. Many of them, no doubt, would have been glad to weep on his old rusty shoulder if he had for one moment let down his defences. But on the afternoon after his outburst with Grey, he was three times as curt as he had ever been before. He cut everybody short and growled incessantly.

As for me, I stayed in the house and

pretended to work on the pump for some work which was to go on as soon as the little river which was in our way had been turned into the Calicut ditch which Grey was damming. There was ordinarily, very little water in the creek at this time of year, but it was sufficient to be uninteresting in my concrete work.

At supper there was no sign of Grey, though I heard that he had completed the wall, and later, heard that the water had been turned into the Calicut ditch so as to let the original water-course dry out before masonry. But when I looked out, just before going into supper, I saw signs of rain.

We ate in silence. Grey's plate was set. Lyon refused to look at it. I was feeling gloomy myself.

At length I could stand the strain no longer. I had to ease myself somehow and I let it fly at Lyon.

"I sometimes wonder if you were so almighty virtuous yourself, when you were young," I sneered, breaking the silence. He knew what I referred to and colored. He was feeling humble in the presence of his thoughts.

"Aye!" he sighed, "perhaps you're right John. I've consumed large quantities of liquor in my day. I've been a swarthy man and now't ye recall me to it, I am brought to admit that it was never a very goodly life I led, and yet—and yet John, it was never fee-ables. But I suppose, John, one's as bad as another. D'ye think so?"

I was pained at his humility. It was unlike the irascible old bochefer.

"Begad!" he cried, starting up suddenly and gathering his napkin in one fist, "begad I may have done a wrong. How chance tell—'I'll go and apologize to him, though I never did such a thing to a puppy in my days. But if—if only I thought I was wrong—I'd go and apologize. God! I—will!"

"You can't!" I observed sourly. "He didn't need anything. All he needed to have done was to have called us liars and he'd been satisfied. But y' can't go and apologize for calling a man a thief when he doesn't deny it and when—"

Lyon's fist nearly broke the table. The dishes danced.

"Shut up John," he commanded.

"Who said anything about thief. Don't you get calling him names or—"

The conversation flung off into silence again.

We tried smoking on the tin verandah after supper but our pipes would not draw and the air was heavy. The insects were clamoring at the screen doors for admission to the light inside. Every now and then some small winged thing crashed into the screen and hung there buzzing stupidly to be admitted. But we took no interest in anything, not even the musing rain clouds. Grey had failed to turn up. As a rule, Grey spent his evenings with us, playing chess or cribbage, or we went with him to one of the other houses and had a game of billiards or some other sort of amusement. Or else we sat by in a corner with the old man of the house while he talked to the daughters, if there were any. Lyon and I, on such occasions, kept jealous watch over him. But now there was no Grey.

"Just suppose," Lyon began, almost timidly, "Just suppose, John, that a little conversation—a little harmless conversation—a fatherly talk as it were, such as Grey and I had at noon to-day—suppose now that it might—er—drive him to the devil. D—do you suppose, John, that there might be any chance whatever of its having that effect?"

He fairly pleaded to be re-assured, but I was in no mood for re-assuring anyone. I needed re-assurance myself.

"He's always been shy of women," I replied. "He's sort of stumped with women till he gets to know 'em, and there's nobody more scared of a skirt than he is. But I'm afraid Lyon, I am afraid that this—er—affair may be different. He might not have gone down hill so fast if we had kept him with us. But—but if he gets an idea that he's an outcast from society, or something like that, he might go straight to the bow-rows. He may take up with some of the swift young devils now and then—"

I shrugged my shoulders to intimate the rest of the story.

"Don't you think," said Lyon, confidently, and leaning across to me, "Don't you think John, that perhaps it is our duty to go and—er—find him, bring him back into the fold—sin't that the proper

expression? Don't you think we ought to sacrifice our own dignity as it were, and save him?"

"He probably don't want to be saved," I muttered, vaguely recalling having heard the term at a street meeting in Panama.

"If I could only have kept m' mouth shut!" wailed Lyon.

Suddenly, save for the abandoned racket of a hoisting engine letting out slack, there was stillness over the whole valley. It was the pause before a rain storm. The wind held its breath. The hags were still. Three great drops of water exploded as they fell on the edge of the verandah. There was a thump on the roof as another detachment of drops arrived. Then the gathering wind broke, and the rain marched over the valley in endless battalions. We went indoors and played draw poker.

It was just ten o'clock when I thought, in a hall in the water outside, that I heard a voice on the verandah. It seemed like a little faint cry that had been caught up by the wind and was being harried against the wall of the house.

We reached the door together. Lyon opened it. Lying prostrate on the verandah, exhausted, lay a small womanly figure, drenched with rain.

"M'isier Grey," she whispered faintly, in excellent English but with a tinge of French in it somewhere, "M'isier Grey is lying by his wall, by the dam which he made."

"Something's happened," said Lyon. "Hurry John!"

We ran through the rain, down the long street on which the most of the staff have their quarters. We took short cuts behind shrouded heaps of steel work and concrete sacks. We plunged through puddles and tripped over stray bits of machinery. And at last we arrived at the dam. My lantern had gone out. Grey's had had no oil in it. It took whole moments to light my wick. The glass refused to lift out of place so that I could get the match underneath. The catch for holding it in place refused to work. On a tenth attempt we succeeded. I went ahead with the light. I saw that the ditch was only half full of water, and I saw that the wall was still there, and yet there was

something awry—it had slid over—no, only a great layer from the top had collapsed. The immense bulk was still holding back most of the water.

But on the edge of the debris as though some person had dragged him as far from danger as possible, lay Grey, mud-covered, bleeding a little, unconscious.

Lyon worked quickly, while we waited for assistance. I had found a telephone and informed the night orderly at the hospital. While we waited, Lyon examined our man.

"He's smothered considerably," He reported dully, "but he'll get over it."

"Must of been a flood up-country," I remarked. Chief couldn't expect Grey's wall or any mud wall to hold that strain.

Two orderlies from the hospital arrived with a stretcher.

As Lyon and I walked home at dawn the old Doctor passed me one re—

"The girl saved Grey," he said. "She must have pulled him out of that mud. Maybe he ain't worth it. Never would 'a thought a woman would 'a had the brains."

That was the beginning of the end. Lyon had praised a woman.

#### IV.

Grey sat in an invalid chair on the hospital verandah and Lyon and I faced him. It was an ordeal for Grey.

"I was lonesome," he kept repeating. "I was lonesome as the very Devil, I tell you Lyon, and you John, you don't know what it's like. I didn't get any letters from Winnipeg for weeks, and I didn't want to have any truck with the people in the Division. I went over to my old Atsee foreman's house to get him to teach me the language while I was to teach him English, and I met her there. Heest Lyon, there was no harm in it. I just made her pretty speeches and paid her compliments. I—well it was because I was lonesome, I tell you."

"That's something I don't know anything about," said the doctor tartly. "Other people have been that way without fussing over little heathens."

"But I tell you," persisted Grey, "I tell you there was no harm in the whole thing. I—I just wanted something to be nice to and fuss over. Something that wasn't



just plain brute masculine. I swear it, Lyon, I never even—"

"You only saw a little pretty face and you paid it little compliments as you would to a pretty doll, so that now the little Miss Innocence thinks—she thinks Master Grey, that you have been courting her all along. In fact she expects you to marry her native fashion, no doubt, so there, Master Grey."

"I know," he admitted heavily.

"And it was she that saved—"

But I caught Lyon's eye in time. He would have blurted out the truth that it had been the little heathen that had saved Grey from his broken-down wall. Grey had not caught the drift of what Lyon had said, otherwise it might have made more difficulties.

"Well," he said, looking up wearily, "All I can do, Lyon—, John, is to let it go at that unless—unless you do want me to marry—to marry her, I thought she was only a child—but Lyon—Lyon! I'm engaged to a girl in Winnipeg!"

"Well," said Lyon, "we'll see" and we went out.

The Little Heathen did not turn up for weeks. Lyon had found her father's house after Grey's accident and had taken her home. There he had learned what the Little Heathen thought of Grey and when he came home he had told me the whole twisted little affair of how Grey—big, handsome, selfish, stupid Grey, had been saying "pretty things" to a Little Heathen who had gone to school somewhere or another and had picked up enough English to get more color than a little bit, out of Grey's idle speeches. So we had arraigned Grey and had his answer. He was contrite but what could he do?

"He'll sail on the 19th," remarked Grey to me.

"Yes," I said.

"And after that?"

"What?"

"What about the Little Heathen?"

"By the way," I said, "have you seen her recently?"

"Why no?" returned Lyon, suddenly. "You're right. I saw her two days after the rain but not since. I wonder now—"

"Oh, she's only a woman, Lyon," I mocked.

"Woman!" he retorted, undisturbed, perfectly unconscious of any inconsistency in his conduct, "why should one not be sorry for a woman? Are you so superior to them yourself, John?"

I had not expected him to turn on me in that way.

"But anyway," I continued, mocking again, "She's only a girl—a silly little mischief that disturbs the peace of mind of mankind and makes foolishness blossom where brains should grow. I'm surprised at your change of front, Lyon."

"Be surprised at nothing!" he retorted calmly. "She's only a little heathen wench, as innocent as the Colonel's baby, but with a fool idea in her head which is as serious to her as it would be for you and me to be fired. She's neither native nor white. She's got ideas from both kinds. She thinks Grey is—here? Tush! What twaddle."

But three days later I had to go on a search for Lyon. He had not been seen since breakfast and an urgent message was waiting for him on the sideboard of our mess-room. In two days Grey was to leave for Panama and Winnipeg, via New York.

I wound up my search late that night. It was in the native quarters. The old woman who peddles lottery tickets among the Nicaraguans acted as my pilot to the house where, as she had told me, the doctor was.

"It is fever," she said, as she poked along ahead of me. "I have had it myself."

"Yes," I said impatiently. "Which is the house?"

"It crippled me so that I am forced to sell by tick's (a name for lottery papers). But there is not much profit."

"But how much farther is it to the house?" I demanded again.

"Not far. I sold her one many weeks ago—the little girl who is sick. She told me then that she was going to marry—someone. I don't know who it was—none of us natives—some great chief perhaps. Ha! Ha! And she said the ticket would buy her pretty wedding clothes such as the American women buy, she says. What should a child know of Ameri-

can weddings. Anyway, senior, she did not win and now she has the fever. This is the house, senior. Thank the senior! I am a poor woman and as I said—crippled by the ague—"

I entered the house and found Lyon. He was sitting on the floor, old worn Scotchman that he was, beside a native bed. On the bed lay the little Heathen hovering in the room was her father, the Arter Indian. He had a good face. The candle was burning in a far corner of the room, shaded so that the light would not fall upon the eyes of the patient.

"There's a message for you, Lyon," I said, after a pause and a glance from the doctor. "It's from the Chief's wife. She thinks—"

"Let her think," replied Lyon, drily. "There's a girl here, having a Heilish time to get better. If she comes through the next hour she'll be safe. She's been lying here with the damn plague without calling anybody. Scared she'd take the doctor away from that young whelp—"

He did not add, "Grey."

"In another hour!" I whispered.

"An hour," echoed the shadow against the wall, the father.

"Aye," said Lyon, "talk less."

He was ordinarily a neat man and most precise about everything. But he had seated himself on the floor. There were no chairs. His medicine chest lay upon the floor, opened carefully. An earthen cup and a wooden spoon lay near. The candle guttered. I had forgotten the Chief's wife and her premonitions. The three of us watched.

"It's holding," said Lyon curtly, over his shoulder, wiping the thermometer.

Still we waited.

"Still holding," he reported grimly, later.

We waited in tense anxiety.

"I think it's a hit lower by the feel of her hands. Aye! It's falling! Good. Get me some water, nigger!"

I stayed with Lyon long after that, watching her. Toward dawn she began to stir. She opened her eyes and smiled. It was then I noticed that she was a half-breed—half white, half Indian.

"To-day," she whispered, "to-day I may go to see him?"

"No," said Lyon, "You're not strong enough."

"But my lottery! Did I win the prize?"

"Yes," said Lyon.

"But—she lost it Lyon," I whispered. "I know," rebuked Lyon, "but would you tell her?"

But the Little Heathen was looking up again and whispering, weakly.

"Senior! M'isios!" she called, felling back upon the two languages of the Indians. "Would—be—do you think—be glad—that I am better? Will he again soon come?"

## V.

Grey had departed. We sat on our verandah the morning after.

"I've to tell her the news," said Lyon, gloomily.

"Dear! Dear?" I sighed, irrelevantly.

"And I'm wondering," he continued, "how she'll take it."

"Pretty rough," I observed, and yet you know Lyon, it was her own fault."

"Fault!" he sneered. "It was your man Grey?"

"My man Grey!" I exclaimed. "Have you so soon turned against him? He meant no harm. He only said pleasant little things that you hear them jolly white girls with three times a day."

"But this is not a white girl."

"She's half white!"

"That only makes it worse."

He had taken special food from the hospital for the Little Heathen. He had, I am pretty certain, paid the youngster the amount of her lottery just to keep her from worrying. He had lied about Grey every day, in answer to her questions, and I suspect that it was he that sent the flowers that went to the little house in the native quarters.

But late in the afternoon I met Lyon dressed all in black.

"What's up?" I chirped, if old hacholers ever do "chirp."

"Can't a man wear his best clothes if he pleases?"

"I suppose so."

He stroked off, but presently returned. "Have you any black gloves?" he asked.

"Black gloves? Yes, but what are you up to?"

"A funeral."

"Whose?"

"Grey's."

I blinked.

"But Grey is—Grey's sailed by this time."

He turned on his heel.

But toward evening Lyon came home. He opened the door of my room and gazed in at my confusion of blue-prints. There was a queer look in his eyes.

"He's buried," he announced curtly.

"Yes, I know," I answered, "buried in oblivion."

"Not at all," he said. "There's a grave in the cemetery."

"Look here, Lyon; are you daft?"

"Nearly," he repeated. "Nearly, man, nearly. But I couldn't help it man. She kept askin' me for him, and askin' me where he was, and all that, 'till I couldn't a-bear to look her in the face and keep on lying. So I made the last lie—and buried him. I said he was dead!"

"You said Grey was—"

"Dead."

"But he isn't?"

"Certainly not."

"And so you—you—"

"I lied."

I didn't believe it. I thought perhaps Lyon had been stricken by the fever himself, or the sun, or we had been having some unusually hot weather.

"Yes," Lyon explained, "I argued, that to tell her Grey had not meant anything might make her unhappy. I fancied she'd be happier with a grave to weep over than the memory of somebody she thought hadn't played fair. So I faked a funeral and a few things and got the new Chaplain and—oh it was very simple. I didn't let her see the inside of

the box—lied again. And she wept. It was better than telling her and—then she'd a thought Grey was a crook or something, and that'd not make her any happier."

I didn't believe. I suspected Lyon's health. This sentimental turn and this preposterous story, could not get past my intelligence, 'till Lyon took me by the arm, firmly.

"John," he said, "I'll have no man doubt my word. I may be a fool. No doubt I am. But it was my pleasure to be a fool. It pleased me. Now—come with me."

He put me in a native carriage and gave an order. We arrived at the burying ground.

"There!" he said.

Looking, I saw a mound, a new mound with some native flowers lying thereon. And on a plain head-board was the name:

GREY.

Born 1880: Died 1910.

"Gone, but not forgotten."

I wanted to laugh but I couldn't. I felt funny. Lyon looked at me and again I wanted to laugh but couldn't.

"Hell!" I said, "that's a rotten selection—" "Gone, but not forgotten!"

"I know," he answered weakly, "but it was the only appropriate thing I could remember."

When again I saw the Little Heathen she wore a black straw hat and was the envy of the native quarters. But she had a sad little face which was beginning to brighten ere long. Lyon had re-christened her "Mary" and had made her his protegee.



same thing now and will be as Architecture ever was anywhere else. We might find what it expresses and how it has expressed itself anywhere and so see if there is or may be such a thing as Canadian Architecture.

You remember Eve, according to Mark Twain, when she first caught sight of Adam straddling in the distance, before she took to chivying him, how she wondered what it was? "Perhaps it was Architecture." She probably came nearer hitting the mark then than she did when she took to throwing clods.

Architecture is the Art of the Chief of, or the director of the workmen, not the art as it is usually described of the chief of the workmen, but it is an art of direction. It is the art of making a plot, design or plan to unite in one unit the diverse arts of diverse workmen; a plan to hold together in harmony, to fulfill some new requirement which the necessity of man generates, a family of arts, which in the familiar manner of families, finds it difficult to learn how much more potent is the combined work of its members than their individual work isolated.

Since the word Architecture first came into use and, particularly since the beginning of the last century, when the introduction of steam-driven machinery so multiplied the number of trades at which men work, many combinations of trades have been made to produce one work, but the word Architecture now is used in a conventional sense to designate the groups



of arts combined in making a building, though the word might be used literally for any design of work calling upon a number of arts or trades.

As the word Architecture in its present use is an example of the conventional use of a word, so what we understand by style in Architecture is the conventional use of form. This conventionalism or symbolism makes a kind of language which needs to be learned and refers more particularly to the expression of style in Architecture than to the expression of pure beauty whose principles of grace, of form made out of balance, symmetry, contrast, proportion, accent, rhythm, appeal to any mind sensitive to form, as the analogous qualities in pure music appeal to any sensitive musical ear. The analogy of Music and Architecture is more intimate than that of Architecture and Language, although we say Architecture speaks, but the forms by means of which it expresses itself resemble sounds more than words, and as sounds in music they suggest or recall rather than speak.

Some focus in building created originally for merely practical utilitarian reasons have been in course of time so often repeated and refined in repetition that the original function is not always obvious, they have become symbols of what their original function was. It is the mediator between reason and sense or the sensuous representation of reason, it is symbolic rather than initiative. In its broad principles it symbolizes in material form the eternal reason in the world, but it has as well, a narrower or smaller system of symbols, which with their language make a style rather than a character, telling a tale rather than exciting the emotions, symbolizing memories of history and romance. These symbols are instruments in the orchestra of Architecture, but the work they are called upon to do very often is not music, it is often an unpleasant noise, a clashing together and drowning each others voice; sometimes the combination is as unintelligent as would be the combination of a harmonium and drum, as an orchestra, but always to those who have ears to hear the symphony tells the truth. If we are coarse and brutish, it is coarse and brutish; if we are ignorant and vain, it is ignorant and vain, in fact, a

man's building resembles the Pulse of Truth not so much compelling those inside to veracity as telling those outside what the immaner really are. If we complain of the silly vacuity of our street architecture we must still remember it illustrates one eternal truth in art.

Architecture as a fine art in Canada is no more or less than is Architecture anywhere else. We brought it here with our language. As our language probably grew from the growls and grunts primitive man used in his necessity to all that complexity of sounds by means of which some men have expressed so much to some men. So Architecture grew from the sticks and clay of a human nest till in the medieval church we see frigid stone may be turned to emotion. In Canada we may have poets who have put aside conventional life and have lived in our wilds long enough to have assimilated from our rivers, lakes and forests, enough of their character to write poems which, when heard in any part of the world, might carry a Canadian note. But as a people we have not forgotten the conventions we brought with us long enough to make permanent symbols of the common every day materials discovered here or invented and used. And why should we expect our artists, who with the difficulty they have of making a new language out of the few raw symbols our life here has made for them, to do original creative work, to make bricks without straw? Why should we expect them to do the constructive thinking while we are only rambling.

I heard some one complain once that he found the scholars of his university seldom express an original idea in discussion, in their discussion they seldom did more than quote sentences out of books most of which they had read. And when our artists in their work do practically the same thing as quote sentences out of books we may have read, the only reason for them exciting our interest is that we no more than they understand the books they quote and what passes for interest, in us is really curiosity excited by bewilderment. Symbols do not preach, they only may suggest. The rays from them striking the windows of our minds produce no image unless there is at the back

of the glass some reflecting matter. How little the oldest and best known of these symbols do suggest to us may be seen in the unintelligent use we make of them.

We take a group of detail from a well-known Grecian Temple, a group of architectural symbols analogous to a musical phrase, a phrase so well known that volumes have been written upon it. It has been measured a hundred times and the measurements recorded to a hundredth part of an inch. We should be familiar with every idea it expresses, after about two thousand years of observation, yet we have applied it to almost every building and every utensil we could stick it on, we have used it with equal relief to beautify a baldachin or support a latrine. If we so understand the oldest architectural symbolism that we can with profound equanimity use the same sign to express diverse ideas, how long will it be before Architecture in Canada or anywhere else establishes a local style which may be ranked as fine art? Only that kind of mental arithmetic which solves problems in the fourth dimension could, with any degree of ease define.

These confused remarks illustrate fairly well what Architecture is to-day in Canada. It is a confusion of remarks, a kind of nightmare of artistic indigestion or an embarrassment of riches. Like Aescop's monkey, we have too many nuts in our hand to get it past the bottle neck.

Present day Architecture in Canada is like so many of our present day institutions. We cannot give it a good character or rather a character of beauty. Beautiful character is built out of the sacrifices that make simplicity and we do not like either sacrifices or simplicity; we prefer a complicated living even if it gives us gout.

Good Architecture is an expression of the virtue of the people; perhaps we should assume a virtue if we have it not, and by striving to make character in our art by means of simplification, make sacrifices which, through simplicity, may produce character in ourselves. If we wanted to make a new Canadian language we should not set about it, I imagine, by seeing how much of every language that ever existed we could use at one time, yet that is exactly what we are trying to do

with art. We rather seek at the writer who, in his writing, tries to show his readers how many languages he has collected, yet in art we think that the exhibition of collections is a most odious thing.

The modern architecture of Canada or of any other country is not worth while studying; it has no character and hardly any real national characteristics. I do not mean by that, that no modern architecture is worth studying, far from it, but the architecture of the last two or three hundred years in any country has been more the work of individuals than of nations. Perhaps the world wide evening up or toning down process of education is destroying national peculiarities and we must not expect to find national architecture, but only those characteristics which arise from a few conditions, such as that of climate. One would think that these climatic conditions would be enough to give local color to our buildings, but we find motives imported from Italy more prevalent here than any other, motives changed a little and shop worn in England and France, which change is not always to our advantage.

As to where Architecture in Canada is tending that is easily answered. It is tending to where we are tending, it is making exactly the same progress with the same speed along as many roads, so many that goodness only knows which is the right one. All this movement may be progress yet some of us may have to cross country.

Whether we shall ever have a national style might possibly best be answered by trying to answer the question, how might a national style best be developed? If ever we acquire a distinct character as a nation differing from that of any other nations, our Architecture would unconsciously become different, because our buildings would have to change to suit the new peculiarities we should develop. We are perfected by our environment and as our environment is to some extent artificial, it is not unreasonable to wish to change as much of it as we may in the direction of our ideals. Certainly a very important portion of our environment is the buildings that house us. The simplest change and one based upon a true art

principle would be a change to the recognition of our peculiarities of climate. To stop traveling along those roads of imitation where climate is not considered and cross country to roads where the conditions of climate are regarded, this would be a sacrifice in the direction of simplicity, which would help concentration of effort.

We may think that we have already made many changes, particularly in our domestic buildings, on account of our peculiarities of climate, but these changes, principally in construction and planning have not yet affected the art of Architecture as they should have done. None of them have developed such a symbolism as would indicate a style, but rather the changes of construction and planning convenience has demanded have caused such a mutilation of other ancient styles as should point out that another sacrifice we might make in the direction of simplicity would be to throw off some of this burden of archaeology. It seems only reasonable that if we wish to make haste in the direction of a change of our environment or a national expression of art, we must know what burdens to leave behind.

In Architecture we carry too heavy a load of archaeology so that our knowledge of the ancient work is really only an affectation; of course, we could no more do without the classics in art than we could in literature, but we never show our ignorance of the classics so much as when we exhibit too much familiarity with them.

The Colonial or Georgian work was revived toward the end of the Nineteenth Century by some English Architects who appreciated the refinement of the Eighteenth Century work, its graceful proportions, dignified simplicity and delicate handwork—particularly the handwork of its mouldings which had been worked out inch by inch with a few tools, by carpenters who could "feel." But as for our expression of this style in Canada it would be wrong to call it even so much as an imitation, for it hardly bears any resemblance. It would be a caricature if it showed any art, it is really a ribald travesty. Our proportions are regulated

by the length of saw-mill stock. Our mouldings are ground out by miles, and nailed on—ready to cover up crevices. The grace of our fescues, depends upon the sensitiveness of a fig-saw.

Such a use of archaeological knowledge is an abuse and becomes a burden to art. We are carrying on the wrong thing, carrying on an affectation of something we do not really appreciate. To reproduce the environment only, of something which has ceased to exist, is an affectation and shows nothing so much as a lack of an instinct for creation as well as a lack of perception, for we show that even if we did know what that something was which created the environment we would copy, we do not know how it came to create it, or we should be able to produce another environment appropriate to our own conditions. Why they created those things which we perceive to be beautiful; that is, how they made the forms they used so expressive, is just the reason why we are supposed to study ancient art.

The broad difference between the early Greek buildings and those of Mediaeval England and France was expression in the Mediaeval buildings of energy in suspense. You see in them enormous forces balanced, reciprocating and held fast by other forces, clanking in all directions, compelling the eye up higher and higher to some crowning pinnacle whose fairy lightness seems a mockery of the exhibition of strength below.

The Greek building instead of force, impresses one with the sense of weight, of weights supported in motionless dignity, facts supported by the simplest evidence. Broad motives like these which we get from the study of ancient art have more than an archaeological interest. They may express even race instincts. Could our forceful adventurous northern forefathers have expressed themselves better otherwise in building. We cannot but help express ourselves in whatever we make for our use whether we make it well or make it badly; therefore, it must be of some importance that we should understand this art of expression, so that by our art we make known what we have worth expressing. As well as such broad themes as those we learn from old work is how are expressed the narrower themes of tradi-

tion, some of which may be worth preserving. How these are symbolized, an elaborate matter about which much has been written and much more may yet be.

Another aid towards the establishment of our own character in art would be a revision of our ideas of value in the materials we use. The rarity and therefore costliness of a material is no guide to its esthetic value. A dollar bill is no respecter of beauty, yet we have a confusing way of using it as a unit in our standard of esthetic values which has a very injurious effect on the inexperienced. For instance, when we are called upon to admire, perhaps, a ten thousand dollar window, one of the wonders in some little church, we hardly know how to divide our reverence into proper proportions for the ten thousand dollar window or the twelve hundred dollar minister who got it there. The esthetic value of a material, of course, depends principally on its color or its intrinsic fitness to be employed where we wish to use it. One stone is only better than another by this quality of color or by its ability to maintain the expression we add to it with work; one wood is only this much better than another; a common material used with artistic skill becomes more valuable than a rare one without it; a pine table may be much more valuable than an oak one. A brick in the right place is more valuable than marble in the wrong. These are only commonplace which everyone knows and most people neglect to apply. We will not relinquish the idea that rarity has an esthetic value.

The use in ancient building of material peculiar to its localities was a strong factor in stamping the Architecture of a district with character. This is a matter we almost entirely disregard in modern work. Every different material that could be made use of in one Architectural detail would give its own shape, size and color to that detail and shape. Size and color go quite a long way in architectural expression.

But perhaps the day has gone by for local or national character in building. We may never again develop more than the expression of individual character. Practically in the architecture of the last three hundred years that has been the case. But although commerce and a knowledge of languages may break down national boundaries and the language of art should be universal, yet we have our own peculiarities. It would be interesting to each other and to those to come after us to know why we preferred them. Suppose we expressed our appreciation of our climate we ought to like it or leave it. We have traditions we maintain or wish to maintain, we should reverence them or forget them. We have customs and habits needing special environment, we should then think worthy of expression or we should change to some that might be. We have native material; if we have native art that material would be the best medium for the expression of national character in art, of national characteristics.



## Steel!

**I**T is idle to speak of the Romance of Steel. Everybody knows what steel and concrete and electricity have meant in modern industry. And yet steel is the most romantic of the three.

A great generator in a hydraulic power house purrs softly like a dozing cat, seemingly motionless and yet lighting and energizing whole cities. It generates a fluid fatal to those who handle it unintelligently, yet capable of converting desolate communities into hives of industry. The romance of electricity is great; but the romance of steel—in the way it has leaped into the need of the world, in the way men handle it, in the engineering possibilities that it creates—is greater.

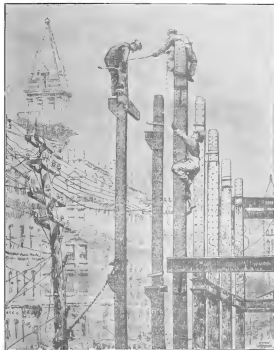
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**A** HOLE in the side of the mountain, a heap of ore, a frowsy freight-bait, a heap of "pigs," a rovening red furnace, the mills, the sweating toiles of the mills—these are its beginning. And out of them comes a length of cold material, a long bar, a beam, a rail. But it is the tool of modern industry; the engine of commerce, the wheels, the machine and the path for the freight train; the sides of the ship; the material for a bridge; and the supporting sinews of great buildings, reared independently into the face of Heaven. It has multiplied the values of ground spaces an hundred times, this cold, still substance.

\* \* \*

**M**R. OWEN STAPLES, a well-known member of the Ontario Society of Artists, has etched a common scene in a city street. It shows three men, perched high over the city of Toronto, to prepare the place for another piece of steel to be fitted in. This particular work was recently in progress at the corner of King and Bay Streets in Toronto, but is now completed. In the etching is included the tower of the old Mail and Empire building and the City Hall tower. Mr. Staples is one of the rising artists in Canada. He is connected with the Toronto Telegram, has studied abroad and has done several large paintings which are now hanging in the City Hall of Toronto.

## Steel!



PREPARING THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF ANOTHER GENDER

## The Fifth Wheel

By

O. Henry

THE ranks of the Bed Line moved closer together; for it was cold, cold.

They were alluvial deposit of the streams of life lodged in the delta of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The Bed Liners scraped their freezing feet, looked at the empty benches in Madison Square whence Jack Frost had evicted them, and muttered to one another in a confusion of tongues. The Flatiron Building, with its suspicious, cloud-piercing architecture looming mistily above them on the opposite delta, might well have stood for the tower of Babel, whence these polyglot bidders had been called by the winged walking delegate of the Lord.

Standing on a pine box a head higher than his flock of goats, the Preacher exhorted whatever transient and shifting audience the north wind doled out to him. It was a slave market. Fifteen cents bought you a man. You decided him to Morphew; and the recording angel gave you credit.

The Preacher was incredibly earnest and unwearied. He had looked over the list of things one may do for one's fellow man, and had assumed for himself the task of putting to bed all who might apply at his soap box on the nights of Wednesday and Sunday. That left but five nights for other philanthropists to handle; and had they done their part as well, this wicked city might have become a vast Arcadian desecratory where all night snooze and snore the happy hours away, letting problem plays and the rent man and business go to the deuce.

The hour of eight was but a little while past; sightseers in a small, dark mass of pay ore were gathered in the shadow of General Worth's monument. Now and then, shyly, ostentatiously, carelessly, or with contentions exactness one would step forward and bestow upon the Preacher small bills or silver. Then a lieutenant of Scandinavian coloring and enthusiasm would march away to a lodging house with a squad of the redeemed. All the while the Preacher exhorted the crowd in terms beautifully devoid of eloquence—splendid with the deadly, accusive monotony of truth. Before the picture of the Bed Liners fades you must hear one phrase of the Preacher—the one that formed his theme that night. It is worthy of being stenciled on all the white ribbons in the world.

*"No man ever learned to be a drunkard on free-cut whisky."*

Think of it, dipper. It covers the ground from the sprouting rye to the Potter's Field.

A clean-profiled, erect young man in the rear rank of the bodiless emulated the terpin, drawing his head far down into the shell of his coat collar. It was a well-cut tweed coat; and the trousers still showed signs of having flattened themselves beneath the compelling goose. But, conscientiously, I must warn the milliner's apprentice who reads this, expecting a Reginald Montresor in straits, to persevere no further. The young man was no other than Thomas McQuade, ex-coachman, discharged for drunkenness one month be-

fore, and now reduced to the grimy ranks of the one-night bed seekers.

If you live in smaller New York you must know the Van Smuythe family carriage, drawn by the two 1,500-pound, 100 to 1-hot boys. The carriage is shaped like a bath-tub. In each end of it reclines an old lady Van Smuythe, holding a black sunshade the size of a New Year's Eve feather tickler. Before his downfall Thomas McQuade drove the Van Smuythe boys and was himself driven by Annie, the Van Smuythe lady's maid. But it is one of the oddest things about romance that a tight shoe or an empty commissary or an aching tooth will make a temporary heretic of any Cupid-worshiper. And Thomas' physical troubles were not few. Therefore, his soul was less vexed with thoughts of his lost lady's maid than it was by the fancied presence of certain non-existent things that his racked nerves almost convinced him were flying, dancing, crawling, and wriggling on the asphalt and in the air above and around the dismal campus of the Bed Line army. Nearly four weeks of straight whisky and a diet limited to crackers, bologna, and pickles, often guarantees a psycho-sociological sequel. Thus desperate, freed, angry, beset by phantoms as he was, he felt the need of human sympathy and intercourse.

The Bed Liner standing at his right was a young man of about his own age, shabby, but neat.

"What's the diagnosis of your case, Freddy?" asked Thomas, with the freemasonic familiarity of the damned—"Booze? That's mine. You don't look like a pan-handler. Neither am I. A month ago I was pushing the lines over the backs of the finest team of Percheron buffaloes that ever made their mile down Fifth Avenue in 2:25. And look at me now! Say: how do you come to be at this bed bargain-counter rummage sale?"

The other young man seemed to welcome the advances of the air ex-coachman.

"No," said he, "mine isn't exactly a case of drink. Unless we allow that Cupid is a bartender. I married unwisely, according to the opinion of my unforgiving relatives. I've been out of work for a year because I don't know how to work;

and I've been sick in Bellevue and other hospitals four months. My wife and kid had to go back to her mother. I was turned out of the hospital yesterday. And I haven't a cent. That's my tale of woe."

"Tough luck," said Thomas. "A man alone can pull through all right. But I hate to see the women and kids get the worst of it."

Just then there hammed up Fifth Avenue a motor car so splendid, so red, so smooth running, so craftily demolishing the speed regulations that it drew the attention even of the listless Bed Liners. Suspended and pinioned on its left side was an extra tire.

When opposite the unfortunate company the fastenings of this tire became loosed. It fell to the asphalt, bounded and rolled rapidly in the wake of the flying car.

Thomas McQuade, scenting an opportunity, darted from his place among the Preacher's goats. In thirty seconds he had caught the rolling tire, swung it over his shoulder, and was trotting smartly after the car. On both sides of the avenue people were shouting, whistling, and waving cues at the red car, pointing to the enterprising Thomas coming up with the lost tire.

One dollar, Thomas had estimated, was the smallest guerdon that so grand an automobilist could offer for the service he had rendered, and save his pride.

Two blocks away the car had stopped. There was a little, brown, muffled chauffeur driving, and an imposing gentleman wearing a magnificent sealskin coat and a silk hat on a rear seat.

Thomas proffered the captured tire with his best ex-coachman manner and a look in the brighter of his reddened eyes that was meant to be suggestive to the extent of a silver coin or two and receptive up to higher denominations.

But the look was not so construed. The seal-skinned gentleman received the tire, placed it inside the car, gazed intently at the ex-coachman, and muttered to himself inscrutable words.

"Strange—strange!" said he. "Once or twice even I, myself, have fancied that the Chaldean Chiroscope has availed. Could it be possible?"

Then he addressed less mysterious words to the waiting and hopeful Thomas.

"Sir, I thank you for your kind rescue of my tire. And I would ask you, if I may, a question. Do you know the family of Van Smythies living in Washington Square North?"

"Oughtn't I to?" replied Thomas. "I lived there. Wish I did yet."

The skinned gentleman opened a door of the car.

"Step in, please," he said. "You have been expected."

Thomas McQuade obeyed with surprise but without hesitation. A seat in a motor car seemed better than standing room in the Red Line. But after the lap-robe had been tucked about him and the auto had sped on its course, the peculiarity of the invitation lingered in his mind.

"Maybe the guy hasn't got my change," was his diagnosis. "Lots of these swell fellows don't lug about any ready money. Guess he'll dump me out when he gets to some joint where he can get cash on his mug. Anyhow, it's a cinch that I've got that open-air bed convention beat to a finish."

Submerged in his greatest, the mysterious automobilist seemed, himself, to marvel at the surprises of life. "Wonderful! amazing! strange!" he repeated to himself constantly.

When the car had well entered the cross-town Serenities it swung eastward a half block and stopped before a row of high-stopped, brownstone-front houses.

"Be kind enough to enter my house with me," said the skinned gentleman when they had alighted. "He's going to dig up, sure," reflected Thomas, following him inside.

There was a dim light in the hall. His host conducted him through a door to the left, closing it after him and leaving them in absolute darkness. Suddenly a luminous globe, strangely decorated, shone faintly in the centre of an immense room that seemed to Thomas more splendidly appointed than any he had ever seen on the stage or read of in fairy stories.

The walls were hidden by gorgeous red hangings embroidered with fantastic gold figures. At the rear end of the room were draped portieres of dull gold spangled with silver crescents and stars. The furniture

was of the costliest and rarest styles. The ex-coachman's feet sank into rugs as floory and deep as snowdrifts. There were three or four oddly-shaped stands or tables covered with black velvet drapery.

Thomas McQuade took in the splendor of this palatial apartment with one eye. With the other he looked for his imposing conductor—to find that he had disappeared.

"B'gee!" muttered Thomas, "this listens like a spook shop. Shouldn't wonder if it ain't one of these Moravian Night's adventures that you read about. Wonder what became of the furry guy."

Suddenly a stuffed owl that stood on an oblong perch near the illuminated globe slowly raised his wings and emitted from his eyes a brilliant electric glow.

With a fright-horn impression, Thomas seized a beaute statue of Holo from a cabinet near by and hurried it with all his might at the terrifying and impossible foot. The owl and his perch went over with a crash. With the sound there was a click, and the room was flooded with light from a dozen frosted globes along the walls and ceiling. The gold portieres parted and closed, and the mysterious automobilist entered the room. He was tall and wore evening dress of perfect cut and accurate taste. A Vandike beard of glossy, golden brown, rather long and wavy hair, smoothly parted, and large, magnetic, orientally occult eyes gave him a most impressive and striking appearance. If you can conceive a Russian Grand Duke in a Rajah's throne-room advancing to greet a visiting Emperor, you will gather something of the majesty of his manner. But Thomas McQuade was too near his d's to be mindful of his p's and g's. When he viewed this silken, polished, and somewhat terrifying host he thought vaguely of dentists.

"Say, doc," said he resentfully, "that's a hot bird you keep on tap. I hope I didn't break anything. But I've nearly got the williwaw, and when he threw them 32-candle-power lamps of his on me, I took a snap-shot at him with that little brass Flatiron Girl that stood on the side-board."

"That is merely a mechanical toy," said the gentleman, with a wave of his hand. "May I ask you to be seated while I ex-

plain why I brought you to my house. Perhaps you would not understand nor be in sympathy with the psychological prompting that caused me to do so. So I will come to the point at once by venturing to refer to your admission that you know the Van Smythies family, of Washington Square North."

"Any silver missing?" asked Thomas tartly. "Any jewelry misplaced? Of course I know 'em. Any of the old ladies' sunshades disappeared? Well, I know 'em. And then what?"

The Grand Duke rubbed his white hands together softly.

"Wonderful!" he murmured. "Wonderful! Shall I come to believe in the Chaldean Chiroscope myself? Let me assure you," he continued, "that there is nothing for you to fear. Instead, I think I can promise you that very good fortune awaits you. We will see."

"Do they want me back?" asked Thomas, with something of his old professional pride in his voice. "I'll promise to cut out the bone and do the right thing if they'll try me again. But how did you get wise, doc? B'gee, it's the swiftest employment agency I was ever in, with its flashlight owl and so forth."

With an indulgent smile the gracious host begged to be excused for two minutes. He went out to the sidewalk and gave an order to the chauffeur, who still waited with the car. Behaving to the mysterious apartment, he sat by his guest and began to entertain him so well by his wit and genial converse that the poor Red Liner almost forgot the cold streets from which he had been so recently and so singularly rescued. A servant brought some tender cold food and ten haisnets and a glass of mineral wine; and Thomas felt the glimmer of Arabia envelop him. Thus half an hour sped quickly; and then the bank of the returned motor car at the door suddenly drew the Grand Duke to his feet, with another soft petition for a brief absence.

Two women, well muffled against the cold, were admitted at the front door and nervously conducted by the master of the house down the hall through another door to the left and into a smaller room, which was screened and segregated from the larger front room by heavy, double portieres.

Here the furnishings were even more elegant and exquisitely tasteful than in the other. On a gold-inlaid rosewood table were scattered sheets of white paper and a queer, triangular instrument or toy, apparently of gold, standing on little wheels.

The taller woman threw back her veil and loosened her cloak. She was fifty, with a wrinkled and sad face. The other, young and plump, took a chair a little distance away and to the rear as a servant or an attendant might have done.

"You sent for me, Professor Cherebusco," said the elder woman, wearily. "I hope you have something more definite than usual to say. I've about lost the little faith I had in your art. I would not have responded to your call this evening if my sister had not insisted upon it."

"Madam," said the professor, with his princelike smile, "the true Art cannot fail. To find the true psychic and potential branch sometimes requires time. We have not succeeded, I admit, with the cards, the crystal, the stars, the magic formula of Zoroaster, nor the Oracle of Paphos. But we have at last discovered the true psychic route. The Chaldean Chiroscope has been successful in our search."

The professor's voice had a ring that seemed to proclaim his belief in his own words. The elderly lady looked at him with a little more interest.

"Why, there was no sense in those words that it wrote with my hands on it," she said. "What do you mean?"

"The words were these," said Professor Cherebusco, rising to his full magnificent height: "By the fifth wheel of the chariot he shall come."

"I haven't seen many chariots," said the lady, "but I never saw one with five wheels."

"Progress," said the professor—"progress in science and mechanics has accomplished it—though, to be exact, we may speak of it only as an extra tire. Progress in occult art has advanced in proportion. Madam, I repeat that the Chaldean Chiroscope has succeeded. I can not only answer the question that you have propounded, but I can produce before your eyes the proof thereof."

And now the lady was disturbed both in her belief and in her pose.

"O, professor!" she cried anxiously—"When—where? Has he been found? Do not keep me in suspense."

"I beg you will excuse me for a very few minutes," said Professor Cherubusco, "and I think I can demonstrate to you the efficacy of the true Art."

Thomas was contentedly munching the last crumbs of the bread and fowl when the enchanter appeared suddenly at his side.

"Are you willing to return to your old home if you are assured of a welcome and restoration to favor?" he asked, with his courteous, royal smile.

"Do I look hushouse?" answered Thomas. "Enough of the footlock life for me. But will they have me again? The old lady is as fixed in her ways as a nut on a new axle."

"My dear young man," said the other, "she has been searching for you everywhere."

"Great!" said Thomas. "I'm on the job. That team of dropical dromedaries they call boxes is a handicap for a first-class coachman like myself; but I'll take the job back, sure, doc. They're good people to be with."

And now a change came o'er the suave countenance of the Caliph of Bagdad. He looked keenly and suspiciously at the ex-coachman.

"May I ask what your name is?" he said shortly.

"You're been looking for me," said Thomas, "and don't know my name? You're a funny kind of sleuth. You must be one of the Central Office gushers. I'm Thomas McQuade, of course; and I've been chauffeur of the Van Smuthe elephant team for a year. They fired me a month ago for—well, doc, you saw what I did to your old owl. I went broke on booze, and when I saw the tire drop off your whiz wagon I was standing in that squad of helioses at the Worth monument waiting for a free bid. Now, what's the prize for the best answer to all this?"

To his intense surprise Thomas felt himself lifted by the collar and dragged, without a word of explanation, to the front door. This was opened, and he was kicked forcibly down the steps with one heavy,

disillusionizing, humiliating impact of the stupendous Arabian's shoe.

As soon as the ex-coachman had recovered his feet and his wits he hastened as fast as he could eastward toward Broadway.

"Crazy guy," was his estimate of the mysterious automobilist. "Just wanted to have some fun kiddin', I guess. He might have dug up a dollar, anyhow. Now I've got to hurry up and get back to that gang of bush hat hunters before they all get preached to sleep."

When Thomas reached the end of his two-mile walk he found the ranks of the homeless reduced to a squad of perhaps eight or ten. He took the proper place of a newcomer at the left end of the rear rank. In the file in front of him was the young man who had spoken to him of hospitals and something of a wife and child.

"Sorry to see you back again," said the young man, turning to speak to him. "I hoped you had strack something better than this."

"Me?" said Thomas. "Oh, I just took a run around the block to keep warm. I see the public ain't lending to the Lord very fast to-night."

"In this kind of weather," said the young man, "charity aunts itself of the proverb, and both begins and ends at home."

And now the Preacher and his vehement lieutenant struck up a last hymn to Providence and man. Those of the Bed Liners whose windpipes still registered above 32 degrees hopelessly and tunelessly joined in.

In the middle of the second verse Thomas saw a sturdy girl with wind-towed drapery battling against the breeze and coming straight toward him from the opposite sidewalk. "Annie!" he yelled, and ran toward her.

"You fool, you fool!" she cried, weeping and laughing, and hanging upon his neck, "why did you do it?"

"The Stuff," explained Thomas briefly. "You know. But subsequently nit. Not a drop." He led her to the curb. "How did you happen to see me?"

"I came to find you," said Annie, holding tight to his sleeve. "Oh, you big fool!

Professor Cherubusco told us that we might find you here."

"Professor Ch— Don't know the guy. What saloon does he work in?"

"He's a clearvoyant, Thomas; the greatest in the world. He found you with the Chaldean telescope, he said."

"He's a liar," said Thomas. "I never had it. He never say me have anybody's telescope."

"And he said you came in a chariot with five wheels or something."

"Annie," said Thomas solicitously, "you're giving me the wheels now. If I had a chariot I'd have gone to bed in it long ago. And without any singing and preaching for a nightcap, either."

"Listen, you big fool. The Missis says she'll take you back. I begged her to. But you must behave. And you can go up to the house to-night, and your old room over the stable is ready."

"Great!" said Thomas earnestly. "You are it, Annie. But when did these stunts happen?"

"To-night at Professor Cherubusco's. He sent his automobile for the Missis, and she took me along. I've been there with her before."

"What's the professor's line?"

"He's a clearvoyant and a witch. The Missis consults him. He knows everything. But he hasn't done the Missis any good yet, though she's paid him hundreds of dollars. But he told us that the stars told him we could find you here."

"What's the old lady want this cherry-baster to do?"

"That's a family secret," said Annie. "And now you're asked enough questions. Come on home, you big fool."

They had moved but a little way up the street when Thomas stopped.

"Got any dough with you, Annie?" he asked.

Annie looked at him sharply.

"Oh, I know what that look means," said Thomas. "You're wrong. Not another drop. But there's a guy that was standing next to me in the bed line over there that's in a bad shape. He's the right kind, and he's got wives or kids or something, and he's on the sick list. No booze. If you could dig up half a dollar for him so he could get a decent bed I'd like it."

Annie's fingers began to wiggle in her purse.

"Sure. I've got money," said she. "Lots of it. Twelve dollars." And then she added, with woman's ineradicable suspicion of vicarious benevolence: "Bring 'em here and let me see 'em first."

Thomas went on his mission. The wan Bed Liner came readily enough. As the two drew near, Annie looked up from her purse and screamed:

"Mr. Walter— Oh—Mr. Walter!"

"Is that you, Annie?" said the young man weakly.

"Oh, Mr. Walter!—and the Missis hunting high and low for you!"

"Does mother want to see me?" he asked, with a flush coming out on his pale cheek.

"She's been hunting for you high and low. Sure, she wants to see you. She wants you to come home. She's tried police and morgues and lawyers and advertising and detectives and rewards and everything. And then she took up clearvoyants. You'll go right home, won't you, Mr. Walter?"

"Gladly, if she wants me," said the young man. "Three years is a long time. I suppose I'll have to walk up, though, unless the street cars are giving free rides. I used to walk and beat that old plug team of bays we used to drive to the carriage. Have they got them yet?"

"They have," said Thomas, feelingly. "And they'll have 'em ten years from now. The life of the royal elephantine truckhorse is one hundred and forty-nine years. I'm the coachman. Just got my reappointment five minutes ago. Let's all ride up in a surface car—that is—if Annie will pay the fares."

On the Broadway car Annie handed each one of the prodigals a nickel to pay the conductor.

"Seems to me you are mighty reckless the way you throw large sums of money around," said Thomas, sarcastically.

"In that purse," said Annie decidedly, "is exactly \$11.85. I shall take every cent of it to-morrow and give it to Professor Cherubusco, the greatest man in the world."



"Well," said Thomas, "I guess he must be a pretty 'tly guy to pipe off things the way he does. I'm glad his spooks told him where you could find me. If you'll give me his address, some day I'll go up there, myself, and shake his hand."

Presently Thomas moved tentatively in his seat, and thoughtfully felt an abrasion or two on his knees and elbows.

"Say, Annie," said he confidently, "maybe it's one of the last dreams of the house, but I've a kind of a recollection of

riding in an automobile with a swell guy that took me to a house full of eagles and arc lights. He fed me on biscuits and hot air and then kicked me down the front steps. If it was the d c's, why am I so sore?"

"Shut up, you fool!" said Annie.

"If I could find that funny guy's house," said Thomas, in conclusion, "I'd go up there some day and punch his nose for him."



## BEDQUIN LOVE SONG

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breath'd  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips,  
The love that shall fade no more.  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book  
unfurl.

—Bayard Taylor.



MR. M. J. DE LOYNES  
Consul-General for France.



MR. NICHOLAS DE STRUVE  
Russian Consul-General.

## Foreign "Spies" in Canada

By

Donald I. MacLeod

*The Consul-General in most countries is a gentleman with nothing to do but sit still, keep his eyes open and exercise tact. But in Canada he is a "spy"—not in an offensive sense, but in the sense that Joshua and Caleb reported the Land of Promise. The Consul-General in Ottawa is the eye of his King or his Republic, watching Canada, traveling throughout Canada, examining it and reporting it to his Government.—The Editors.*

WHEN Earl Grey cast his eyes about him at his "drawing-room" of a few weeks ago—the last such function of his term—he beheld a brilliant sight. He beheld fair women, in gorgeous, jewelled gowns with great V's in the back. He beheld brave men, nay heroes, who suffered in silence collars of exceeding height, and vast, arid stretches of spotless and effulgent shirt-front. He beheld choleric-faced military officers, and the executive officers of Canada's new-born navy, resplendent in their evening attire of blue.

All this Earl Grey saw, but he scanned the color and the splendor of the Senate Chamber for something more—the insignias of the foreign consuls-general to Can-

ada. And he looked in vain. They were not there. The American papers said that they "boycotted Earl Grey." Be this as it may, every consul-general in Canada studiously remained away from Earl Grey's drawing-room, notwithstanding that they and their wives had all been very much in evidence at the opening of Parliament a day or two before.

Consuls-general in Canada have no diplomatic or official status in the eyes of the Dominion Government. It is held that they are not endowed with plenipotentiary powers by their own governments, and hence that they are not entitled to diplomatic status under the Canadian government, even in the face of the fact that they are often called to do the work



HON. MR. TAKASHI NAKAMURA  
Japanese Consul General.

of diplomats. Furthermore, although Canada's independent treaty-making power would seem to have been pretty firmly established, the Dominion is technically under Great Britain, and some hair-splitting quibblers question whether or not Canada has the right of conferring upon anyone diplomatic rank.

This lack of recognition of the consular-general poses unnoticed during the greater part of the year, but it crops up in very acute form when the Governor-General's drawing-room comes along.

There is a precedence order in the presentation of guests to His Excellency. First come members of the Privy Council and members of the Dominion cabinet, then judges of the Supreme Court, and M.P.'s and senators from all parts of Canada, and the numberless colonels and majors from the Militia Department, and then So-and-so, and So-and-so, and finally, at the tail-end of this great procession, "other ladies and gentlemen."

The consular-general had been put down under the "other ladies and gentlemen" end of it. This was the thorn in the flesh that kept them away from the function, that caused them to boycott Earl Grey's last drawing-room.

With regularity as untiring as the introduction of his Daylight Saving Bill, E. N. Lewis, M.P., gets up in the House of Commons and waxes wroth about the "invidious treatment" of the consular-general at the hands of the Government. Already this session Dr. Sproule, M.P., has virtually given notice that he also is going to talk himself red in the face in championship of the consular's cause.

But the general opinion is that the recent boycott will achieve more than oceans of Opposition eloquence, and that the consular-general will be granted diplomatic status without ado before the Duke of Connaught entertains at the next drawing-room.

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**P**ICTURE to yourself a little man, a very little man, walking along the main street of the Canadian capital with another man, and taking three steps to this other man's one. The very tread of this little man is business-like and decisive. There is something about the way he carries his five feet of height and hundred pounds of weight that suggests wide-awakes, and energy that knows no tiring.

So small is the little fellow that everybody he meets turns to stare. Smith and Jones, two men of the street, pass by.

"Is that the little Jap who is doing the aerobic stunts down at the vaudeville theatre this week?" asks Smith.

"Yep," replies Jones. "He looks like him, anyway. I'm pretty sure it is."

But it isn't. The little man with the decisive mien is Hon. Takashi Nakamura, Imperial Consul-General of Japan to Canada. The man with him is his private secretary, also a Japanese, who is gifted with considerably more stature than his little superior.

The little Hon. Takashi Nakamura looks young, and his looks do not belie him; he is but 37—the youngest consular-general in Canada.

At 24 he passed the Japanese diplomatic and consular examination, and for two years served as vice-consul at Fusan and Masepo, in Korea. Ten years ago he was transferred to the Japanese legation at Washington, where he remained for three years as secretary and attache. From Washington he returned to the

Orient, and spent two years as consul at Foochow, China. Here his aptness for things diplomatic came more directly to the notice of the Japanese Government, and in 1906 he was appointed to no less important an office than the secretaryship of the Foreign Department at Tokio, an office which carried with it membership in both Houses of the Japanese Imperial Diet, the acting directorship of the Japanese Commercial Bureau, and the duties of examiner at the consular and diplomatic examination.

There it was that Hon. Takashi Nakamura brought distinction upon himself by taking a prominent part in the revision of the commercial treaty with Russia following the Portsmouth Peace Convention. For this the Japanese Government conferred upon him the Fifth Class Order of the Rising Sun, while there came to him from beyond the sterile wastes of Siberia the Second Class Order of St. Anna, the Russian Government's acknowledgment of his diplomatic service.

In April of last year, the Imperial Japanese consulate-general in Canada became vacant, and the Japanese Foreign Department recognized Canada's importance among world powers by dispatching hither no less a one than its own secretary and diplomat, known to all Japan, China and Russia—Hon. Takashi Nakamura.

This, then, is Japan's envoy to Canada—a little big man, little in body, big in mind; a young old man, young in years, old in the task fraught with grave responsibilities of mediating between nations. An admirable type is he of the aggressive little people of the Nippon land beyond the eastern seas.

Mr. Nakamura likes Canada. "You know," he once said, in his excellent English, rendered pleasing and melodious by a little tinge of Japanese accent, "You know, I visited Canada on several occasions while I was stationed at Washington, and I hoped then that I should some day have the privilege of living in this land of great opportunities. Well, that day has come." And his face beamed forth his satisfaction from the depths of the huge Morris chair, which almost swallowed him up.

Since his arrival in Canada there has fallen to Hon. Mr. Nakamura's hand lit-



MR. WANG KEX YUEN  
Chinese Consul General

tle work of a diplomatic nature. He was the medium through whom Earl Grey and the Japanese authorities exchanged messages when Prince Ito of Japan was assassinated in Korea. He is in close touch with his sub-consul at Vancouver, and is making a thorough study of the Japanese immigration problem in its relation to British Columbia.

A six-month after his arrival in Canada, Hon. Takashi Nakamura won his Canadian spurs. He went to a meeting of Ottawa's Canadian Club one Saturday, and made a speech. Now, this speech was no common-place speech. It left out the eulogies and the platitudes, and the empty, froth-like nothingnesses of ordinary after-dinner speeches; it was a speech worth while. It easily stands to-day among the half-drawn classics recorded in the minute-book of the Ottawa Canadian Club, and that is saying not a little.

To begin with, this memorable address had a background which served to set it in very clear relief.

"Dr." Kung, then Chinese Consul-General—a sort of Chinese L.L.D.—spoke first. Now, Dr. Kung, who had been in Canada but two months, was scarcely an adept



MR. JOHN FORSTER  
Consul General for the United States.

in English. Accordingly, he had mastered very few of the principles of English pronunciation, and had had his address written out by his English secretary. Then he went valiantly to the Canadian Club meeting, artfully planning to enunciate mechanically the words on the paper before him, although he himself had not the faintest idea what these words meant. He trusted to good fortune and to his household gods to see him safely through.

Well, he made the speech. It was not a very good speech. The windows were not shattered by the plaudits of his auditors. There were moments of nerve-destraining suspense—for everybody but Dr. Kung. He seemed to be serenely unconscious of the uneasiness which permeated every corner of the big dining-room. He took his own good time to deliberate with his own mind as to how a word should be pronounced, and—the suspense was awful!

When he came to a big word, it was heart-rendering. Hon. W. S. Fielding, who was seated at the head table near the orating Dr., kept his gaze fixed out

through a window. Hon. Charles Murphy's salvation was a square foot of wall at the other end of the room. And as for Hon. Frank Oliver, he steadfastly contemplated an empty saucer on the table before him, where but a few minutes before a pile of ranned peas had been.

At length Dr. Kung sat down. Great drops of perspiration were mopped from every brow. The audience had no more idea of what Dr. Kung had been trying to say than had the worthy Dr. Kung himself; to this day the only man who knows is the man who wrote out that address.

When the president of the Canadian Club had finished mopping his forehead, he rose and moved a very hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Kung for the intensely interesting address to which everyone had listened with such great pleasure! And the hundreds of nervous wrecks in the room made the building shake with applause.

Then Hon. Takashi Nakamura arose to speak. A hush fell over the gathering. "I wonder how the little Jap will make out?" was in everybody's mind.

They did not wonder long. He made out superbly. He spoke upon the diplomatic and commercial relations of Japan and Canada, and his utterances stamped him as a scholar and an orator. Cabinet ministers craned their necks to get a good view of the little fellow, their eyes open wide with amazement. Here was a little man from the Far East, an artist in English, learned in economics, and their peer, if not their superior, in oratorical expression! The audience was wildly enthusiastic. Every time the diminutive Cicero rose to the full height of his five feet on the wings of a grand climax, the house was brought down with applause. When at last he took his seat there went up a cheer that lasted not for seconds, but for minutes.

"I've been in the House of Commons for twenty years," one gentleman was heard to remark on the way out, "and I know of only three men who can beat that little fellow speaking. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, and Hon. A. B. Aylesworth."

The address was commented upon in the newspapers. It was talked about in

the clubs, and on the streets. Hon. Takashi Nakamura had won his spurs.

But poor Dr. Kung! is back in China now. He left Ottawa in great haste three months ago, and nobody has since been able to ascertain anything about the cause of his going.

He was the first Chinese Consul-General to Canada, and the path which he trod was not strewn with roses. An unseen Nemesis pursued him unrelentingly from the day of his arrival till the day of his departure.

It was a memorable day, that summer's day of a year and a half ago, when he and his suite arrived in Ottawa. A mighty host of laundrymen and restaurant proprietors, glorious in the latest clothes, and shining tan boots and Panama hats, with hands of varied hues, were assembled at the depot to bid him welcome. But one of Dr. Kung's secretaries—there were two of them—looked much more distinguished than Dr. Kung himself, and all the shirt-cleaners and servers of French-fried potatoes united to do him honor. This James the Pretender accepted of their obeisance most graciously, and caused bowing to them only when the real Consul-General made his way into the circle, and said in Chinese, "I am the doctor."

Things went along not so badly until a small boy hit one of Dr. Kung's secretaries with an apple-core or something one day, and the secretary complained to the authorities that the Chinese Empire had suffered a grave affront at the hands of a representative of the Canadian people. The Canadian people avenged the affront by fining the small boy \$10 and costs.

Dr. Kung used to saunter forth for an occasional walk along the streets of Ottawa. If he wore Chinese garb, everyone would turn to stare. And if he wore European garb—a silk tie or Derby hat on the very back of his head, and a suit that failed most lamentably in its efforts to fit—everyone would turn to stare.

It was obvious to all who enjoyed Dr. Kung's acquaintance, that he was growing weary of it all. At length he packed up all his belongings and sailed from Canadian coasts for the Orient.

Dr. Kung was essentially an Oriental who could not adapt himself to Occidental life and usages, try as he might. When



MR. L. SCALLAN  
Consul General for Italy

ther this truth dawned first upon Dr. Kung himself or upon the Chinese Government, has never been learned.

Of a very different character is Dr. Kung's successor, Mr. Wang See Yuen, Indochina. Mr. Wang—the Chinese adopt the voters' list method of placing the last name first—is the antithesis of Dr. Kung. He is alert. He is quick to perceive things. He can speak English. He has a tailor-made suit.

Although he has been in Canada only a couple of months, Mr. Wang has already poured out vials of wrath upon the boards of the newspapermen.

He took a trip up to Cobalt a month ago. The newspapermen of the silver country quizzed him about the object of his visit. "Purely private business," replied Mr. Wang.

When the reporters had satisfied themselves that there was no possibility of getting anything further from him, they walked over to the telegraph office and spread broadcast throughout the land the glad tidings that the Chinese Consul-General was in Cobalt to buy a mine or two for the purpose of supplying silver to the Chinese mint.



MR. H. KETELS  
Belgian Consul-General.

Mr. Wang had left Cohalt before he saw in print the object of his trip. But he was not going to let it drop that easily. He had his revenge upon the Ottawa newspapermen!

The Chinese Consul-General is 45 years old. "I had quite a time figuring that out," said he to me, "because in China we do not reckon our time by years."

The first part of his life he spent in business for himself. It was only ten years ago that he was appointed to the "Silk Guild," a governmental board of trade, in Shanghai. He was also made an executive member of the Comissary Chamber of Shanghai, a union of all the big business men. Two years ago he became attache to the Chinese legation at Tokio, Japan. From Tokio he went as consul to Nagasaki, Japan, where he remained until he was sent to Canada.

Mr. Wang is a good business man, and a good business man is a long way toward being a good consul.

"What do you think of the Chinese awakening?" I asked him.

"Oh, it's coming," he replied, in a tone of certainty which one might use in speaking of the sun-rise to-morrow morning.

"China, you know, is much older than Rome or Greece, older than every country in the world, excepting Egypt, and what the Chinese have quietly learned in all those ages is going to be of use to them when the awakening comes."

Uncle Sam is very much interested in Canada, and, to keep this interest ever fresh, he maintains at the Canadian capital, one J. G. Foster—or Colonel the Honorable J. G. Foster, B.A., to be complete.

'Tis hard to look upon Col. Foster as aught but a Canadian. He was born in Derby Line, on the Vermont frontier, within almost a stone's throw of the Quebec border. In his youth he was wont to climb a hill and look across to Canada, as Moses looked upon the promised land. Thirteen years ago he came to this land. The first six years of the thirteen he spent in Halifax; the remaining seven in Ottawa.

As senior United States Consul-General for Canada, he is the centre of a great solar system. The United States Consuls to Canada are planets revolving about him, and the scores of vice-consuls and consular agents are satellites revolving about the planets. There are in all 112 of these revolving bodies.

The United States foreign service is divided into two parts, diplomatic and commercial. Col. Foster is technically a part of the commercial part, but he often dons a frock coat, and lo! he is a part of the diplomatic part. For instance, he was chairman of the United States tariff committee which conferred with Hon. Messrs. Fielding and Patterson in Ottawa not long since.

He is 51 years of age, this genial and unwarlike colonel of the Stars and Stripes, knows all Canada like a book, and is known to his thousands of friends from Halifax to Victoria as a "very fine fellow," that terse summing up of a man which has such a wealth of meaning. In his office there hang portraits of Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and Bill Taft; no, T. R. isn't there. But the wall adornment to which he always points with an especial pride is a queer little circular, adorning all Canadians to "treat John Gilman Foster with every consideration," and so on. 'Tis only a formal little circular from the British Foreign Office, and

is long out-dated at that. Then, why has it been given a place of honor on the wall where all who enter may see? Look at it a little more closely and you will discern a name; it is the name, written there by her own hand, of history's greatest queen—Victoria.

If Uncle Sam ever runs short of silver certificates and can't pay Col. Foster's salary, the colonel will not starve. He used to be a director of banks and things down in Vermont twenty years ago, before he yielded to the lure of the Government service, and he kept a wad of stocks and bonds as souvenirs of those olden days.

Then there is Mr. H. Ketels, Consul-General for little Belgium.

He was born near Brussels thirty-nine years ago, and was educated for the Belgian bar. But diving into ponderous books and wrangling in courts of law was an avocation that did not appeal to him, and at the age of twenty-five he joined the Belgian foreign service. For two years he served as consul at Melbourne, Australia; for three years as attache at Peking, China, and for five years as consul at Nientsun, China. From Nientsun he came to Ottawa four years ago.

And in that four years he has learned at first hand more about Canada than 90 out of every 100 Canadians have ever learned. A much-traveled man is he. He has visited every Canadian district, every city and large town of importance, from sea to sea. He is equally at home in discussing the industrial growth of the east, the agricultural development of the vast prairie region, or the great timber and mineral wealth of British Columbia.

One would scarcely think, to meet this prince of courtesy, this refined and scholarly gentleman, that he had traversed with half-breed guides the southern part of the Mackenzie basin, that he had sojourned at railroad camps along the Grand Trunk Pacific route through northern Quebec, that he had stood with Sir Wilfrid Grenfell upon rugged, sea-wrept coasts of the bleak Labrador. Of a surety, no office-chair diplomat is the Belgian Consul-General.

And his enthusiasm about Canada's future! Not one spark of it could be reproduced here, it would consume the paper.



DONATO L. MEYER  
Argentine Republic.

"Canadians have no idea of what a country they have," he said, at the end of one of his enthusiastic outbursts. "Only a comparatively small part of Canada has been developed yet, but time will bring the economic factors necessary to make it one of the greatest countries in the world."

When diplomatic duties call, Mr. Ketels is not slow to respond. He it was who acted as the representative of his Government in the bringing about of the recent commercial convention of Canada and Belgium.

The last of the five consuls-general resident in Ottawa is Mr. Horatio L. Meyer, of the Argentine Republic, that thrifty southern land which is keeping pace with Canada. He, too, has seen for himself all Canada, from coast to coast; only a few weeks ago he returned from the Maritime Provinces, whither he had gone to study industrial and trade conditions.

The field of his diplomatic experience has not been a narrow one. He was a member of the Argentine-Chili Boundary Commission, which averted a war, and has been on sundry diplomatic missions to England, France and Italy. Three years ago he was sent to Canada.

"I have seen this whole magnificent country of Canada," he said, "and I have already read over 200 books on Canadian topics. And the more I see of Canada, and the more I read, the more am I convinced of the folly of Europeans coming to this country, remaining in one or two of the big cities for a few days, and then going back and giving to the newspapers great long interviews about Canada. This is a vast and a great country, and the man who would know of its vastness and its greatness must devote to the task not days, but years."

"Trade between Argentina and Canada is increasing greatly year by year; last year Canada's exports to Argentina totalled \$2,800,000. I am very glad to see that the C. P. R. is going to establish a direct line of steamships to Buenos Ayres, and I am now looking forward to the day when Canada will be represented in the Argentine Republic by a trade commissioner, for about there would indeed be a great field."

Mr. Nicholas de Struve, the Russian Consul-General, makes Montreal his abiding place. He has been more or less in the public eye of late through his efforts to effect the extradition of the Russian, Fedorenko, now in Winnipeg, who is wanted in Russia on a charge of sedition. Mr. de Struve is the servant of the Czar, of course.

He was born in Russia forty-eight years ago, coming of noble family on the side of his mother, the Baroness de Rosen. While a young man he was sent to study the educational systems of Sweden, Denmark and Holland, and on his return was entrusted with the education of one of the princesses of the Russian royal family—some fellow whose name consists of the whole alphabet thrown into a hat and jumbled up.

This task finished, Mr. de Struve joined the Russian legation in Turkey. When he left Constantinople, the Sultan decorated him with the Order of Medjidie, whatever that means, while the Order of St. Daniel was given him by the Prince of Montenegro, that microscopic country which squeezes itself in somewhere between Turkey and the Adriatic Sea. Six years ago the Czar honored Mr. de Struve

with the Russian Order of St. Stanislas, which carries with it great distinction in Russian diplomatic and social circles.

Mr. de Struve is a close student of Canadian conditions; he has visited every part of the Dominion, and has published in St. Petersburg a number of works dealing exhaustively with Canadian trade and industry.

He is well known in Montreal, having for years been actively identified with educational and benevolent movements there.

Not long ago a newspaperman visited the Russian Consulate to see the eminent representative of the Czar's domain, and in the course of the conversation he drew a parallel which seemed strange indeed, a parallel of Russia and Canada.

"A glance at a map of the world shows that nearly all the northern part of it is made up of two great countries, Russia and Canada," he began. "These two countries are very similar. They are both rich in natural resources, and they both have great undeveloped areas. These facts lead me to believe that to these two great countries belongs the future. The establishment of friendly relations between Canada and Siberia is one most cherished of my dreams."

"Canada's growth in the last ten years has been simply marvellous. And this growth, it seems to me, is due in no small measure to British institutions."

Mr. Marie Joseph de Loyne is another consul-general whose headquarters are in Montreal. He represents France. He is a man of few words.

When you ask him about his career he will say, "Well, I entered the diplomatic service of France in 1881. I was secretary to the Embassy at Madrid, and then to the Embassy at St. Petersburg for quite a while, and three years ago I came to Canada."

And when you ask him what he thinks of Canada, he will say: "The development of Canada, and especially of the western part, is wonderful. The country's resources are enormous, and the bracing, healthy climate is going to be a big factor in future Canadian growth."

Mr. de Loyne is quite at home in Montreal, among the French.

There are other consul-generals in Montreal—Mr. Karl Lang, of Germany, who

took a prominent part in the German-sarax negotiations; Mr. L. Seel, of Italy, who has just returned from a visit to his fatherland; Mr. E. Oritz de Zugasti, of Spain; Mr. A. Jacobson, of Norway, and Mr. H. Hann Von Hannebom, of Austria-Hungary—all with records behind them. Smaller countries to the number of twenty-eight, have consular representation through Canadian appointees in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver, but their authority is nominal in comparison with that of the foreign envoys.

These, then, are the consul-generals. These are the men who have come to Can-

ada as the delegates of the nations of the earth.

They are here, not to take their ease in luxurious offices and avoid the diplomatic task which does not come, but, as "spies," to go out and learn of this land, whose greatness even now glimmers but faintly in the dawn. And nobly they are fulfilling their mission.

They are men of talent and worth. They are men of ripe experience, who rank high in the councils of their own countries.

Surely the sending to Canada of such men is no empty or petty thing. Surely these men are living testimonies to the world's recognition of Canada's nationhood.

## SI J'ETAIS DIEU

(After the French of Prof. Hume)

If I were God, Death's wind should not destroy  
Men's happiness, and none should sigh again,  
And tears should flow, but only tears of joy,  
Si j'étais Dieu.

If I were God, the city's saddened child  
Should smile in meadows fresh with summer dew,  
And none should fall, life-weary and defiled,  
Si j'étais Dieu.

If I were God, day's cares should never fright,  
And labor should be play forever new,  
For we should only strive to learn our might,  
Si j'étais Dieu.

If I were God, for you, whose love I claim,  
I would unfold Heavens' ever fair and blue,  
But I would leave you, oh, my sweet, the same,  
Si j'étais Dieu.

—Cyrus MacMillan.



## A Little Tale of Far Japan

By Katharine Tynan

IT WAS A CASE of love at first sight, love open, eager, pursuing, on Warren's side: love that disguised itself, was afraid, and so appeared to be bitter and resentful on the part of the woman. Charnian Leslie was—her friend Mrs. Brooks used to declare, a vestal virgin by choice up to a certain point. Charnian was proud of her intimacies with men, when she called boys and those she liked particularly "her" boys. She was a journalist by profession. She had been all over the world, in strange places: sometimes thousands of miles away from a white face. She had never been insulted or frightened, therefore she was cheerfully contemptuous of the women to whom these things happened, and so fearless that the men who cared for her might well quake at the thought of where she'd go or what she'd do next. Men took her at her word, as a rule. A hundred men would have died to save her from insult or injury. Not one of the hundred thought of making love to her. She was as feminine as ever she could be, and yet

— She swaggered about among the boys, rushed hither and thither in search of "copy," endured terrible hardships, after which she would have to put her poor little body to bed for a week. The spirit in her was never dismayed. She used to fret and grumble at herself because she could not do the work of a man. She rode like a cowboy, could shoot straight, play euchre, help a brother out of a tight place without talking of it afterwards. The boys helped her all they could, and spared her as much as she would let them, which was not very much. She had been at Nagasaki just three weeks before Billy Warren turned up there.

Vestal virgin as she was, she was uncommonly glad to find in the wife of the Consul at Nagasaki, Helen Dames, now Helen Brooks, who had been her classmate at school long ago. She was glad that she would have confessed to see the face of a white woman. She had been at the seat of war roughing it among the boys. Now the war was over, and there

was a whole bunch of correspondents sitting at Nagasaki waiting for orders from head-quarters.

She trembled in Helen's arms when they met. She had ridden down to Nagasaki, some hundreds of miles, as often as not sleeping in the open with what shelter and seclusion the boys could provide for her. Mrs. Brooks was for putting her to bed at the consulate and had her way in the end, although Charnian had already found a habitation for herself—a delightful little Japanese house in the midst of a cherry orchard, on the banks of a little pond covered with the sacred lotus. It was a place she had longed for when she had been at Nagasaki before, and she had already secured it. She was going to sit down there and write the great novel with which her head was busy. It was a trouble and a vexation that her limbs shook under her, that she had a ridiculous inclination to cry, that she couldn't eat or drink or sleep, that she must collapse in a crumpled heap on the sofa in Helen's pretty drawing-room even while she pretended that she was all right and must get back to the cherry-orchard and start work.

She lay in bed a week at the consulate, being rather light-headed in the first days, and emerged in the light of day looking as white as a sheet of paper and nearly as attenuated. Ordinarily she was of a pale brownness, with eyes somewhat of the brown you find in Venetian glass and of a peculiar brightness. They might have been over-bright if it were not for their long shape and the trick she had of narrowing the eyelids so that the brightness of the eyes was like something shining in the depths of a pool. She always wore brown, which, though she did not suspect it, was an act of coquetry on her part. It brought out the gold hues of her hair and eyes, and the creamy whiteness of her neck and shoulders and her beautiful arms.

"My nut-brown girl," Billy Warren called her in his own mind the first evening he strolled into the consulate after a bath and a change of garments following his arrival in Nagasaki that afternoon.

"How-do-you-do," Miss Leslie? he said, coming forward and shaking hands. There was no one present to introduce them.

"How-do-you-do?" returned Charnian, whose friends abbreviated her name to Charm. "I expect you're Mr. Warren. The boys have been looking forward to your arrival as though it was all they had left to wish for on earth."

"That's very good of the boys," he said, eyeing her approvingly. "They gave me a great reception, and they're all coming round with musical instruments as soon as we have died."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You seem to be just too popular for anything," she said. "You remind me, of that old gentleman—in Athens, was it—who had to be drowned because everyone called him the just?"

"Please don't drown me," he said earnestly. "I'm not just enough to make it worth while."

Charm turned and looked at the clock.

"Helen will be late for the day of judgment," she said.

At that moment Mrs. Brooks appeared and Charm repeated it with exaggeration.

Now if Mrs. Brooks had been content to let well alone, or, at least, not to show her hand so plainly, things might have been easier for Billy. As it was, Charm got wind of the fact that it was proposed to make a match between her and Billy, and all the vestal virgin in her was up in arms. She was really immensely taken with Billy, who was a big, handsome, soft-eyed, soft-spoken fellow with the best heart in the world. She had a double admiration for him as a man and a journalist. As a man, he had some extraordinarily creditable things to his record; as a journalist, he had opened the Japanese oyster as no white man ever succeeded in doing before or since. But Charm was devoted to her profession. Perhaps she was a little bit jealous, because, apart from her adventurous spirit and her being where she was, there was nothing remarkable in her record; none of the prizes of journalism were ever likely to come her way.

Helen too had been indiscreet. She had taken Charm's reasonableness too much for granted, which is never a safe thing to do. She had flung her over a letter of Billy Warren's the first morning she had been well enough to appear at the breakfast-table. It had contained this passage:

"Just keep the adorable Miss Leslie till I come along. I take your word for her as a girl, as a journalist—why doesn't she get some big fellow to do chores for her? I'd like to see a girl of mine run such risks. Women in our kind of journalism are like the dog standing on his hind legs to Dr. Johnson. They excite the same feeling under my skin front. Tell her to give it up and get married!"

Mrs. Brooks regretted her indiscretion when she saw the wave of color in Charm's clear cheek, and apologized humbly. Billy Warren would never forgive her if he knew. He was such a dear fellow—the last in the world to hurt a woman.

Charm laughed, rather a forced laugh and waved away the apology. Mrs. Brooks made the further mistake of thinking that Charm had forgotten all about it and boomed Billy to the sky for the next fortnight or so.

"The girl that will be lucky enough to get Billy?"—How often Miss Leslie had listened to that or like phrases and curled her dainty lips at them secretly. The vestal virgin was incensed. So was the last professional pride. That wretched Billy Warren, of whom the boys and Helen—and even Carter, Helen's husband, who was usually dumb as a stock—talked as though he was the Lord's pattern man, how she would like to show him what she could do in journalism. She had a little syndicate to herself far away in America, and displayed proudly on paper and envelopes the little stamp, "The Charmian Leslie Syndicate." It used to make the boys smile, though they wouldn't have let her see it for worlds. She really feared herself more than a little bit and was much more anxious about being a smart journalist than about being a very attractive girl, as she was, although her absorption in what she called her "stories" dulled the charm of her sex, else she never could have kept the boys at arm's length as she had done. There would have been trouble before this.

## II

Billy Warren took Miss Leslie home later on to her little house in the cherry orchard. It was a wonderful Eastern night, full of heavy scenes, with a magnificent moon and stars upon a purple sky.

The little house, lit up by its paper-lanterns, burned like a jewel amid the blossoming boughs of the cherry.

"And you live here all alone?" Billy said, standing by the gate. She had invited him in, offering to mix him a cocktail, and he had refused.

"I have my old cock, Lo San. He's just immortal. He treats me as though I were a three-year-old baby. He's a Buddhist, and won't take life. You can't imagine the horrid things he can handle with impunity. I saw him with a black thing, all legs and a horrible shiny back and a pair of wicked red eyes, on his palm the other day. 'Our Master, Buddha,' he said, 'wee friends with all that lived. This fellow not make war on me, Missie, because I don't make war on him.'"

"I don't think," said Billy Warren with emphasis. "This lovely little spot of yours—I'm not denying it's downright lovely—harbors every wicked creeping thing that is known in Japan. That pond of yours, too. There are a pretty lot of reptiles there under the lotuses. It is a fool thing for you to be in such a place. I wouldn't allow it, if I had any right to forbid it."

He added the last clause with a tender drop in his voice, and his eyes, as they rested on her in the moonlight, had a dawning passion in their depths. But Charm was perverse. She chose to resent his speech, knowing all the time that she was a fool for doing it.

"As I love this little haven of mine, she said, with some sharpness in her voice, "and have no intention of giving it up till I have to go home, I'm very glad you haven't the right." Then, a little ashamed of the sharpness, she added: "I am very well taken care of with my good old Lo San and Sambo. You haven't been introduced to Sambo."

She lifted a little Japanese mongrel by the scruff of the neck for Billy's inspection.

"He's always killing green devils about the orchard," she said. "Lo San's shocked at him. You should see Sambo's fine rage over a scorpion. But"—she made the concession a little grudgingly—"I don't walk everywhere in the orchard. There is a part by the pond which will be quite safe with Sambo going ahead of me. Sambo's death on everything that creeps.

I don't like the things, Mr. Warren, and won't put myself in their way because I want to meet them."

"Thank you," Billy said gravely. Then he stooped and patted the little mongrel's head. "Look after your mistress, old man," he said. The little beast licked at him with his red rag of a tongue. Billy was a friend of the animal creation.

During the few weeks that followed while they were all waiting to go home, with nothing to do but amuse themselves, it was quite plain to even the most unobservant that "old Bill," as the boys called him out of pure affection, was hopelessly gone on Charmian Leslie. He didn't seem a bit put off by the young lady's capricious humors and her chivalries. He followed her about in a moonstruck way which made some of his special friends among the boys rather indignant. Billy had always been a subject for ideal masculine friendships. His special friends were a bit jealous. It annoyed them to see him stuck on a girl who flouted him all day long. It wasn't good enough. Charm was as pretty as her name and a genuine little thing, although U. S. journalism wouldn't have just died without her; but she wasn't in the same boat with Billy and she needn't think it. Of course, every American girl is "a queen," but Warren was a quite uncommon king among his fellows. Some of the boys were quite hot about Charm's way of treating him as though he were just an ordinary individual and not William Warren. It would be hard enough for them to give him up from the jolly brotherhood of henchmen. The girl they had to give him to ought, at least, to be civil about it.

Billy went over with Helen Brooks to tea at the little house in the cherry orchard. It was as delightful within as without, and there was a delicate atmosphere of femininity about it. Charm presided over her tea-table with the grace of a Japanese. She wore a flowered kimono and she had her hair dressed Japanese fashion, with a little dagger thrust through the golden-brown curls. There was something languishing about her eyes. Perhaps it was the heat. It had been very hot these last few days; and the cherry orchard seemed pulsing with life under its riot of blossom. Only that morning, Lo San had picked up a deadly little

twisted snake which had been lying in one of Charmian's gay little shoes on the floor of the bathroom and had flung it from him gently into the orchard coming back to soothe Charmian's fears with "Missie, not be afraid. Buddha say not hurt anything that lives. Snake very angry when men harm. Now it harmless. Snake not hurt Missie."

Nevertheless, Charm was rather out of conceit with her orchard. She began to long for New York. She was a typical New Yorker, whereas Billy hailed from the Pacific Coast. Perhaps I ought to have stated this before, so as to emphasize the differences between them.

She said nothing about the snake to Mrs. Brooks or Billy. Helen, who could never let things alone, suggested that Billy would take care of Charm when they all went home together—Carter Brooks was not due to go home till the next President came in, and this one had been in office barely a year.

Billy flushed up delightedly. Being only a man, he was full of simple gratitude to Helen for her advocacy of him. But Charm bridled and remarked in a cold voice that she wasn't going home just yet. She was going to stay in the cherry orchard and finish her novel.

The color ebbed from Billy's handsome face, leaving it quite pale.

"I hope you will do no such thing," he said. "Your friends ought to prevent it. It's barely enough now, but it will be worse when we're all gone home. Mrs. Brooks has her baby. She can't be tramping down here to see how you're getting along. You'd be much sicker at home."

"Perhaps," said Charm. "But I'm not going. I've got the atmosphere here for my book. I'll stay till it's finished."

"Then I'll stay too," said Billy, with sudden doggedness. "It is my duty as an American man to look after you."

Helen remembered that Lo San had promised to show her a particular curry in which he excelled and got up and went out of the room into the tiny kitchen. Neither of them seemed to notice her going. When she came back hesitating a second beyond the paper partition, she found Charmian sitting pale and rigid, while Billy was looking at her with a kind sadness that ought to have disarmed any woman.

"Miss Leslie's mad with me," he said as his sad rich drawl. "She has as good as told me to go to the devil."

Helen tried to look cheerful but it was hard. The party broke up presently and she was glad.

### III.

But Warren did not go home as he should have gone. He wanted, doggedly. He just stayed on and lounged. He troubled Miss Leslie not at all; but she couldn't help meeting him often at the Brooks's, where he was cheerfully polite while she ignored him; and she couldn't help knowing that he was very often in the near neighborhood of her little house in the cherry-orchard. She used to peep from her window at night and see his cigar-end gleaming redly outside her gate and try to persuade herself that it was only a fire-fly, a little redder than the others, in the tangled, golden dance.

She seemed not to be able to help herself with Billy somehow. By this time she knew that she was as much in love with him as he was with her; but for the life of her she couldn't help being hateful to him. Helen used to look at her with a sad indignation. She could have shaken her friend for playing fast and loose with happiness and for keeping Warren hanging on as he was doing. Her indignation made her say something Billy would not have suspected.

"Perhaps you're not aware that Billy's chuckled a good thing just to hang round and look after you," she said. "I expect the boys are pretty mad with you. Lester May has got into Billy's good thing. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I never asked him to stay," said Charm body. "I only want to be allowed to finish my book in peace. I think it's downright mean of him to follow me round the way he does. Oh, you needn't make faces, Helen." Miss Leslie suddenly burst into tears. "I know you think my books of no importance. So does he. He suggested my—my—finishing it—on—our honeymoon. He despises my intellect. I wouldn't look at a man who despised my intellect."

"Never mind, dear," Helen said soothingly. "I'm sorry I made you cry. It would be very nice—on a honeymoon—

with Billy. I don't suppose you'd bother about your book."

Charm flounced away indignantly and was thornier than ever to Billy at their next meeting, which was not for some time, for she began to absent herself from the Brooks's, to shut herself up with her book. Really and truly it wasn't making progress at all. She used to sit looking at her machine and not putting a word on paper for quite a long time. She began to disbelieve in the capacity she imagined in herself for the making of a novel. Sometimes she cried in the solitude of the little house, while Lo San washed up the dishes in the ridiculous toy kitchen outside and sighed to himself that soon he and Sambo would lose little Missie. She used to quote Dawson to herself:—

"What is the use of speech? Silence were fitter:

Lest we should still be wishing things unsaid,

Though all the words we ever spake were bitter,

Shall I reproach you dead?"

She used to quote Dawson to herself, and weep over the pathos she herself created, leaning her head down on the typewriter to weep, while old Lo San, peeping at her unobserved, would smile his wise smile, when he would look as though he had always lived like his Buddha, to whom he had a strange resemblance, and would go on living after all human frets and jars were over.

The book did not progress and the weeks passed. Billy Warren, who always chafed when he wasn't working, stayed on with an air of dogged endurance while the West and the East did their business without him, and his chief, in a toppling building on Broadway, swore quietly between his teeth at the fatuity of man in general and Billy in particular, where a woman was concerned. There was something had to be done that only Warren could do—Billy, who had the secret of unloeking the hearts and tongues of the most silent people. And Warren answered neither letters nor cablegrams in those days. Carter Brooks had written home to somebody that Billy had gone mad on little Charm Leslie; and the boys shook their heads and grumbled. Billy was too good to be played fast and loose with by



Drawn by A. GILBERT

"SHE WAS THERE SCREAMING BESIDE HERSELF WITH TERROR"



any girl that ever lived. They talked of making an expedition to kidnap Billy and carry him home, and the chief smiled grimly. He supposed Warren's tangle would straighten itself out some day; but meanwhile the *Eagle* was being badly scotched by its rival the *Dog*.

Charm worked indeed, but with very little satisfaction to herself. She did an immense deal of writing. Lo San could have told of the heaped baskets of torn papers he had carried away after Missie's vigils, if Lo San was ever one to talk, which he was not. He was so silent that he might have passed for a yellow figure of Buddha when he sat handling his Buddhist rosary and contemplating the mysteries of life and death.

There was a month during which Helen Brooks was in solitude with a new baby, and Charm hardly emerged from her cherry-orchard. Billy's vigils continued. He must have slept in the daytime, for he certainly spent the greater part of the night patrolling in front of the little gate. Things were not so safe as usual after the finish-up of the war. There were a good many disbanded soldiers about with an acquired taste for loot. Charm had some very pretty things in the Delectable House of the Blossoming Cherry-Orchard, as the little house was called according to Lo San.

Warren used to lean across the gate watching the light in the lower room where Charm sat, growing round-shouldered over her papers. The cherry-orchard had certainly a good many inhabitants besides Miss Leslie. The flowery undergrowth under the cherries had an incessant movement of hidden life in it. There were weird creatures in the pond. He had seen by moonlight the flat head and the wavy line of a water-snake above the floating cups of the lotus.

He did not know how long it was to go on. He could be wondrously patient when he wanted a thing and meant to have it. And he meant to have Charmian Leslie more than he had ever meant to have anything in his life. The days and the hours and the nights of vigil in which inaction was often heavy to him were all leading up to something, something which would place in his hand the occasion and

the opportunity; and his waiting would be at an end.

#### IV.

It came at last! He was leaning across the gate smoking his cigar as usual when he nearly jumped out of his skin as a woman's shriek, a succession of shrieks, shrill, piercing, full of an agony of terror and pain, reached his ear. He was through the little gate and into the house as though he had been shot from a catapult. The door stood open, or he might have brought the whole dainty edifice down. He was in the little room where Charmian's light burned. She was there screaming, beside herself with terror. She was pointing at something on the table. "Kill it! Kill it!" she kept screaming, while Sambo was adding to the din, leaping at the table and yelping to get at an enemy beyond his reach.

Warren glanced at the table and needed to look no further. Lo San had been in the room before he entered it. He was trying to soothe Miss Leslie with a low crooning voice and tender words, as though she had been a child.

"Kill it! Kill it!" she shrieked, running to Billy. "It has poisoned me; I tell you it has poisoned me—here, on my shoulder."

Billy looked. On the bare beautiful shoulder there was a circle of wicked red spots. The arm had begun to swell. The creature that had injected the poison—a centipede, bloated no longer since his poison-bag was empty—had been picked up by Lo San, and was lying, a horribly sinister little beast, on the old man's extended palm.

"Kill it! Kill it!" she kept crying.

Lo San bent his head with an air of resignation to the inevitable. It was a sin for a Buddhist to take life; but Missie must be appeased at any cost to himself. So he flung the creature to the dog, who worried it to death.

As for Warren—well, he had taken his poor girl into his arms and was trying to comfort her. Lo San having disposed of the centipede, came with a poultice of sweet-smelling herbs and bound the poisoned arm with it. But the poison had done its work thoroughly. For several days Charmian hung between life and

death at the little European hospital. It was quite two months before she was carried over to the consulate, a washed-out image of her former self.

The vestal virgin was—well, quiescent. She never protested when Billy, with a great tenderness, told her of the arrangements he had made for her.

"I shall just get home in time to get the *Eagle* through," he said in his drawling voice. "And as there isn't any too much time I've settled for the Rev. Mr. Sylvester to marry us. Anyhow, I don't see you left to the mercy of centipedes or anything else as long as I'm in the world."

"Oh," she said, "I was of you I thought first when that clammy brute dropped from the ceiling right on to my shoulder."

I know I called for you: 'Billy, Billy?' I screamed. And if you hadn't come, I'd have gone quite mad."

"I guess I'll always be around when you want me for the future," said Billy. "We'll only accept correspondences that keep us together, eh?"

"I shouldn't mind a bit, Billy, giving it all up," she said humbly.

"I don't think I'm really much good as a correspondent. I know everyone will congratulate me and set you—done they will be right. I love every bone in your body, Billy, and I don't care a bit about myself."

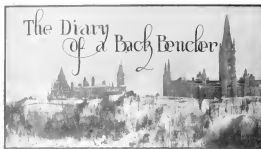
"Don't be so humble, darling," he said. "or I'll be afraid you're already transcended."

### DROUGHT IN THE VALLEY

Heavy with heat the murky sky hangs low;  
The slopes of pasture-land are bare and scoured;  
A few rank burdocks, gaunt lone guards, are seen  
Within the hollows. Ragged willow trees—  
Whose leaves scarce shiver when a scorching breeze  
Quivers and dies—stand by the parching stones  
That like a narrow trail of bleaching bones,  
Mark where the streamlet died. And all is still  
Save when across the open space a crow  
Tells wearily from shade to shade; or when  
A small cienda lifts a protest shrill,  
Whirrs for a moment and is dumb again.

A molten ball behind the Western hills  
The stifled sun sinks down. A bird's faint notes  
Sound from the shelter of the underbrush;  
The faded maple woods are color-strown;  
Then suddenly—up from the farm land flocks  
A milking call. It breaks upon the hush  
And all the dread oppressive silence fills;  
The throbbing earth stirs with uneasy moan,  
And overhead a star keeps watch alone.

—Fred Jacob.



By Paul E. Bilkey

*This is the last of the Back-Bencher Diaries. The first was the diary of a small manufacturer who had stumbled into Parliament. The second was a townsman who kept a cow. This is a retired farmer who has been sitting for the same riding for ten years. As he explains, he never does any work, yet his constituents don't object. All they insist upon is that he shall be "Tory." He hints that there are Grit ridings that give similar instructions to their members. He tells how a "frilly" M. P. lost his position because he did too much work, and comments on the spirit of "Show us—'I'm from Missouri!'" which is characteristic of many western ridings.*  
—Editor.

I HAVE been here ten years. I don't know why. The people back at home vote the same way every year. They ask me to do nothing for them, and I do it—nothing I mean. I never could make a speech in all my life except at nomination meetings, and nine times out of ten I forget what time of year it is and wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, probably in mid-summer. I make all sorts of "beraks." I make a thorough dub of myself many a time I know. But the folks don't mind. They never say a word. They grin perhaps, but they're kind-hearted. They know that speech-making is a hard job, and they are sympathetic. All they ask me to be is—Conservative, and in he goes.

My father was Conservative, and his father before that. About the time my

father died they put in a new man, an outsider, as our member. He was a young lawyer in the county town. He secured the nomination and went to Ottawa. But he had too many ideas, too many "frills" to suit our people. He had notions about horse-racing being wicked and about cigarette-smoking. He brought in some sort of a bill about divorce courts for poor people. He made speeches against what he called the abuses of the railways, and in short he was a reformer.

Our people didn't like it. They didn't want that sort of a man and they said so. There was a meeting of the Conservative Association—which amounted practically to a meeting of all the county—and it was supposed to be a reception to the member. Nobody would have thought there was anything in the wind. But there was.

Two old Tories had been primed to get up and ask our member questions. And that was the beginning of his end.

One old fellow rose up and called out in a squaky voice, "Lawyer Simonds," says he, "are you a Grit or a Tory?"

Simonds thought it was a joke, but he soon saw it wasn't, for the old man was shaking all over with excitement and pounding the floor with his stick, he was that mad. "Lawyer Simonds! Lawyer Simonds!" he yelled, "be you Grit or Tory?"

"Grit or Tory?" says Simonds gently, a little bit put out, "why! Is it necessary—was I not—an I not the nominee of the Conservative party in this county?"

"Aye!" shrieked the old man, "Ye were! Ye were that! But will ye tell me what for are ye in Parliament to make speeches—speeches about cigarettes and 'paur' food and clean wheat and railway tariffs and deeverel and the like o' that? Would ye be fillin' the country with more scandals, more trouble! What like of a member are ye? Are ye a Conservative? Or are ye a—Reformer?"

The other old edger took up the questioning, and that was the ruin of Simonds. He was a clever man, but his answers were not satisfying. He had been sent to Parliament to be a Tory, just as many a man is sent to Parliament by a Liberal riding, and expected to be a Grit. No speech making, no high fallutin' bills and sham-whanging at old established customs. No frills. But plain orthodox partyism.

That's why I'm in Parliament. Been here ten years. Never did a thing. Never intend doing a thing. Not because I'm lazy, nor because I don't think. But because—there is R. L. Borden! He's enough. I let him think things out and the way he votes I vote. I've got no particular use for the whips. They don't bother me. They know that I vote when Borden votes.

You might think a man would lose ground doing nothing. You might think that although the people might stand for him doing nothing, that he'd get down and out in the House. Well! It depends. It depends on the man you are. But there's one general rule a man may stick to, and that is that it's easier to keep your

mouth shut in the House of Parliament and get along pretty well, than it is to open it.

For when the average man opens his mouth he can't tell what's likely to come out. Most successful members of Parliament are damned out of their own mouths. A man may not happen to choose the right line to catch the favor of the House and so he fails, and his failure falls on top of him and holds him down. Some men haven't the right way of saying things. They say too much or too little, or they can't help flirring their diamond ring, or doing something that roils you, and makes you lean over to your next neighbor and whisper something like this:

"Say, Bill, South York is feeling pretty good to-day, ain't he? Nice fellow isn't he, but—you know?"

Then you shrug your shoulders and Bill shrugs his shoulders, and you look at one another and grin. That is the way that speaker is damned. At least, it begins that way.

There are three places where a Member of Parliament is judged. There's his own riding—he wants to watch that pretty closely. There's the House itself and the Press Gallery—that's a pretty important thing to consider. And there's the whole country. And in the same way there are three kinds of members; those that keep "in right" in their respective ridings by watching the voters' lists, sending letters of condolence to the sick and the bereaved, and "sitting tight." That's one sort. Then there is the sort that keeps "in right" in the riding and keeps popular in the House as well. That's the second, and he is the best average M. P. The third kind is the great man who can make speeches and attack the other side and defend his own side—and he is a "national figure," so to speak. He is in line for Cabinet jobs and party leadership.

But the second kind is the best. If a man can keep the party organization strong at home, the next thing to do is to get "strong" in the House. Some men think they can do it by making speeches, but it's risky. If it's a first class speech you stand to become one of the elite—providing the party can rely on you always, and is certain that your moral affairs aren't too much known about the

country. But at it's a bad speech you fall. You jolt yourself. Better keep your mouth shut, and do like I did.

Now you wouldn't think I'd have much influence. They say I fall asleep when the Premier or R. L. is speaking—much less say awake when anybody else talks. You'd think that a thing like that would hurt a man in the House. But it don't. In the ten years I've sat in Parliament I've always been perfectly orthodox Tory. I've always known the life and sayings of Sir John Macdonald like the catechism, and I've got influence. They call me "Old John." When they want political advice they come to me. When they want to know how the country is likely to take a certain political move—a certain policy, they come to me. For by keeping your mouth shut and your ears open a man learns a lot, and by keeping your mouth shut, except for being civil once in a while, a man gets a reputation for wisdom. Men who keep quiet and look alive are next to the cleverest speech-makers. Sometimes they are stronger. When a silent man—unless his silence is mere vacuity—opens his mouth he gets listened to. The novelty commands attention, and sometimes attention is all a man needs in a committee-room.

But there is a change coming. I am wise enough to see it, and I am getting out so that when it comes I shan't be caught in the smash-up. I'm not deserting the party. I reckon I'd do a lot before I'd do that. But I'll resign when I've served through one more Parliament—Lord willing. Little by little there is a new spirit growing through this country which makes constituencies demand speech-making Members of Parliament—loud talkers and "political independence." It's foolishness, of course. How can a man be independent who remembers what the Reformers did in —. But let that go. I'm getting heated up, and it's bad for a man of my age.

But I'll tell you how I've seen this political independence spirit growing in Canada. I saw it first in the North-West, and I thought it would stay there. But it hasn't. It's breaking out in my own riding to-day like a rash on a baby. One more election will be all the old organization in my county can stand. After that—after that I'll get a new self-feeder and

sit at home and get to know my own wife and children, which a man can't when he's in Ottawa so much.

The old Maritime provinces are bitter partisans. Party is the whole concern (got old Senator Costigan to tell some stories about those days). In Quebec it is the matter of the priest, the French language and a personality that wins the elections. In Ontario it has been a matter of party, very much as in Nova Scotia. But the North-West is different. Local issues have been its greatest concern for many years and still are—but more party division is dying out. Mere loyalty to party would not ensure a man in his seat as it has ensured me in mine, and the same spirit is creeping into Eastern constituencies.

Old man Hartin's son went West. He came home with Western ideas and although the old man would hear none of them, the seed was planted and the thing has been growing. He brought with him, into the county, that slang expression, "I'm from Missouri, you got to show me." It started as slang. All the young men in our county got to saying it. It was the smart thing to say. But by and by they got to thinking the same line of philosophy—"You got to show me!"

I was talking one day over the fence to old man Hartin, and we were recalling the days when old Sir John was about. Hartin once shook hands with Sir John, and he's never forgotten about it. As for me, I've seen father helping Sir John—after dinner. I tell you, Sir John was a fine man, a remarkably fine man! At all events, as I was remarking, Hartin and I were talking about the "Old Man."

"Ye know," said Hartin, "ye can say as ye please, but there never was a finer man than Sir John. I remember the day I met him at —"

"Yes," I was saying, "Yes, I remember once when —"

"He had the nicest way of shakin' hands," says old Hartin, "and —"

But with that the young fellow from the West came poking his nose in. "What's that you were saying, father?" he asked.

"I was just saying—about old Sir John A.—you remember? Your mother and I met him at a Conservative picnic, and Sir John patted you on the head and said —"

"And you never saw him again?" says the young fellow.

"N-no."

"And you never had any favor from him?"

"No, but —"

"Say, father!" and the way the whelp looked at me made me want to take my cane to him, "Say! You may talk about your old Sir John A. and the Tory party and that sort of thing till you're black in the face, but what'd he ever do for this country?"

"There was the National Policy —" began the old man, getting red.

"National Policy! Say pa, I come from Missouri and you got to show me. Out West—we make a Member of Parliament work for his living. No signing of the Tory pledge keeps a man in Parliament there, no nor Grit pledge either. It's a case of show me. We put a man in 'on his merits.' We don't vote Tory because our fathers did. We vote whichever way is going to get us cheap implements and better rail-rates. If our member don't show results—shucks! We let him go."

That sort of thing is spreading in my county. Old Hartin, of course, didn't believe it. He assured me that his vote was still mine for the asking. But it opened my eyes. One more election and then I'm going to stay at home.

The West is fooling itself. It thinks that shattering the false works of tradition is removing the barrier to truth and letting in light. It thinks that by being quick it is getting more out of life. It thinks that radicalism is the beginning of progress. But I'm a Tory. It's bred in me like the tune of Old Hundred. Old Ontario's old fashioned way was to choose some old fellow—I know what you call 'em now, "fossils"—and elect him and trust him never to sell his vote, but always to vote with the party that had put him in. Result was—result is, a collection of old fossils. But they are mostly honest fossils, and their counsel in the party conferences is likely to go a long way. This "show me" spirit in the West is apt to be fooled by nice bright young men who never could do a good day's farming in their lives, and never made any money except by land deals or stock speculating, and who get the nomination by bluffing the "show me" crowd, with a "show" of talent with no foundations underneath.

Speeches and noise may be all right. Some men are good that way, but I'm a Tory. When it comes to the average Member of Parliament I say "sit tight and keep your mouth closed." But my day's past. I can't "show." I'm running for Parliament once more, then I'm going into chicken farming.

## THE SONG OF THE PRESS

It comes with early morning,

The moment that I bless,  
When the new-born day is dawning

At the end of storm and stress,  
And the honey-bees a-drumming

Round the flower-beds are humming,  
Not a sweeter "daylight's coming!"

Than the dawning of the press.

—G. T. B.

# The Trail of '98

By  
Robert W. Service

Author of "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako"

## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER VI. (Continued).

Another week had gone and we were still on the trail, between the head of the canyon and the summit of the Pass. Day after day was the same round of unflinching effort, under conditions that would daunt any but the stoutest hearts. The trail was in a terrible condition, sometimes well-nigh impassable, and many a time, but for the invincible spirit of the Prodigal, would I have turned back. He had a way of laughing at misfortune and heartening one when things seemed to have passed the limit of all endurance.

Here is another day selected from my diary:

"Rose at 4.30 a.m. and started for summit with load. Trail all filled in with snow, and had dreadful time shovelling it out. Load upsets number of times. Got to summit at three o'clock. Ox almost played out. Snowing and blowing fearfully on summit. Ox tired; tries to lie down every few yards. Bitterly cold and have hard time trying to keep hands and feet from freezing. Keep on going to make Balsam City. Arrived there about ten at night. Clothing frozen stiff. Snow from seven to one hundred feet deep. No wood within a quarter mile and then only soft balsam. Had to go for wood. Almost impossible to start fire. Was near midnight when I had five going well and supper cooked. Eighteen hours on the trail without a square meal. The way of the Klondike is hard, hard."

And yet I believe, compared with others, we were getting along finely. Every day, as the difficulties of the trail increased, I saw more and more instances of suf-

fering and privation, and to many the name of the White Pass was the death-knell of hope. I could see their faces blanch as they gazed upward at that white immensity; I could see them tighten their pack-straps, clench their teeth and begin the ascent; could see them straining every muscle as they climbed, the grim lines harden round their mouths, their eyes, full of hopeless misery and despair; I could see them panting at every step, ghastly with fatigue, lurching and stumbling on under their heavy packs. These were the weaker ones, who, sooner or later, gave up the struggle.

Then there were the strong, ruthless ones, who had left humanity at home, who dogged their staggering skin-and-bone pack animals till they dropped, then, with a curse, left them to die.

Far, far above us the monster mountains massed against the clouds till cloud and mountain were hard to tell apart. These were giant heights heaved up to the stars, where hizzards were cradled and the storm-winds born, stupendous horrific families of the tempest and the thunder. I was conscious of their absolute authenticity. It was like height piled on height as one would pile up sacks of flour. As Jim remarked: "Say, wouldn't it give you crick in the neck just gazing at them there mountains?"

How anti-like seemed the black army of men crawling up the icy pass, clinging to its slippery face in the blinding buffet of snow and rain. Men dropped from its ranks unheeded for and unpitied. Headless of those that fell, the gap closed up, the march went on. The great army

crawled up and over the summit. Far behind could we see them coming hundreds, thousands, a countless host, all with "Klondike" on their lips and the lust of the gold-lure in their hearts. It was the Great Stampede.

"Klondike, or bust," was the slogan. It was ever on the lips of those beleaguered men. "Klondike or bust"—the strong man, with infinite patience, righted his overturned sleigh, and in the face of the blinding blizzard, pushed on through the clogging snow. "Klondike or bust"—the weary, trail-worn one raised himself from the hole where he had fallen, and stiff, cold, racked with pain, gritted his teeth doggedly and staggered on a few feet more. "Klondike or bust"—the fanatic of the trail, crazed with the gold-lust, performed mad feats of endurance, till nature rebelled, and raving and howling, he was carried away to die.

"Member Joe!" some one would say, as a packhorse came down the trail with, strapped to it, a long, rigid shape. "Joe used to be plumb full of fun; always joshin' or takin' some guy off; well, that's Joe."

Two weary, woe-begone men were pulling a hand-sleigh down from the summit. On it was lashed a man. He was in a high fever, raving, delirious. Half-crazed with suffering himself, his partners plodded on unheeding. I recognized in them the bank clerk and the professor, and I halted them. From black hollows their eyes stared at me unrememberingly, and I saw how emaciated were their faces.

"Spinal meningitis," they said laconically, and they were taking him down to the hospital. I took a look and saw in that mask of terror and agony the familiar face of the wood-carver.

He gazed at me eagerly, wildly: "I'm rich," he cried, "rich. I've found it—the gold—in millions, millions. Now I'm going outside to spend it. No more cold and suffering and poverty. I'm going down there to live, thank God, to live."

Poor Golstock! He died down there. He was buried in a nameless grave. To this day I fancy his old mother waits for his return. He was her sole support, the one thing she lived for, a good, gentle son, a man of sweet simplicity and loving

kindness. Yet he lies under the shadow of those hard-visaged mountains in a nameless grave.

The trail must have its tribute.

## CHAPTER VII

It was at Balsam City, and things were going badly. Marks and Bulhammer had formed a partnership with the halfbreed, the professor and the bank clerk, and the arrangement was proving a regrettable one for the latter two. It was all due to Marks. At the best of times, he was a cross-grained, domineering hully, and on the trail, which would have worn to a wire edge the temper of an angel, his yellow streak became an eye-sore. He developed a chronic grouch, and it was not long before he had the two weaker men toiling the mark. He had a way of speaking of those who had gone up against him in the past and were "running yet," of shooting scrapes and deadly knife-work in which he had displayed a spirit of cold-blooded ferocity. Both the professor and the bank clerk were men of peace and very impressionable. Consequently, they conceived for Marks a shuddering respect, not unmixed with fear, and were ready to stand on their heads at his bidding.

On the halfbreed, however, his intimidation did not work. While the other two trembled at his frown, and waited on him hand and foot, the man of Indian blood ignored him, and his face was expressionless. Whereby he incurred the intense dislike of Marks.

Things were going from bad to worse. The man's aggressions were daily becoming more unbearable. He treated the others like Dagoes and on every occasion he tried to pick a quarrel with the halfbreed, but the latter, entrenching himself behind his Indian phlegm, regarded him stolidly. Marks mistook this for cowardice and took to calling the halfbreed nasty names, particularly reflecting on the good name of his mother. Still the halfbreed took no notice, yet there was a contempt in his manner that stung more than words. This was the state of affairs when one evening the Prodigal and I paid them a visit.

Marks had been drinking all day, and had made life a little hell for the others.

When we arrived he was rotten-pipe for a quarrel. Then the Prodigal suggested a game of poker, so four of them, himself, Marks, Bullhammer and the half-breed, sat in.

At first they made a ten-cent limit, which soon they raised to twenty-five; then, at last, there was no limit but the roof. A bottle passed from mouth to mouth and several big jack-pots were made. Bullhammer and the Prodigal were about breaking even. Marks was losing heavily, while steadily the half-breed was adding to his pile of chips.

Through one of these freaks of chance the two men seemed to back one another continually. Time after time they would raise and raise each other, till at last Marks would call, and always his opponent had the cards. It was exasperating, maddening, especially as several times Marks himself was called on a bluff. The very fiend of ill-luck seemed to have gotten into him, and as the game proceeded, Marks grew more flushed and excited. He cursed audibly. He always had good cards, but always somehow the other just managed to beat him. He became explosively angry and abusive. The half-breed offered to retire from the game, but Marks would not hear of it.

"Come on, you nigger!" he shouted. "Don't sneak away. Give me a chance to get my money back."

So they sat down once more and a hand was dealt. The half-breed called for cards, but Marks did not draw. Then the betting began. After the second round the others dropped out, and Marks and the half-breed were left. The half-breed was immitably cool, his face was a perfect mask. Marks, too, had suddenly grown very calm. They started to boast each other.

Both seemed to have plenty of money and at first they raised in tens and twenties, then at last fifty dollars a clip. It was getting exciting. You could hear a pin drop. Bullhammer and the Prodigal watched very quietly. Sweet stood on Marks's forehead, though the half-breed was utterly calm. The jack-pot held about three hundred dollars. Then Marks could stand it no longer.

"I'll bet a hundred," he cried, "and see you."

He triumphantly threw down a straight. "There, now," he snarled, "beat that, you stinking Mahumute."

There was a perceptible pause, I felt sorry for the half-breed. He could not afford to lose all that money, but his face showed no shade of emotion. He threw down his cards and there arose from us all a roar of incredulous surprise.

For the half-breed had thrown down a royal flush in diamonds. Marks rose. He was now livid with passion.

"You cheating scime," he cried; "you crooked devil!"

Quickly he struck the other on the face a blow that drew blood. I thought for a moment the half-breed would return the blow. Into his eyes there came a look of cold and deadly fury. But, no! quickly bending down, he scooped up the money and left the tent.

We stared at each other. "Marvellous luck!" said the Prodigal. "Marvellous hell!" shouted Marks. "Don't tell me it's luck. He's a sharper, a dirty thief. But I'll get even. He's got to fight now. He'll fight with guns and I'll kill the son of a b—"

He was drinking from the bottle in big gulps, fanning himself into an ungovernable fury with fiery obligations. At last he went out, and swearing he would kill the half-breed, he made for another tent, from which a sound of revelry was coming.

Vaguely fearing trouble, the Prodigal and I did not go to bed, but sat talking. Suddenly I saw him listen intently.

"Hist! Did you hear that?"

I seemed to hear a sound like the fierce yelling of a wild animal.

We hurried out. It was Marks running towards us. He was crasy with liquor, and in one hand he flourished a gun. There was foam on his lips and he screamed as he ran. Then we saw him stop before the tent occupied by the half-breed, and throw open the flap.

"Come out, you dirty tin-horn, you crook, you Indian bastard; come out and fight."

He rushed in and came out again, dragging the half-breed at arm's length. They were tussling together, and we flung ourselves on them and separated them.

I was holding Marks, when suddenly he hurled me off, and flourishing a revolver, fired one chamber, crying: "Stand back, all of you; stand back! Let me shoot at him. He's my meat."

We stepped back pretty briskly, for Marks had cut loose. In fact, we ducked for shelter, all but the half-breed, who stood straight and still.

Marks took aim at the man waiting there so coolly. He fired, and a tide of red stained the other man's shirt, near the shoulder. Then something happened. The half-breed's arm rose quickly. A six-shooter spat twice.

He turned to us. "I didn't want to do it, boys, but you see I've druv' me to it. I'm sorry. He druv' me to it."

Marks lay in a huddled, quivering heap. He was hot through the heart and quite dead.

## CHAPTER VIII.

We were camping in Paradise Valley. Before us and behind us the great Cheescho array labored along with infinite travail. We had suffered, but the trail of the land was near its end. And what an end! With every mile the misery and difficulty of the way seemed to increase. Then we came to the trail of Rotting Horves.

Dead animals we had seen all along the trail in great numbers, but the sight as we came on this particular place beggared description. There were thousands of them. You could step from carcass to carcass for hundreds of yards. One night we dragged away six of them before we could find room to put up the tent. There they lay, sprawling horribly, their ribs protruding through their hides, their eyes putrid in the sunshine. It was like a battlefield, hauntingly hideous.

And every day was adding to their numbers. The trail ran over great boulders covered with icy slush, through which the weary brutes sank to their bellies. Struggling desperately, down they would come between two boulders. Then their legs would snap like pipe-stems, and there usually they were left to die.



"NO!" SHE SAID, "YOU CAN'T SEE THE GIRL."

One would see, jammed in the cleft of a rock, the stump of a hoof, or sticking up sharply, the jagged splinter of a leg, while far down the bluff lay the poor dead brutes lying head and tail for a hundred yards at a stretch. One would see them deserted and desperate, wandering round foraging for food. They would come to the camp at night whinnying pitifully, and with a look of terrible entreaty on

their starved faces. Then one would take pity on them—and shoot them.

I remember stumbling across a big, heavy horse one night in the gloom. It was swaying from side to side, and as I drew near I saw its throat was hideously out. It looked at me with such agony in its eyes that I put my handkerchief over its face, and, with the blow of an ax ended its misery. The most spirited of the horses were the first to fall. They broke their hearts in gallant effort. Goaded to desperation, sometimes they would destroy themselves, throw themselves frantically over the bluff. Oh, it was horrible! horrible!

Our own horse proved a ready victim. To tell the truth, no one but the Jam-wagon was particularly sorry. If there was a sun-hole in sight, that horse was sure to flounder into it. Sometimes twice in one day we had to unhitch the ox and pull him out. There was a place dug out of the snow alongside the trail, which was being used as a knacker's yard, and here we took him with a broken leg and put a bullet in his brain. While we waited there were six others brought in to be shot.

It was a Sunday and we were in the tent, indescribably glad of a day's rest. The Jam-wagon was mending a bit of harness; the Prodigal was playing at solitaire. Salvation Jim had just returned from a trip to Skagway, where he had hoped to find a letter from the outside regarding one Jake Mosher. His usually hale and kindly face was drawn and troubled. Wearily he removed his snow-soaked clothes.

"I always did say there was God's curse on this Klondike gold," he said; "now I'm sure of it. There's a hoodoo on the Prodigal is playing at solitaire. Salvation Jim had just returned from a trip to Skagway, where he had hoped to find a letter from the outside regarding one Jake Mosher. His usually hale and kindly face was drawn and troubled. Wearily he removed his snow-soaked clothes.

"What's the matter, Jim?" I staid; "what last?"

"Why, haven't you heard? Well, there's just been a snow-slide on the Chilcoot an' several hundred people buried."

I stared aghast. Living as we did in daily danger of snow-slides, this disaster struck us with terror.

"You don't say!" said the Prodigal. "Where?"

"Oh, somewhere near Linderman. Hundreds of poor sinners cut off without a chance to repent."

He was going to improve on the occasion when the Prodigal cut in.

"Poor devils! I guess we must know some of them too." He turned to me. "I wonder if your little Polak friend's all right?"

Indeed my thoughts had just flown to Berna. Among the exigencies of the trail when we had to fix our minds on the trouble of the moment—and every moment had its trouble—there was little time for reflection. Nevertheless, I had found at all times visions of her flitting before me, thoughts of her coming to me when I least expected them. Pity, tenderness and a good deal of anxiety were in my mind. Often I wondered if ever I would see her again. A feeling of joy and a great longing would sweep over me in the hope. At these words then of the Prodigal, it seemed as if all my scattered sentiments crystallized into one, and a vast desire that was almost pain came over me to see her again. I suppose I was silent, grave, and it must have been some intuition of my thoughts that made the Prodigal say to me:

"Say, old man, if you would like to take a run over the Dyesa trail, I guess I can spare you for a day or so."

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to see the trail."

"Oh, yes, we've observed your enthusiastic interest in trails. Why don't you marry the girl? Well, cut along, old chap. Don't be gone too long."

So next morning, traveling as lightly as possible, I started for Bennett. How good it seemed to get off on the trail unimpeded by an outfit, and I sped past the weary mob struggling along on the last lap of their journey. I had been in some expectation of the trail bettering itself, but indeed it seemed at every step to grow more hopelessly terrible. It was knee-deep in snowy slush, and below that seemed to be literally paved with dead horses.

I only waited long enough at Bennett to have breakfast. A pie nailed to a tent-pole indicated a restaurant, and there, for a dollar, I had a good meal of beans and

bacon, coffee and flap-jacks. It was yet early morning when I started for Linderman. The air was clear and cold, ideal musing weather, and already parties were beginning to struggle into Bennett, looking very weary and jaded. On the trail a man did a day's work by nine in the morning, another by four in the afternoon, and a third by nightfall. They were lucky to get off at that.

I was jogging along past the advance guard of the oncoming army when who should I see but Marvin and Hewson. They looked thoroughly seasoned to the trail, and had made record time with a large outfit. In contrast to the worn, weary-eyed men with faces pinched and peckered, with teeth bared, they looked insolently fit and full of fight. They had heard of the snow-slide but could give me no particulars. I inquired for Berna and the old man. They were somewhere behind on the trail between Chilcoot and Linderman. "Yes, they were probably buried under the slide. Good-bye."

I hurried forward, full of apprehension. A black stream of Cheechakos were surging across Linderman; then I realized the greatness of the other advancing army, and the vastness of the impulse that was urging these indomitable atoms to the North. It was blowing quite hard and many had put up sails on their sleds with good effect. I saw a Jew driving an ox, to which he had four small sleds harnessed. On each of these he had hoisted a small sail. Suddenly the ox looked round and saw the sails. Here was something that did not come within the scope of his experience. With a bellow of fear, he stamped, pursued by a yelling Hottentot, while from the chain of sleds articles scattered in all directions. When last I saw them in the far distance, Jew and ox were still going.

Why was I so anxious about Berna? I did not know, but with every mile my anxiety increased. A dim unreasoning fear possessed me. I imagined that if anything happened to her I would forever blame myself. I saw her lying white and cold as the snow itself, her face sweet and peaceful in death. Why had I not thought more of her? I had not appreciated her enough, her precious sweetness and her tenderness. If only she was

spared, I would show her what a good friend I could be. I would protect her and be near her in case of need. But then how foolish to think anything could have happened to her. The chances were one in a hundred. Nevertheless I hurried forward.

I met the Twins. They had just escaped the slide, they told me, and had not yet recovered from the shock. A little way back on the trail it was. I would see men digging out bodies. They had dug out seventeen that morning. Some were crushed as flat as pancakes.

Again, with a pain at my heart, I asked after Berna and her grandfather. Twin number one said they were both buried under the slide. I gasped and was seized with sudden faintness. "No," said twin number two, "the old man is missing, but the girl had escaped and was nearly crazy with grief. Good-bye."

Once more I hurried on. Gangs of men were shovelling for the dead. Every now and then a shovel would strike a hand or skull. Then a shout would be raised and the poor misshapen body turned out.

Again I put my inquiries. A bury digger gazed at his work. He was a settish-looking fellow, and there was something of the glare of a ghoul in his eyes.

"Yes, that must have been the old guy with the whiskers they dug out early—on from the lower end of the slide. Relative, name of Winklesstein, took charge of him. Took him to the tent yonder. Won't let any one go near."

He pointed to a tent on the hillside, and it was with a heavy heart I went forward. The poor old man, so gentle, so dignified, with his dream of a golden treasure that might bring happiness to others. It was cruel, cruel!

"Say, what d'ye want here? Get to hell on this."

The words came with a snarl. I looked up in surprise.

There in the door of the tent, all a-beistle like a gutter-bred cur, was Winklesstein.

## CHAPTER IX

I stared at the man a moment, for little had I expected so gracious a reception.

"Mash on, there," he repeated truc-

lently, "you're not wanted 'round here. Mush! Pretty damned smart."

I felt myself grow suddenly, savagely angry. I measured the man for a moment and determined I could handle him.

"I want," I said soberly, "to see the body of my old friend."

"You do, do you? Well, you darned well won't. Besides, there ain't no body here."

"You're a liar!" I observed. "But it's no use wasting words with you. I'm going in anyhow."

With that I gripped him suddenly and threw him sideways with some force. One of the tent ropes took away his feet violently, and there on the snow he sprawled, glowering at me with evil eyes.

"Now," said I, "I've got a gun, and if you try any monkey business, I'll fix you so quick you won't know what's happened."

The bluff worked. He gathered himself up and followed me into the tent, looking the picture of malevolent impotence. On the ground lay a lousish object covered with a blanket. With a strange feeling of reluctant horror I lifted the covering. Beneath it lay the body of the old man.

He was lying on his back, and had not been squeezed out of all human semblance like so many of the others. Nevertheless, he was ghastly enough, with his bluish face and wide bulging eyes. What had worn his fingers to the bone so? He must have made a desperate struggle with his bare hands to dig himself out. I will never forget those bare, nailless fingers. I felt across his waist. Ha! the money belt was gone!

"Winkleskin!" I said, turning on the little Jew suddenly, "this man had two thousand dollars on him. What have you done with it?"

He started violently. A look of blanching fear came into his eyes. It died away, and his face was convulsed with rage.

"He did not," he screamed; "he didn't have a red cent. He's no more than an old pauper. I was taking in to play the fiddle. He owes me, curse him! And who are you anyways, you blasted meddler, that accuses a decent man of being a body robber?"

"I was this dead man's friend. I'm still his granddaughter's friend. I'm going to see justice done. This man had two thousand dollars in a gold belt round his waist. It belongs to the girl now. You've got to give it up, Winkleskin, or by God—"

"Prove it, prove it!" he spluttered. "You're a liar; she's a liar; you're all a pack of liars, trying to blackmail a decent man. He had no money, I say! He had no money, and if ever he said so, he's a liar."

"Oh, you vile wretch," I cried. "It's you that's lying. I've a mind to choke your dirty throat. But I'll hound you till I make you cough up that money. Where's Berna?"

Suddenly he had become quietly malicious.

"Find her," he yelled; "find her for yourself. And take yourself out of my sight as quickly as you please."

I saw he had me over a barrel, so, with a parting threat, I left him. A tent nearby was being run as a restaurant, and there I had a cup of coffee. Of the man who kept it, a fat, humorous cockney, I made enquiries regarding the girl. Yes, he knew her. She was living in yonder tent with Madam Winkleskin.

"They say she's trakin' on horful baint th' old man, pore kid!"

I thanked him, gulped down my coffee, and made for the tent. The flap was down, but I ripped on the canvas, and presently the dark face of madam appeared. When she saw me, it grew darker.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "I want to see Berna," I said. "Then you can't. Can't you hear her? Isn't that enough?"

Surely I could hear a very low, pitiful sound coming from the tent, something between a sob and a moan, like the wailing of an Indian woman over her dead, only infinitely subdued and anguished. I was shocked, awed, immeasurably grieved.

"Thank you," I said; "I'm sorry. I don't want to intrude on her in her hour of affliction. I'll come again."

"All right," she laughed tauntingly: "come again."

I had failed. I thought of turning back, then I thought I might as well see

what I could of the far-famed Chilcoat, so once more I struck out.

The faces of the hundreds I met were the same faces I had passed by the thousand, stamped with the seal of the trail, soaked with lines of suffering, wan with fatigue, blank with despair. There was the same desperate hurry, the same indifference to calamity, the same grim stoical endurance.

A snow-storm was raging on the summit of the Chilcoat and the snow was drifting, covering the thousands of caches to the depth of ten and fifteen feet. I stood on the summit of that nearly perpendicular ascent they call the "Scales." Steps had been cut in the icy step, and up these men were straining, each with a huge pack on his back. Up those slippery steps they could only go in single file. It was the famous "Human Chain." At regular distances, platforms had been cut beside the trail, where the exhausted ones might leave the packs and rest; but if a worn-out climber reeled and crawled into one of the shelters, quickly the line closed up and none gave him a glance.

All of the men wore ice-creepers, so that their feet would clutch the slippery surface. Many of them had staves, and all were bent high double under their burdens. They did not speak, their lips were grimly sealed, their eyes fixed and stern. They bowed their heads to thwart the buffeting of the storm-wind, but every way they turned it seemed to meet them. The snow lay thick on their shoulders and covered their breasts. On their heads the spiked icicles glistened. As they moved up step by step, it seemed as if their feet were made of lead, so heavily did they lift them. And the resting places by the trail were never empty.

You saw them in the canyon at the trail-top, staggering in the wind that seemed to blow every way at once. You saw them blindly groping for the caches they had made but yesterday and now fathoms deep under the snow-drift. You saw them descending swiftly, dizzily, leaning back on their staffs, for the down trail was like a slide. In a moment they were lost to sight, but to-morrow they would come again, and to-morrow and to-morrow, the men of the Chilcoat.

The Trail of Travel—surely it was all epitomized in the tribulations of that stark ascent. From my eyrie on its hilzard-beaten crest I could see the Human Chain drag upward link by link, and every link a man. And as he climbed that pitiless tread-mill, on each man's face there could be deciphered the palimpsest of his soul.

Oh, what a drama it was, and what a stage! The Trail of '98—high courage, frenzied fear, despotic greed, unflinching sacrifice. But over all—its hunger and its hope, its passion and its pain—triumphed the dauntless spirit of the Pathfinder—the mighty Pioneer.

Then I knew, I knew. These silent, patient, toiling ones were the Conquerors of the Great White Land; the Men of the High North, the Brotherhood of the Arctic Wild. No song will ever glorify their deeds, no epic make them immortal. Their names will be written in the snows that melt and vanish at the smile of Spring, but in their works will they live, and their indomitable spirit will be as a beaconlight, shining down the dim corridors of Eternity.

\* \* \*

I slept at a bunkhouse that night, and next morning I again made a call at the tent within which lay Berna. Again madam, in a gaudy wrapper, answered my call, but this time, to my surprise, she was quite pleasant.

"No," she said firmly, "you can't see the girl. She's all prostrated. We've given her a sleeping powder and she's asleep now. But she's mighty sick. We've sent for a doctor."

There was indeed nothing to be done. With a heavy heart I thanked her, expressed my regrets and went away. What had got into me, I wondered, that I was so distressed about the girl. I thought of her continually, with tenderness and longing. I had seen so little of her, yet that little had meant so much. I took a sad pleasure in recalling her to mind in varying aspects; always she appeared different to me somehow. I could get no definite idea of her: there was always something baffling, mysterious, half revealed.

To me there was in her, beauty, charm, every ideal quality. Yet must my eyes have been mistaken, for others passed her

by without a second glance. Oh, I was young and foolish, maybe; but I had never before known a girl that appealed to me, and it was very, very sweet.

So I went back to the restaurant and gave the fat cockney a note, which he promised to deliver into her own hands. I wrote:

"Dear Berna. I cannot tell you how deeply grieved I am over your grandfather's death, and how I sympathize with you in your sorrow. I came over from the other trail to see you, but you were too ill. Now I must go back at once. If I could only have said a word to comfort you! I feel terribly about it.

"Oh Berna, dear, go back, go back. This is no country for you. If I can help you, Berna, let me know. If you come on to Bennett, then I will see you.

"Believe me again, dear, my heart aches for you.

"Be brave.

"Always affectionately yours,

"ATROL MILLERUM."

Then once more I struck out for Bennett.

## CHAPTER X

Our last load was safely landed in Bennett and the trail of the land was over. We had packed an outfit of four thousand pounds over a thirty-seven mile trail and it had taken us nearly a month. For an average of fifteen hours a day we had worked for all that was in us; yet, looking back, it seems to have been more a matter of dogged persistence and patience than desperate endeavor and endurance.

There is no doubt that to the great majority, the trail spelt privation, misery and suffering; but they were of the poor, debilitated multitude that never should have left their ploughs, their desks and their benches. Then there were others like ourselves to whom it meant hardship, more or less extreme, but who managed to struggle along fairly well. Lastly, there was a minority to whom it was little more than discomfort. They were the seasoned veterans of the trail to whom its trials were all in the day's work. It was as if the Great White Land was putting us to the test, was weeding out the fit from the

unfit, was proving itself a land of the Strong, a land for men.

And indeed our party was well qualified to pass the test of the trail. The Prodgal was full of irrepressible enthusiasm, and always loaded to the muzzle with ideas. Salvation Jim was a mine of foresight and resource, while the Jam-wagon proved himself an insatiable glutton for work. Altogether we fared better than the average party.

We were camped on the narrow neck of water between Linderman and Bennett, and so lay was two hundred and fifty dollars a ton, the first thing we did was to butcher the ox. The next was to see about building a boat. We thought of whip-sawing our own boards, but the timber near us was poor or thinned out, so that in the end we bought lumber, paying for it twenty cents a foot. We were all very unexpert carpenters; however, by watching others, we managed to make a decent-looking boat.

These were the busy days. At Bennett the two great Cheechako armies converged, and there must have been thirty thousand people camped round the lake. The night was ablaze with countless camp-fires, the day a buzz of busy toil. Everywhere you heard the racket of hammer and saw, beheld men in feverish haste over their boat-building. There were many fine boats, but the crude makeshift effort of the amateur predominated. Some of them, indeed, had no more shape than a packing-case, and not a few resembled a coffin. Anything that would float and keep out of the water was a "boat."

Oh, it was good to think that from thenceforward, the swift, clear current would bear us to our goal. No more icy slush to the knee, no more putrid horse-flesh under foot, no more blinding blizzards and heart-breaking drift of snows. But the blue sky would canopy us, the gentle breezes fan us, the warm sun look as in her arms. No more bitter frostings and sinister dawns and weary travail of mind and body. The hills would hark themselves in emerald green, the wild crocus came to gladden our eyes, the long nights glow with sunsets of theistic splendor. No wonder, in the glory of reaction, we exulted and labored on our boat with

brimming hearts. And always before us gleamed the Golden Magnet, making us chafe and rage against the stubborn ice that stayed our progress.

The days were full of breezy sunshine and at all times the eager away waiting the rotting ice with anxious eyes. In places it was fairly honeycombed now, in others corroded and splintered into silver spurs. Here and there it heaved up and cracked across in gaping chasms; again it sagged down suddenly. There were sheets of surface water and stretches of greenish slush that froze faintly over-night. In large, flaming letters of red, the lake was dangerous, near to a break-up, a death trap; yet every day the reckless ones were going over it to be that much nearer the golden goal.

In this game of taking desperate chances, many a wild player lost, many a fool-hardy one never reached the shore. No one will ever know the number of victims claimed by these black unfathomable waters.

It was the professor who opened our eyes to the danger of crossing the lake. He and the bank clerk quarrelled over the wisdom of delay. The professor was positive it was quite safe. The ice was four feet thick. Go fast over the weak spots and you would be all right. He argued, fumed and ranted. They were losing precious time, time which might mean all the difference between failure and success. It was expedient to get ahead of the rabble. He for one was no craven; he had staked his all on this trip. He had studied the records of Arctic explorers. He thought he was no man's fool. If others were cowardly to hold back, he would go alone.

The upshot of it was that one grey morning he took his share of the outfit and started off by himself.

Said the bank clerk, half crying: "Poor old Pondersley! In spite of the words we had, we parted the best of friends. We shook hands and I wished him all good-speed. I saw him twisting and wriggling among the patches of black and white ice for a long time I watched him with a heavy heart. Yet he seemed to be getting along nicely, and I was beginning to think he was right and to call myself a fool. He was getting

quite small in the distance, when quite suddenly he seemed to disappear. I got the glasses. There was a big hole in the ice, no sleigh, no Pondersley. Poor old fellow!"

There were many such cases of separation on the shores of Lake Bennett. Parties who had started out on that trail as devoted chums, finished it as lifelong enemies. Tempers were ground to a razor-edge; words dropped crudely; anger flamed to meet anger. You could scarcely blame them. They did not realize that the trail demanded all that was in a man of gentleness, patience and forbearance. Poor human nature was strained and tested inexorably, and the most loving friends became the most deadly foes forevermore.

One instance of this was the twins.

"Say," said the Prodgal, "you ought to see Romulus and Remus. They're scraping like cat and dog. Seems they've had a bunch of trouble right along the line—you know how the trail brings out the yellow streak in a man. Well, they're both fiery as Hades, so after a particularly warm evening they swore that as soon as they got to Bennett, they'd divvy up the stuff and each go off by his lonesome. Somehow, they patched it up when they reached here and got busy on their boat. Now it seems they've quarrelled worse than ever. Romulus is telling Remus his real name and vice-versa. They're raking up old grievances of their childhood days, and the end of it is they've once more decided to halve up the outfit. They're mad enough to kill each other. They've even decided to cut their heat in two."

It was truly so. We went and watched them. Each had a bitter determination on his face. They were sawing the boat through the middle. Afterwards, I believe, they patched up their ends and made a successful trip to Dawson.

The ice was going fast. Strangers were still coming in over the trail with awful tales of its horrors. Bennett was all excitement and seething life. Thousands of ungainly boats, rafts and scows were waiting to be launched. Already craft were beginning to come through from Linderman, rushing down the fierce torrent between the two lakes. From where we were camped we saw them pass. There were



ugly rapids and a fanglike rock, against which many a luckless craft was piled up.

It was a most fascinating thing in the world to watch these daring Argonauts rush the rapids, to speculate whether or not they would get through. The stroke of an oar, a few feet to right or left, meant unspeakable calamity. Poor souls! Their faces in utter despair as they landed dripping from the water and saw their precious goods disappearing in the angry foam would have moved a heart of stone. As one man said, in the bitterness of his heart:

"Oh, boys, what a funny God we've got!"

There was a man who came sailing through the passage with a fine boat and a rich outfit. He had lugged it over the trail at the cost of infinite toil and weariness. Now his heart was full of hope. Suddenly he was in the whirl of the current, then all at once loomed up the cruel rock. His face blanched with horror. Frantically he tried to avoid it. No use. Crash! and his frail boat splintered like matchwood.

But this man was a fighter. He set his jaw. Once more he went back over that deadly trail. He fought, at great expense, a new outfit and had packers haul it over the trail. He procured a new boat. Once more he sailed through the narrow canyon. His face was set and grim.

Suddenly, like some iron Nemesis, once more loomed up the fatal rock. He struggled gallantly, but once more the current seemed to grip him and throw on that deadly fang. With another sickening crash he saw his goods sink in the seething waters.

Did he quit? No! A third time he struggled, weary, heart-broken, over that trail. He had little left now, and with that little bought his third outfit, a poor, pathetic shadow of the former ones, but enough for a desperate man.

Once more he packed it over that trail, now a perfect Avenger of horror. He reached the river, and in a third poor little boat, once more he sailed down the passage. There was the swift-leaping current, the ugly bank of rock streaked with wreckage. A moment, a few feet, a turn of the oar-blade, and he would have been past. But, no! The rock seemed to freeze-

like him as the eyes of a snake fasten on a bird. He stared at it fearfully, a look of terror and despair. Then for the third time, with a hideous crash, his frail boat was piled up in a pitiful ruin.

He was beaten now.

He climbed up on the bank, and there, with a last look at the ugly snarl of waters, and the jagged upthrust of that evil rock, he put a bullet smashing through his brain.

\* \* \*

The ice was loose and broken. We were all ready to start in a few days. The mighty camp was in a ferment of excitement. Every one seemed elated beyond words. On, once more to Eldorado!

It was near midnight, but the sky, where the sun had dipped below the mountain rim, was a sea of translucent green, weirdly and wildly harmonious with the desolation of the land. On the bleak lake one could hear the lap of the waves, while the high, rocky shores to the left was a black wall of shadow. I stood by the beach near our boat, all alone in the dim light, and tried to think calmly of the strange things that had happened to me.

Surely there was something of Romance left in this old world yet if one would only go to seek it. Here I was, sun-browned, strong, healthy, having come through many trials and still on the edge of adventure, when I might, but for my own bendstrong perversity, have been yet vegetating on the hills of Glengyle. A great exultation welled up in me, the voice of youth and ambition, the lust to conquer. I would succeed, I would wrest from the vast, lonely, mysterious North some of its treasure. I would be a conqueror.

Silent and abstracted, I looked into the brooding disk of showy sky, my eyes dream-tormented.

Then I felt a ghostly hand touch my arm, and with a great start of surprise, I turned.

"Bernal!"

#### CHAPTER XI

The girl was wearing a thin black shawl around her shoulders, but in the icy wind blowing from the lake, she trembled like a wand. Her face was pale, waxen, almost spiritual in its expression, and she looked

at me with just the most pitifully sweet smile in the world.

"I'm sorry I startled you; but I wanted to thank you for your letter and for your sympathy."

It was the same clear voice, with the shrob of tender feeling in it.

"You see, I am all alone now." The voice faltered, but went on bravely. "I've got no one that cares about me any more, and I've been sick, so sick, I wonder I lived. I knew you'd forgotten me, and I don't blame you. But I've never forgotten you, and I wanted to see you just once more."

She was speaking quite calmly and unemotionally.

"Bernal," I cried; "don't say that. Your reproach hurts me so. Indeed I did try to find you, but it's such a vast camp. There are so many thousands of people here. Time and again I inquired but no one seemed to know. Then I thought you must surely have gone back, and it's been such a busy time, building our boat and getting ready. No, Berna, I didn't forget. Many's and many's a night I've lain awake thinking of you, wondering, longing to see you again—but haven't you forgotten a little?"

I saw the sensitive lips smile almost bitterly.

"No! not even a little."

"Oh! I'm sorry Berna. I'm sorry I've looked after you so badly. I'll never forgive myself. You've been terribly sick, too. What a little white whip you are! You look as if a horse would blow you away. You shouldn't be out this night, girl. Put my coat around you, come now."

I wrapped her in it and saw with gladness her shivering cease. As I hunched it at her throat I marvelled at the thinness of her, and at the delicacy of her face. In the opal light of the luminous sky her great grey eyes were lustrous.

"Berna," I said again, "why did you come in here, why? You should have gone back."

"Gone back," she repeated; "indeed I would have, oh, so gladly. But you don't understand—they wouldn't let me. After they had got all his money—and they did get it, though they swear he had nothing—they made me come on with them.

They said I owed them for his burial, and for the care and attention they gave me when I was sick. They said I must come on with them and work for them. I protested, I struggled. But what's the use? I can't do anything against them any more. I'm weak, and I'm terribly afraid of her."

She shuddered, then a look of fear came into her eyes. I put my hand on her arm and drew her close to me.

"I just slipped away to-night. She thinks I'm asleep in the tent. She watches me like a cat, and will scarce let me speak to any one. She's so big and strong, and I'm so slight and weak. She would kill me in one of her rages. Then she tells every one I'm no good, an ingrate, everything that's bad. Once when I threatened to run away, she said she would accuse me of stealing and have me put in jail. That's the kind of woman she is."

"This is terrible, Berna. What have you been doing all the time?"

"Oh, I've been working, working for them. They've been running a little restaurant and I've waited on table. I saw you several times, but you were always too busy or too far away in dreams to see me, and I couldn't get a chance to speak. But we're going down the lake to-morrow, so I thought I would just slip away and say good-bye."

"Not good-bye," I faltered; "not good-bye."

Her tone was measured, her eyes closed almost.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must say it. When we get down there, it's good-bye, good-bye. The less you have to do with me, the better."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this. These people are not decent. They're vile. I must go with them; I cannot get away. Already, though I'm as pure as your sister would be, already my being with them has smirched me in everybody's eyes. I can see it by the way the men look at me. No, go your way and leave me to whatever fate is in store for me."

"Never!" I said harshly. "What do you take me for, Berna?"

"My friend . . . you know, after his death, when I was so sick, I wanted to die. Then I got your letter, and I felt I must see you again for—I thought a lot of you.

No man's ever been so kind to me as you have. They've all been—the other sort. I used to think of you a good deal, and I wanted to do some little thing to show you I was really grateful. On the last I used to notice you because you were so quiet and abstracted. Then you were grandfather's room-mate and gentle and kind to him. You looked different from the others, too; your eyes were good—

"Oh, come Berna, never mind that."

"Yes, I mean it. I just wanted to tell you the things a poor girl thought of you. But now it's all nearly over. We've neither of us got to think of each other any more . . . and I just wanted to give you this—to remind you sometimes of Berna."

It was a poor little locket and it contained a lock of her silken hair.

"It's worth nothing, I know, but just keep it for me."

"Indeed I will, Berna, keep it always, and wear it for you. But I can't let you go like this. See here, girl, is there nothing I can do? Nothing? Surely there must be some way. Berna, Berna, look at me, listen to me! Is there? What can I do? Tell me, tell me, my girl."

She seemed to sway to me gently. Indeed I did not intend it, but somehow she was in my arms. She felt so slight and frail a thing, I feared to hurt her.

Then I felt her bosom heaving greatly, and I knew she was crying. For a little I let her cry, but presently I lifted up the white face that lay on my shoulder. It was wet with tears. Again and again I kissed her. She lay passively in my arms. Never did she try to escape nor hide her face, but seemed to give herself up to me. Her tears were salt upon my lips, yet her own lips were cold, and she did not answer to my kisses.

At last she spoke. Her voice was like a little sigh.

"Oh, if it could only be!"

"What, Berna?" Tell me what?"

"If you could only take me away from them, protect me, care for me. Oh, if you could only marry me, make me your wife. I would be the best wife in the world to you; I would work my fingers to the bone for you; I would starve and suffer for you, and walk the world barefoot for your sake. Oh, my dear, my dear, pity me!"

It seemed as if a sudden light had flashed upon my brain, stunning me, bewildering me. I thought of the princess of my dreams. I thought of Garry and of Mother. Could I take them to her?

"Berna," I said sternly, "look at me."

She obeyed.

"Berna, tell me, by all you regard as pure and holy, do you love me?"

"No, Berna," I said, "you don't; you're afraid. It's not the sort of love you've dreamed of. It's not your ideal. It would be gratitude and affection, love of a kind, but never that great dazzling light, that passion that would raise to heaven or drag to hell."

"How do I know? Perhaps that would come in time. I care a great deal for you. I think of you always. I would be a true, devoted wife—"

"Yes, I know, Berna; but you don't love me, love me; see, dear. It's so different. You might care and care till doomsday, but it wouldn't be the other thing, it wouldn't be love as I have conceived of it, dreamed of it. Listen, Berna! Here's where the difference in race comes in. You would rush blindly into this. You would not consider cost and prove yourself. It's the most serious matter in life to me, something to be looked at from every side, to be weighed and balanced."

As I said this, my conscience was whispering fiercely "Oh, foul Coward! Paltering, despicable coward! This girl throws herself on you, on your honour, chivalry, manhood, and you screen yourself behind a barrier of convention."

However, I went on.

"You might come to love me in time, but we must wait for a while, little girl. Surely that is reasonable? I care for you a great, great deal, but I don't know if I love you in the great way people should love. Can't we wait a little while, Berna? I'll look after you, dear; won't that do?"

She disengaged herself from me sighing wearily.

"Yes, I suppose that'll do. Oh, I'll never forgive myself for saying that to you. I shouldn't, but I was so desperate. You don't know what it meant to me. Please forget it, won't you?"

"No, Berna, I'll never forget it, and I'll always bless you for having said it. Believe me, dear, it will all come right.

Things aren't so bad. You're just scared, little one. I'll watch no one harm you, and love will come to both of us in good time, that love that means life and death, hate and adoration, rapture and pain, the greatest thing in the world. Oh, my dear, my dear, trust me. We have known each other such a brief space. Let us wait a little longer, just a little longer."

"Yes, that's right; a little longer."

Her voice was faint and toneless. She disengaged herself.

"Now, good-night; they may have missed me."

Almost before I could realize it she had disappeared amid the tents, leaving me there in the gloom with my heart full of doubt, self-reproach and pain.

Oh, despicable, paltering coward!

## CHAPTER XII

Spring in the Yukon! Majestic mountains crowned with immemorial snow! The mad midnight melodies of birds! From the kindly stars to the leaves of grass that glimmer in the wind, a world pregnant with joy, land jewel-bright and virgin-sweet!

After the obsession of the long, long night, Spring leaps into being with a sudden sun-thrilled joy, a radiant uplift. The shy emerald mantles the valleys and fedges the heights; the poplar-willows tremble by lake and stream; the wild crocus brims the hollows with a haze of violet; trailing his last ragged pennants of snow on the hills, winter makes his sullen retreat.

Perhaps I am over-sensitive, but I have ecstatic moments when to me it seems the grass is greener, the sky bluer than they are to most; I surrender my heart to wonder and joy; I am in tune with the triumphant cadence of Things; I am an atom of living praise; I live; therefore I exult.

Only in hyperbole could I express that golden Spring, as we set sail on the sunlit waters of Lake Bennett. Never had I felt so glad. And indeed it was a vastly merry mob that sailed with us, straining their eyes once more to the Eldorado of their dreams. Bottled-up spirits effervesced wildly; hearts beat bravely; hopes were high. The latter land-trail was forgotten.

The clear, bright water leaped laughingly at the bow; the gallant breeze was blowing behind. The strong men bared their breasts and drank of it deeply.

Yes, they were the strong, the fit, suffered by the North to survive, stiffened and braced and seasoned, the Chosen of the Test, the Proven of the Trail. Songs of jubilation rang in the night air; men, eager-eyed and watchful, roared snatches of melody as they toiled at sweep and oar; banjos, mandolins, fiddles, flutes, mingled in maddest confusion. Once more the great invading army of the Cheechakos moved forward tumultuously, but now with mirth and rejoicing.

The great calm sky was never dark, the great deep lakes infinitely serene, the great mountains majestically solemn. In the lighted sky the pale ghost-moon seemed ever apologising for itself. The world was a grand harmonious symphony that even the advancing tide of the Argonauts could not mar.

Yet, under all the mirth and gaiety, you could feel, tense, ruthless and dominant, the spirit of the trail. In that invincible onrush of human effort, as the oars bent with their strokes of might, as the sail heeled before the breeze, as the eager wave leapt at the bow, you could feel the passion that quickened their hearts and steeled their arms. Klondike or bust! Once more the dogan rang on bearded lips; once more the gold-lust smouldered in their eyes. The old primal lust resurged: to win at any cost, to thrust down those in the way, to fight fiercely. Brutally, even as wolf-dogs fight, this was the code, the terrible code of the Gold-trail. The basic passions—lust, envy and hate and fear triumphed, and with ever increasing excitement the great fleet of the gold-hunters strained onward to the valley of the treasure.

Of all who had started out with us but a few had got this far. Of these Mervin and Hewson were far in front, victors of the trail, qualified to rank with the Mees of the High North, the Sourdoughs of the Yukon Valley. Somewhere in the fleet were the bank clerk, the halfbreed and Bullhammer, while three days' start ahead were the Winklestons.

"These Jews have the only system," commented the Prodigal; "they ran the 'Eight' Restaurant in Bennett and got

action on their beards and flour and bacon. The mutton cooked, the old man did the chores and the girl waited on table. They've reaped in a bunch of money, and now they've lit out for Durson in a nice, tight little row with their outfits turned into wads of the long green."

I kept a keen lookout for them and every day I hoped we would overtake their scows, for constantly I thought of Berna. Her little face, so wistfully tender, haunted me, and over and over in my mind I kept recalling our last meeting.

At times I blamed myself for letting her go so easily, and then again I was thankful I had not allowed my heart to run away with my head. For I was beginning to wonder if I had not given her my heart, given it easily, willingly and without reserve. And in truth at the idea I felt a strange thrill of joy. The girl seemed to me all that was fair, lovable and sweet.

We were now skimming over Tagish Lake. With grey head bared to the breeze and a hymn stave on his lips, Salvation Jim steered in the strong sunlight. His face was full of cheer, his eyes alight with kindly hope. Leaning over the side, the Predom was dragging a spoon-bait to catch the monster trout that lived in those depths. The Jan-argon, as if disgusted at our enforced idleness, slumbered at the bow. As he slept I noticed his fine nostrils, his thin, bitter lips, his bare hairy arms, tattooed with strange devices. How clean he kept his teeth and nails! There was the stamp of the thoroughbred

all over him. In what strange parts of the world had he run amuck? What fair, gracious women mourned for him in far-away England?

Ah, those enchanted days, the sky spaces abrim with light, the gargantuan mountains, the eager army of adventurers, undismayed at the gloomy vastness!

We came to Windy Arm, rugged, desolate and despairful. Down it, with menace and terror on its wings, rushes the furious wind, driving boats and scows crashing on an iron shore. In the night we heard shouts; we saw wreckage piled up on the beach, but we pulled away. For twelve weary hours we pulled at the oars, and in the end our danger was past.

We came to Lake Tagish; a dead calm, a blinding sun, a seething mist of mosquitoes. We sweated in the heat; we strained, with blistered hands, at the oars; we cursed and talked like a thousand others of that grotesque fleet. There were boats of every shape, square, oblong, circular, three-cornered, flat, round — anything that would float. They were made mostly of boards, laboriously hand-sawn in the woods, and from a half-inch to four inches thick. Black pitch smeared the seams of the raw lumber. They traveled sideways as well as in any other fashion. And in such crazy craft were thousands of amateur boatmen, sailing serenely along, taking danger with sangfroid, and at night, over their campfires, hilariously telling of their hairbreadth escapes.

(To be continued).

## Filling in the Gaps in Canadian Industry

By

W. A. Craick

YOU have watched them set off one of the big set pieces in a display of fireworks. The chain of light flashes hither and thither around and across the framework, until all the outlines are filled in; then, with splutterings and shootings, the little connecting lines are completed; finally the blazing figure in all its perfection of outline stands forth brilliantly before the eyes.

With some necessary modifications this serves to illustrate the way in which Canada's industrial life has been quickened. Our industrial framework spread out first in the broad outlines of the great basic industries, first one and then another, and then a number together springing into being and making a place for themselves. Next the smaller industries began to fill in the gaps, which became ever more and more noticeable as the country grew. And while the figure, by which Canada's fully-matured industrial standing shall some day be seen, is not, and perchance never will be, absolutely complete, it is yearly growing greater, more brilliant, more worthy of the admiration and envy of the whole world.

There is a stupendous romance underneath the apparently matter-of-fact growth of Canadian industry. A poet might write an *Odyssey* about it. On any one of its phases, a novelist might found a great work of fiction. It has in it the material for thousands of human nature stories.

The gentle ringing of a curfew bell one summer night in far off Palestine has ultimately set in motion a rough and noisy industry in an Ontario town. What could be more astonishing? The wildest conjectures might fail to solve the connection, and yet it exists — a sure proof that indus-

try and romance are by no means distinctly related.

Many people visit the Holy Land. It is by no means extraordinary, then, that a number of young English women should be wandering curiously about the streets of a village in Palestine one night just when the curfew rang. They did not understand its meaning; did not obey the command of its clanging tongue. As the shades of evening fell, they were attacked by some ruffians. Attracted by their cries for help, a tall, bearded, young man rushed to their assistance and drove off the attackers. He was a Canadian clergyman, like them, a tourist in the Holy Land. Thus introduced so dramatically to the young Englishwomen, he attached himself to their party, with the ultimate result, so common under such circumstances, that he eventually married one of them.

It happened that the father-in-law was a man of wealth. On his first visit to his daughter in her new home in Canada, he chanced to meet an American, who was spending the summer in the same town. This American was interested in a mill in the United States, where discarded steel rails were re-rolled. Now, so such industry existed in Canada, and yet there seemed to be a good opening for one.

Here was an industrial gap all ready to be filled in. Railroad construction work was being carried on in Canada more and more extensively. Developments in this direction were daily being announced. The big roads were sending a steady stream of old rails across the line into the United States, there to be re-rolled and shipped back for use on sidings and branch lines. The demand was increasing steadily.



The Americans finally persuaded the Englishmen to buy up the plant in the United States, in which he was interested, and being it over into Canada. This was done about two years ago, and now, instead of sending their rails into the United States, Canadian railroads have them re-rolled at home. In this way that far-off carver bell rang into being a brand new industry, which was established to fill in an ever-widening gap in Canada's industrial fabric.

Let any one now say that Canadian industry is prosaic! An investigator could unearth dozens and dozens of instances, quite as interesting as this, into which the romantic element has crept. But it is not the business of this article to discover the presence of romance in many a grimy Canadian industry, however engrossing such a subject might be. It is rather to illustrate the way in which, as the need arises, the industry springs into being; in other words, to show how the gaps are being closed up.

Consider the automobile industry. As everyone knows, the output of the automobile factories is immense and the industry itself has had a mushroom-like growth. But there may be some few people who are not yet aware that the automobile manufacturers do not build their cars complete in their factories. Many of them merely assemble the different parts, of which the car is composed. The parts are purchased from other manufacturers, who specialize in their making. Up to quite recent times many of these parts and accessories had to be imported from the United States. But, to-day, thanks to the greatly increased demand for automobiles in Canada, factories have been established here which manufacture practically everything required by the makers of automobiles.

A big industry, as it progresses, will call into being numerous small industries. That is axiomatic. It is true of the automobile industry, as has been pointed out. It is also true of many another industry. Had it not been for the expansion of the country's railroads, doubtless steel rails would still be numbered in the list of articles not manufactured in the Dominion.

The growing use of incandescent electric lamps has meant an enormous consumption of the bulbs. When these were burned out, they became of no further use. Now, a plant has been established for the sole purpose of refitting them with filaments.

The development of the textile industry has called into existence, among other industries, a factory for the making of spring needles for knitting machines. It is true it is only a small industry, employing but half a dozen hands, yet it is a notable one, in that its product can enter the United States and be sold there profitably in face of a hostile tariff.

Advertising has done its share in bringing to life new industries. Two years ago a big electrical sign in a city street was a novelty. To-day it is so common as almost to escape notice. And yet the use of these brilliant signs has brought about the establishment of several industries, devoted exclusively to their manufacture.

Another example is the building industry. So many buildings are now erected of structural steel, that there has been a growing call for structural materials of clay for surrounding the steel beams. To such an extent has this demand grown that the establishment of a big factory to be devoted exclusively to the manufacture of this product, is a natural outcome.

In all directions this expansion is to be noted. Portland cement began to be made a few years ago, when the demand for this commodity had reached a sufficient level. Pulp mills are rising here and there on the outskirts of civilization. These are big industries, but they are typical. On the other hand, diminutive industries have been established, making articles for which one would think there would not be enough demand to keep them going. In Toronto there is a factory devoted to making steel shoes for molders—a protection for men working in places where molten metal is used. In Fredericton, N. B., a little factory, employing but three hands, turns out what are called steel corker-pointed spikes, which are screwed into the heels and soles of lumbermen's boots, so that their feet may grip the logs. These two industries are indicative of the extent to which Canada's industrial life has developed, for the market for both

commodities is limited to the men employed in these particular callings.

The existence of a protective tariff is, of course, pointed out as the reason for the establishment of many branches of American industries in Canada. Yet there must exist, in the first place, a sufficient demand for their products to make it feasible to sink capital in a Canadian plant. In other words, there must be a noticeable gap to be filled. There is now a factory at Windsor manufacturing fly paper, and another making carpenter's rules and other ruling apparatus. There is even a factory producing massage cream. Several branches of American firms are making perfumes, tooth pastes and other toilet articles. Still another firm manufactures fountain pens complete; and there is even enough demand to keep a safety razor factory running. A noted pickle-making concern has recently started a Canadian factory employing eighty hands. And in Hull there is a tooth-pick factory.

To go over a list of articles now made in Canada would open the eyes of many people to what is being accomplished in the industrial field. The gaps are indeed becoming fewer and fewer. They are producing vaseline in a separate plant in Montreal. Pearl buttons are being made in several places in Canada. They even manufacture ostrich feathers in Toronto. Indeed, it would be hard to find a commodity which is not made in Canada to-day.

Perhaps the most interesting field of research for the investigator is that embracing minerals and the various products made from them. Here the element of romance enters largely. A disastrous fire in a theatre in Chicago a few years ago was the means of giving a vast impetus to the asbestos industry. Canada is rich in deposits of this wonderful substance, and immediately the asbestos mines became centres of activity. For a long time, it is true, very few asbestos products were made in Canada, but to-day there exists a factory turning out many commodities made of this material.

The discovery of Cobalt had in it the germs of several interesting industries. First came the reduction plants and then the manufacture of by-products. One of these, cobalt oxide, is now made in suf-

ficient quantities at two plants in Canada to supply the entire world's demand, while only a few years ago the cost of the oxide was exorbitant.

The vast development of the electrical industry has led to the starting of a plant for the manufacture of all kinds of carbon products for electrical work. Another plant in Ontario is finding a field for the manufacture of sulphuric acid. In fact, a gap no sooner appears than it is filled up.

The question naturally arises at this point, whether the field is being completely filled or not. Are there any industries which are being neglected? From the foregoing it would seem as if such a contingency were impossible. But there is room for believing that some Canadian industries are not being pushed to the extent they might be. There is a tendency in some parts of the Dominion to overlook certain industries at the expense of other industries. As an example, take the west. Here wheat is king, and all the people's activities are directed towards rearing him more firmly on his throne. And this is true of other parts, as well.

Thoughtful people point out the somewhat humiliating fact that Canada, though specially adapted for sheep-raising, does not produce sufficient wool to supply the demand for this commodity. During the last fiscal year she had to bring in \$1,587,175 worth of wool, while her export of wool only amounted to \$588,077. Those who have investigated the subject find that the country could probably support sixty million sheep, whereas there are to-day only about one-tenth that number on Canadian farms. There is enough waste land in the Dominion to give sustenance to big flocks of sheep, without interfering with any other branch of farm industry. Propagandists are endeavoring to stir up the farmers of the country to a recognition of their neglected opportunities in this direction.

Canada exported cheese to the value of \$21,607,592 last year—a truly remarkable showing. But of eggs only \$41,766 were shipped from the country. This is an astonishing situation, and raises the question as to whether or not the poultry industry is not being neglected. Investigators have found that in poultry products

the United States is beating Canada by three to one per head of population. In 1902 Canada exported \$1,733,242 worth of poultry products. Last year these figures dropped to but slightly over half a million. The reason given for this state of affairs by some students of the matter is the fear of the farmer that by increasing production, his profits would be reduced. The farmer does not want to produce unless he is going to get full return for his labors. At any rate, there would seem to be a good opening here for increased production.

That there still exist gaps here and there in the industrial fabric is quite evident, but it is also true to add that opportunities do not go long begging. Many a

new industry is doubtless fertilizing to-day in the minds of promoters. Many a prospectus is being drafted and made ready for the public. When a man sees a chance for the establishment of an industry he does not cry it aloud from the house-tops, but keeps it to himself, and in this way the public hardly realizes the need for a new factory before it is in operation.

The movement of the future will probably be more in the direction of introducing greater efficiency in existing industries than in establishing new industries. The item of waste will have to be eliminated. Economies in production and distribution will have to be introduced. There is a great and growing field for work in this quarter.

# RANDOM COMMENT

## BY THE EDITOR



### LORD KITCHENER AND GOLF

*It is said that Lord Kitchener has taken to golf. Also it is reported that his harshest comment on his own bad strokes is, "That's no good."*

I have always thought a good deal of "The Bird,"  
I believed that he was born to play "the lead,"  
In anything from pitch-and-toss—to murder,  
But now it seems he's running fast to seed;

I argued that the brain that planned and plotted  
Such strategy as won the Empire fame  
In warfare—and in other problems knotted—  
Would look with scorn on any childish game.

And if, I mused, he needed relaxation  
From his wonted strenuousness and fag,  
It seemed to me that he might give the nation  
Another champion—even playing "tag."

But, no—he's chosen golf, and—suffering Vardon—  
He says, when he has "focled," "That's no good!"  
Or "tag!" (said twice) or even "Beg your pardon!"  
Not "Devonshire"—as a freeborn Briton should.

—G. T. B.

This has nothing whatever to do with the tariff. The tariff is like some of the things man has discovered—radiums, electricity, evolution, morals, hobble skirts and technical education commissions. It opens up a matter so large that there's no grasping it. It is bigger than man. Once he discovers these things there is no bringing them to a stop. Man invented tariff, and the whole world sleeps in two beds: the Free Trade bed and the Tariff bed. He discovered that the human race was the victim of a process called evolution—and we can do nothing for it. We will soon all be evolved into something altogether different. He unearthed morals and has had no peace since. He has dug up the question of technical education, and now—every city, town, county, province, and even the Federal Government, is creating technical education commissions, which trot glygly around the earth, gathering information which some other "commission" gathered, and making reports which were perfectly obvious from the first.

But this is about the tariff. Four Toronto newspapermen are in Washington writing "tariff letters" to their papers and discussing probabilities. Their letters are excellent. They inform a body. They tell you what this and that man in Washington thinks, and all the time, little Mr. Fielding, whose littleness is only a physical quality, keeps his tongue in repose and insists that the Americans with whom he is dealing, do likewise.

We have only this to ask: Will the new treaty give us any cheaper living? Will it damage or build up Canadian business? Will more than one Canadian out of a hundred feel the least little bit of an effect from it? No. Both parties to the negotiations are too afraid to yield an iota. And meanwhile the arguing and wrangling, the guessing and speculation goes on, not because ninety-nine out of a hundred of us will actually feel the difference, but because we Canadians want to get the best of the bargain, even as the Americans would not be averse to "getting one over" on us.

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It is the custom to cheer for technical education commissions. It is also the custom to call dead firemen who happen to have been hit by falling walls, heroes. It is the custom, when the papers hear that some other two-by-four village or corporation is "appointing a technical education commission," to applaud and exclaim upon the enterprise and the perspicacity of the people who have decided to do the appointing.

Yet, has not the Canadian Manufacturers' Association investigated it? Have not several of the provinces—Ontario, at least—sent abroad spies into the lands where technical education is in force? Is not every magazine, newspaper, and after-dinner speech, heavy with praise for "technical education"? Everybody is agreed. Nobody cares, anyway. Times are good. We, the masses, do not feel the

taxes being taken out of us—which is the chief reason we should deride all single-tax propaganda—and, therefore, why not spend some money on technical education? The more educational institutions which there may be, the more chance of suiting all sorts of children with all sorts of ambitions. In short, nobody objects to technical education. Everybody wants it. Babies cry for it. Then, why so many commissions?

We saw Commissioner "Jimmy" Simpson, of the Dominion Government Commission, the other day. That is what brought this subject to mind. His commission is scouring the earth for information. He will find it and do good, no doubt. But when that commission is finished and has reported, just as all other investigators have reported, will the provinces, in whose hands educational matters rest, pay any attention? No. They will send new commissioners ahead to learn, extensively, the very things "Jimmy" Simpson's commission has already reported upon, and which that commission, in turn, might have learned by a reference to the reports of other similar investigators which have preceded it.

If there were direct taxation, instead of a fraction of a mill, on this piece of ribbon and that bit of anthracite, there would be fewer commissions. Fewer commissions—though we wish them no harm—and quicker action on the part of the Provincial Governments in establishing a technical education system.

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You have heard people bewail the fact that great institutions, or great systems, have not enough of the human element. Then when a little of it crops out they are shocked, shamed, shiveringly astonished.

The English press, which is a rather self-righteous affair, has been leaning at the authorities who summoned the militia to assist the London police in capturing two anarchists. The English press is enjoying its favorite recreation—which is, "being superior," knowing, after a thing is done, just why it should not have been done in that way, and just what course should most properly have been pursued under the circumstances.

One cannot pretend to justify the manner in which the authorities dealt with

the situation. Their methods did indeed seem unusual, not to say spectacular. But the point in our mind is this: might not anybody have become panic-stricken—might not anyone's wit have jumped the fire-escape—and might not anyone's judgment have been a trifle dishevelled under the circumstances?

It is all very well for etiquette books to tell a country boy, blushing, and socially ambitious, what to do under certain circumstances, but when that young man is overwhelmed by all sorts of circumstances, rushing eagerly toward him, all at once, he forgets the rules of etiquette and does the best he can. Afterward, someone may lecture him on what should have been his course.

Of course, institutions, systems and street car conductors are never supposed to be human. Men talk of "red tape" and "officialdom," and the alleged funny papers are forever making jokes about these bogies. Good people bewail the fact, as was said before, that there is no "human" element in police forces, in great banks, in great railways. And yet the moment these institutions do do something "human" they are criticized. The railway man who gets "full" or goes to sleep. The bank man who makes an error in his books. The police force that gets rattled when faced by an unexpected situation—these are human, and yet these things tickle the tongues of the righteous, so that they are forever mending the track which the wheels of progress have just left behind, with slabs of criticism.

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A bank in Ontario—the Farmers Bank—collapsed recently. The depositors were, most of them, farmers. The general manager has pleaded guilty to stealing large sums of money. As this is being written he is awaiting sentence. The maximum is twenty-one years in penitentiary.

There are all sorts of interesting phases in this case. It is interesting to consider the feelings of the people who lost their money; of the shareholders who live in dread of the double liability clause; and of the feelings of the ex-general manager, who, yesterday, was a gentleman, living in a modestly fashionable house in a fashionable part of the city, comfortable, respected, obeyed in fear and trembling by

a large staff of men, and generally on the way to a respectable end and a decent tombstone in the cemetery—and who, today, is an abject felon, running away from his own thoughts.

But the most interesting phase of the affair is the attitude of the Canadian Bankers' Association. We are told that the association had been waiting for the collapse of the bank for years. They knew, it is said, that it could never last. They waited to see it close its doors. It is even said that two years ago the failure of the Farmers Bank seemed so imminent that the banks prepared for it by strengthening their own reserves lest, in the general financial disturbance, there should be a run on their own branches. When finally the collapse came, that righteous body which is commonly called the Money Trust of Canada, sighed with relief. The strain was over. None of them had been caught. They would not need to do any more worrying about that trembling institution. Thank Heaven! Their virgin garments were uncontaminated! But the poor depositors did not know. Neither did the shareholders. They are the losers.

The interesting consideration is to speculate on the probabilities for the same thing happening again. In other words, are the bankers taking any steps to prevent the recurrence of such a failure? Are they "thinking up" any solution?

They reject the idea of external inspection. They say it is too costly for practical operation. It is admitted that external inspection would have saved many of the recent bank failures; yet they refuse the system. That being the case, what do they offer in its place? What do they propose?

We have heard of nothing so far. It may be, Secretary Knight having done his little undertakings on the body of the Farmers Bank, that the Bankers' Association will formulate some sort of a scheme for the amendment of the Bank Act. The Association has much weight with the Government, not officially, but in an advisory capacity. It may be modest in urging its views upon the Department of Finance. It may not like to come forward and offer an opinion. It may prefer to sit blushing by until someone comes and asks it. But in our estimation, it ought to devise some sort of a proposition and do it quickly. It would be much better for the Association to get itself misunderstood—though that would make no difference anyway—than to sit and watch some other bank toddle gaily along to the brink of the abyss, carrying its depositors and shareholders with it, while the Bankers' Association, all-powerful, all-seeing, all-timed, modest and unselfish, watches its progress with mild interest, and keeps its own skirts free.



# THE BEST BOOK AND OTHERS

## Lord Rosebery on "Chatham"

LORD ROSEBERY carries a candle well. Some time ago he produced his book on Napoleon in exile. It illuminated the latter days of Napoleon wonderfully. It revealed angles and facets of Napoleon which had not been revealed before that time. He explained many of the influences which, acting as they did, upon a man of Napoleon's temperament, produced much that had been misunderstood in Bonaparte. Now, Lord Rosebery brings out his work on Lord Chatham, William Pitt, the elder. He does not bore one with disquisitions on the politics of the eighteenth century. He does not deal with William Pitt as a public figure. But, instead, taking for granted that the world already knows the public record of this man "who raised England out of obscurity, into the foremost place in the world," he explores the dark recesses out of which Pitt emerged when he made a speech, or acted in his capacity as a public man, and into which he retired immediately afterwards, as an actor retires from the stage. He declares that he finds Pitt's private life a mystery, and, having collected much information from many obscure sources, he lays it before the reader, in an illuminative and entertaining manner. Lord Rosebery's strongly marked individuality flavors everything with mellow cynicism

and rich sarcasm. The same mental qualities which have characterized him in British politics are visible in his latest writings. His descriptions of that "strange cock-a-trice brood of the Pitts" are splendid reading. Each man of the times on whom he touches, he makes more interesting. His book is full of confidential letters, which he has secured from old papers held in present-day families as heir-looms. He uses words and combinations of words with refreshing originality. And in every page there is a twinkle of Rosebery's own humor.

"The life of Chatham," he says in the preface, "is extremely difficult to write, and, strictly speaking, can never be written at all. It is difficult because of the artificial atmosphere in which he thought it well to envelope himself, and because the rare glimpses which are obtainable of the real man, reveal a nature so complex, so violent and so repressed. . . . What is this strange career?"

"Born of a turbulent stock, he is crippled by goat at Eton and Oxford, then launched in a cavalry regiment, and then into Parliament. For eight years he is groom-in-waiting to a prince. Then he holds subordinate office for nine years more. Then he suddenly flashes out, not as a royal attendant or a minor placeman,

but as the people's darling and the champion of the country. In obscure positions he has become the first man in Britain, which he now rules absolutely for four years in a continual blaze of triumph. Then he is sacrificed to an intrigue, but remains the supreme statesman of his country for five years more. Then he becomes Prime Minister amid general acclamation; but in an instant he shatters his own power, and retires, disesteemed, if not mad, into a cell. At last he divests himself of office, and recovers his reason; he lives for nine years more, a lonely, sublime figure, but awful to the last, an incalculable force. He dies, practically, in public, as he would have wished, and the nation, hoping against hope, pins its faith in him to the hour of death.

"And for most of the time his associations are ignoble, if not humiliating. He had to herd with political jobbers; he was to serve intriguing kingfool; he had to cringe to unworthy kings and the mistresses of kings; he is flouted and insulted by a puppet Whig like Rockingham. Despite all this, he bequeaths the most illustrious name in our political history."

There is a certain mild "snobbery" displayed by the distinguished writer of this book in his preface. It is merely interesting as a little unintentional self-revelation. He assures you that no one ever can write a proper biography of Pitt, and, although he does not praise his own work, he is inclined to sneer at the works of less noteworthy authors, who have tried their hand on Chatham. One is apt to feel that Lord Rosebery, probably with a long staff of secretaries, and with social position giving him the entrée to any private house where private papers were to be found, is not really entitled to as much credit as those poor gentlemen at whom he turns up his nose, who wrote the best they could. This is not for one moment discounting Lord Rosebery's production. It is a rare pleasure to read it, the more so for the glimpses it affords of so interesting a character as its own author.

Old Governor Pitt, the rogue, the pirate, the "interloper," is the first character described in the book. He was a wild-blooded man, son of a clergyman, who made his fortune in contraband trade in "the Gold-on East." Old Pitt was no respecter of

persons or privileges, and used to send his ships to trade where none but the East India Company were supposed to have rights. It was profitable for old Pitt, but unpleasant for the company. They were forever trying to capture his ships, and he was forever stealing their trade. Finally, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, they appointed him Governor of Port St. George. But the company "found the burden of this reaching, immoral man intolerable," and he was dismissed. He came to England owner of the famous Pitt diamond—which he had sent ahead of him in the heel of his son's shoe—and with a fortune which was said to be enormous. He was at all times quarrelling with his wife and his children. He trusted "nothing and nobody." He hated well and loved cunningly. When he died his family started quarrelling over his fortune, and the quarrel was the family exercise and diversion from one generation to another.

Speaking of one descendant, Rosebery says he "grew up a spit-fire, not less eccentric than his sire. . . . His was a turbulent, rakishly, demented existence." Referring to the death of another Pitt, he says it was like the sinking of a fire-ship. "He died spluttering."

William Pitt was the second son of Robert Pitt, the Old Governor's eldest son. "Of his childhood," says Rosebery, "we catch but occasional and remote glimpses. His grandfather . . . had marked him, but seems also to have determined that the boy's energies should not be relaxed by wealth. . . . He bequeathed the boy only £100 a year. . . . Pitt was sent to Eton at an early age, where he had notable contemporaries: Henry Fox, George Lyttelton, Charles Pratt, Hansbury Williams and Fielding. "Pitt hated Eton." At Oxford "his only public achievement was a copy of Latin verses which he published on the death of George I. They were artificial and unclouded. . . ."

Pitt's brothers and sisters were a noteworthy crew. The eldest son and William could not get along together and died un-reconciled. One sister "Betty" led a rakish life. One incident concerning her and her brother is very entertaining.

"Miss Pitt (then in France) was apparently on excellent terms with her brother

and gave Datus a letter to him. She had, indeed, become enamoured of the young Frenchman, a passion which, we are not surprised to hear, she carried to indecorous lengths. He, however, escaped to England and presented his letter. Pitt called on him the same afternoon and thanked him for his attention to a beloved sister. Datus became intimate, showed the minister his compositions, and was favoured with an inspection of Pitt's. Then all suddenly changed, and he was denied access. Betty had quarrelled with the family of Datus, and had written to beg her brother to quarrel with Datus. Datus, she said, had boasted in company that he was well with her, and that if her fortune and family answered expectations, he might marry her. Consequently she desired her brother to order his footman to kick Datus downstairs; in any case she implored him to quarrel with the young man. With this request Pitt unhesitatingly and unreasonably complied. We see here in one incident how warm were Pitt's family affections, and the difficulties under which they were cherished."

Another sister, Ann, was William's favorite. There are a great many letters reproduced in the book from him to her. These were mostly written when he was a very young man. They were stilted and elaborate in the style of the times, and they were forever full of stupidly involved, solicitous inquiries after the health of the lady. Her favorite recreation seems to have been "trying the waters" of Bath, Tunbridge and the Spa. She seemed to have needed to be cured of "herself" of which she seems to have been afflicted. Translated into modern days she would have been a potent medicine fiend—probably a hypochondriac. Nevertheless, she appears to have been an unusually interesting woman. She died mad, after a quarrel with Pitt, which lasted until his death, without reconciliation. "Strife," says Rosebery, referring to these endless quarrels, "was necessary to the Pitts."

In one of his quarrels with Ann, at a time when she was living in his house, he is said, by Rosebery, to have rid himself of her by leaving his house and putting a bill on the front door "To let." On the whole, however, the bulk of evidence is that Pitt was very good to her, and that

although his pride was a bye-word, he humbled himself to her.

A sad picture is drawn of the great statesman's death. "There were perhaps few genuine tears save those of wife and children, shed over the grave of the grim, disconcerting old statesman, for men of his type are beyond friendship; they inspire awe, not affection; they deal with masses, not with individuals; they have followers, admirers, and an envious host of enemies, rarely a friend. But Ann had no reason to feign grief or self-reproach. She had lost her first love, her only love, the love of her life. It is probable that the brother and sister had understood each other throughout in their quick-kindling, petulant way. 'My brother who has always seemed to guess and understand all I felt of every kind,' she wrote in 1757; a sentence which is a clue to all."

Pitt's first seat in Parliament was for the borough of Old Sarum. It contained seven votes. "When an election took place the returning officer brought with him a tent under which the necessary business was transacted. To such a constituency it was superfluous, and indeed impossible to offer an election address, or an exposition of policy." The borough contained 60 acres of ploughed land.

In these days of so much discussion of "graft," Lord Rosebery's passing mention of the various "grafts" enjoyed by the aristocracy of the old days, is worthy of note. Pitt's sister, Ann, despite his opposition, secured pensions from the Crown totalling £1,500 a year. And for what?—for nothing but being of a certain family and having friends at court, though Pitt had no hand in securing it. What would happen in these days when every man is bristling with "rights" and on the *qui vivo* for abuses of power, is not hard to surmise. The famous family, the Temple-Grenvilles, into which Pitt married, was notorious for its "grafting." Says Lord Rosebery:

"Never, indeed, was family so well provided for during an entire century as the Temple-Grenvilles. Although the system by which the aristocracy lived on the country was not carried nearly as far in Great Britain as in the France of the fourteenth Louis and his successors, yet it had no inconsiderable hold. Even the austere

George, though averse in Burke's expressive language to 'the low, pimping politics of a Court,' did not disdain, when Prime Minister, to hurry to the King to announce the death of Lord Macclesfield and secure for his son, afterwards Marquis of Buckingham, the reversion of the Irish Teller-ship of the Exchequer thus vacated; nor a few months later, to obtain the grant of a lighthouse as a provision for his younger children. The Teller-ship, held as it was under the unreformed conditions, was a place of vast emolument; it is not now easy to compute the amount. Nor is it necessary for the purpose of this book to follow up these details. Cobett reckoned from returns furnished to the House of Commons that this Lord Buckingham and his brother Thomas, the son of George Grenville, had in half a century drawn £700,000 of public money and William, another brother, something like £300,000 more. These figures, of course, are open to dispute, but they indicate at least that the revenues from public money of this family of sinecurists must have been enormous. Of English families the Grenvilles were in this particular line easily the first. Had all sinecurists, it may be said in passing, spent their money like the younger Thomas, who returned far more than he received by bequeathing his matchless library to the nation, the public exchequer would have been much more tender towards them."

The ambition of this family was more than remarkable. The Temple with whom Pitt was concerned, secured the title of Lord Cobham before the body was cold. He then pursued "The Gazette" but King George II. so hated him that at first he refused. Temple's importunities became such, however, that the king finally granted the honor by flinging "The Gazette" to temple "as a bone is thrown to a dog." "But," says the writer, "delicacy, as we have seen, did not trouble Temple in matters of substance, and he was satisfied." He then attempted to secure a Dukedom but died too soon.

"The death of Temple made no difference to the family ambition. His nephew made violent, even frantic, but ineffectual efforts to obtain the title through Chatham's son. Nor were other means of aggrandisement neglected. By marriage

there accrued the fortunes of Chambers, Nugent, Chandos, and, by some other way, that of Dedington. Acre was added to acre and estate to estate, often by the dangerous expedient of borrowed money, until Buckinghamshire seemed likely to become the appanage of the family. Borough influence was laboriously accumulated and maintained. Nor were nobler possessions disclaimed. Rare books and manuscripts, choice pictures, and sumptuous furniture were added by successive generations to the splendid collections of Stowe. Finally, in the reign of George IV., and in the time of Temple's great-nephew, the object was attained. Lord Liverpool acquired the support of the Grenville parliamentary influence by an almost commercial compact. Louis XVIII. added his instances and Buckingham became a duke. From that moment the star of the family visibly paled. Eight years afterwards the duke had to shut up Stowe, and go abroad. Less than twenty-eight years from then the palace was dismantled, its treasures were dispersed, the vast estates sold, and the glories of the house, built up with so much care and persistence, vanished like a snow-dream."

Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II., is cartooned in cutting fashion by Lord Rosebery. The Prince, dying before his father, hated by his parents and his sister so that they are said to have prayed for his death hourly, was the man under whom Pitt first lived, when in Parliament. He was "an anomalous figure with a brain . . . shallow and futile." "He became the complacent puppet of all the factions opposed to his father's (and Walpole's) government. His court, indeed, resembled that famous cave to which were gathered everyone that was discontented, and everyone that was in distress. All who had been spurned or ousted by Walpole" (such had been Pitt's fate, having his commission in the army cancelled after his first speech in Parliament) "hastened to rally round the heir-apparent. . . . Frederick, Prince of Wales, is one of the idle mysteries of English history. . . . No circumstances, known to us, can explain the virulence of aversion with which the King and Queen regarded him, which was so intense as to be almost incredible. They were both good haters, and yet they hated



no one half so much as their eldest son. His father called him the greatest heart and liar and scoundrel in existence. His mother and his sister wished hourly to hear of his death. This violence of un-natural loathing is not to be accounted for by any known facts. Frederick was a poor creature, no doubt, a vain and fatuous egomaniac. But human beings are constantly the parents of egomaniacs without regarding them as vermin."

How Pitt became the champion of the Prince and how he sneered at the father, George II., and how, by the sheer vindictiveness of his offenses against George II., he forced himself into prominence and leadership, is, of course, a story in itself. After the downfall of Walpole, Pitt was ignored. The King loathed him. Instead of seeking to propitiate the powers that were, Pitt assailed them with ridicule, with sarcasm and criticism.

Rosbery's comment on the war with Spain is full of humor. He points out that it was the mood of the two peoples, and not the actual offense of either nation that brought on the conflict. The merchants wanted war, he says, and adds:—"Trade has neither conscience nor morals."

Walpole fell, and describing it, Lord Rosbery is both discerning and kind in his criticism. "... It is unwise," he remarks, referring to Walpole accepting a favor from the King, "to be conspicuously decorated at the moment when the nation is calling for your head. . . . He fell with the skill and presence of mind which never deserted him, for to everything except office he remained victorious." He speaks of Lord Newcastle's unequalled capacity for remaining in office, adding, "... a virtue not unappreciated by the great mass of politicians," and says, "what the King wished" in regard to war, "Newcastle was anxious to wish."

If some of those gentlemen had suspected how wickedly they might be described in 1910 by Lord Rosbery, they would surely have hidden themselves from the sight of history. For instance, of Lord Hervey, confidante in the household of George II., he says, "He was the intimate associate of the King, the confidential

friend of the Queen, the lover of one of their daughters; he was the tame cat of the family circle."

Touching German Princes in general, and George II. in particular, he says: "He was first and fundamentally a German Prince of his epoch. . . . And these magnates all spied Louis XIV. as their model. They built huge palaces, as like Versailles as their means would permit, and generally beyond those limits, with fountains and avenues and distastefully wide paths. Even in our own day, a German monarch has left, fortunately unfinished, an accurate Versailles, on a damp island in a Bavarian lake. In these grandiose structures they cherished a blighting etiquette, and led lives as dull as those of the aged and torpid carp in their own stew-ponds. Then, at the proper season, they would break away into the forest and kill game. Moreover, still in imitation of their model, they held, as a necessary feature in the dreary drama of their existence, ponderous dalliance with unattractive mistresses, in whom they fondly tried to discern the charms of a Montespan or a La Valliere. This monotonous programme, sometimes varied by a violent contest, whether they should occupy a seat with or without a back, or with or without arms, represented the even tenor of their lives."

The King's foible was said to have been avarice. "He amused himself, we are told, by counting his guineas, in private. That, perhaps, was not a very royal occupation, although a nursery-rhyme indicates that it is; it may have been a trick learned when he was poor, or it may have been his substitute for those games of anxious futility now known as 'patience.'"

"Kings," he goes on at another point, "rarely hit the right mean; if they are generous they are called profuse. If they are careful they are called mean. . . . George II. . . . we contend, putting his private life apart, which we must judge by the German standard of those days, was not a bad king, under the conditions of his time and throne. . . . All things considered, it is wonderful that he was as good as he was, and he scarcely deserves the thoughtless opprobrium which he has incurred."

# THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES



## THE JAPANESE AS CONQUERORS.

JAPAN is now performing an experiment which is, from one point of view, new in the history of the world. Western nations have assumed political control of Eastern peoples in a number of cases. This has been done in turn by each of the great western nations. Protectorates are therefore nothing new. But never before in the history of the world has one oriental nation assumed a protectorate over another. There have previously been attempts upon the part of one oriental nation to conquer another: even peace-loving China has made such attempts: but a thorough-going reconstruction of the political institutions of another people is a work which no oriental nation except Japan has ever attempted. Such work has hitherto been undertaken only by Conquerors. The experiment of Japan in Korea is, therefore, unique, and is worthy of careful study by all interested in political or ethnic science.

A most valuable article is thus commenced by Edwin Maxey of the University of Nebraska, in the Political Science Quarterly. As a comment on the "Yellow Peril" it is enlightening. He continues:—

Not only because of its unique character is the experiment worthy of study, but because of the effect which its success or failure is likely to produce upon the future course of history. For more than a decade the Orient has been the stage upon which the events of greatest significance

in determining the course of civilization have taken place, and the conditions which have produced this result seem likely to persist during the twentieth century. The balance of power in the Orient, though not the only diplomatic problem of the twentieth century, is the greatest. Compared with it, the balance of power in Europe, which has been the pivot about which the world's diplomacy has revolved during practically the whole course of modern history, becomes a relatively small question, whether considered from the viewpoint of the area affected or from that of the number of people concerned. China alone is nearly as large as all Europe, and it contains more people. To Americans the balance of power in Europe is a matter of indifference, while the balance of power in the Orient is of vital interest.

It may be that the results of this experiment will prove that the Caucasian race has no monopoly of the qualities which fit a people for leadership. To predict that such a demonstration will produce a profound effect upon the future course of political development does not require any rare degree of foresight. It is but natural that the degree of influence which Japan will be able to exercise in the remaking of the political institutions of China will depend measurably upon the degree of success attendant upon her experiment in Korea. Failure would lessen, if not destroy, Japan's taste for the work, i. e., for bearing the "white man's burden," and

would at the same time destroy China's confidence in Japan's powers of leadership. One may drive by main force, but leadership without the confidence of one's followers is impossible.

When therefore we consider the indirect consequences of success or failure in the performance of the task which Japan has undertaken in Korea, the experiment ceases to appear one of local interest only. It becomes of world interest. It is therefore fitting that we examine carefully what Japan has done thus far toward improving conditions in Korea. For, while it is too early to reach a definite conclusion as to the chances of success or failure, what she is doing enables us to perceive what things she considers important and how she is doing them. This gives us something of a basis upon which to rest a judgment as to her grasp of the situation and as to the intelligence shown in the choice of means for dealing with it.

The reforms thus far attempted by Japan in Korea may be conveniently grouped under, and are fairly covered by, the following heads: educational, sanitary, economic, administrative and legal.

Japan very properly determined at the outset that no government can work successfully without a reasonably wide diffusion of intelligence among its subjects. And as she found in Korea practically no provision for the education of the people, she at once turned her attention to the remedying of this vital defect. To take the place of this altogether inadequate system of education, Japan has begun the establishment of a system of manual-training schools, common schools, high schools, commercial, industrial, agricultural and medical colleges. In short, the attempt is being made to supplant an antiquated by a modern system of education. The appropriations have been increased from a few thousand to five hundred thousand yen.

Among the encouraging developments of the past decade is the increased attention given by governments to protecting and promoting the health of their citizens. Finding Korea without means of furnishing wholesome water to its cities and without hospitals for its sick, Japan proceeded at once to build waterworks and hospitals for the principal cities. For the promotion of the public health, which in

all civilized countries has come to be considered a necessity, the government has appropriated over eleven million yen.

For economic progress, for the establishment of efficient government and for the attainment of a high degree of civilization, the development of means of communication has always been among the prime requisites. In no respect was the inefficiency of the Korean government more clearly shown than in the almost complete lack of railroads or wagon roads in the country. It did not take the Japanese long to decide that such conditions must not be allowed to continue. At a cost of 85,251,066 yen they have completed a railway line from one end of the peninsula to the other. Korea will then be connected not only with the railway system of China but also with that of Russia. That the railways are appreciated is shown by the fact that freight tonnage has increased from 391,176 tons in 1906 to 737,693 tons in 1909. The Japanese have also very wisely directed a portion of their energies to the building of wagon roads. In this work they have already expended one and a half million yen, and they have contracted for roads which will cost as much more. One hundred and sixty-two and one-half miles of road have been built by the general government. Apart from their purely commercial value, there is no improvement which so promotes the unity of a country and so increases the efficiency of its government as the building of good roads. The extent to which they decrease the tendency to revolution, is well illustrated by the history of such Latin American states as Mexico and Argentina.

Though the value of monetary and financial reforms is sometimes overestimated, it cannot be doubted that they are an important factor in the economic development of a country. It is therefore worthy of note that Japan has placed the financial system of Korea upon a gold basis. It has abolished the private minting of "nickels" and has adopted measures to discourage the use of "cash" and to encourage the circulation of bank notes. In order to facilitate the making of long-time loans, the government is encouraging the establishment of industrial and agricultural banks.

For the purpose of promoting the productive industries upon which the great majority of the Koreans depend, the government has organized a department of agriculture, commerce and industry. The importance which the government attaches to this department may be judged from the fact that its head is appointed by the emperor of Japan. Under its direction there has been organized a model farm or what we commonly call an experiment station.

Under the direction of this department there has been formed a cotton cultivation association.

There has also been established, under the direction of this department, a forestry school, in which instruction was first given last year. To supplement the theoretical consideration of this subject, the government has decided to establish three model forests, near Seoul, Pingyang and Taegu; and for this purpose it has provided for the expenditure of two hundred and ninety thousand yen, to be distributed over a period of six years.

In administrative reforms Japan very properly began with an effort to cleanse the fountains of corruption under the old regime, choosing as its point of attack the imperial court. Here there was a clique of eunuchs, sorcerers, mediums and fortune-tellers who controlled appointments. By insisting upon large bribes, the clique caused the offices, both judicial and administrative, to be filled by the class of persons who were willing to pay most for them and who expected to resort to extortion to recoup themselves. While this clique continued in power, the whole system could not but be permeated with graft. To clear the court of these adventurers and conspirators, who during the periods of disorder had gained the ear of the emperor, it was necessary to promulgate the "Palace Precincts Ordinance," excluding from the court all who did not have special passes showing that they had legitimate business to transact. Though these radical measures provoked a storm of protest in court circles, they were so manifestly necessary to the purification of the administration that open opposition to them soon ceased. In other words, a large number of the administrative offices have been brought under civil-service-reform rules. Salaries have been increased,

so that there is no longer the same excuse for extortion. Inquiries are being made by a local-administration investigation commission to ascertain whether or not conditions are such as to render advisable the introduction of a system of local autonomy. Guided by the same practical judgment which enabled them to win in their war with Russia and which has made them formidable competitors in the commercial world, the Japanese have permitted the character of the administrative reforms and the rapidity of their introduction to be determined by conditions rather than by theories. There was no doubt a temptation to tear things up root and branch, without delay; but this is surely a wise course to pursue in the case of governmental institutions.

Corrupt as was the Korean administrative system, it was no worse than the judiciary. In fact the latter was controlled by the former, and both were equally subservient to the corrupt court "ring" through which their positions were secured.

Under the direction of the resident-general, there has been established in Korea a system of regular courts with an independent judiciary. The appointment of the judges is, in so far as possible, being raised above the plane of petty politics.

The annexation of Korea, provided for in the convention of August 22, 1910, surprised no one who was at all familiar with the situation. The degree to which the maintenance of the forms of Korean sovereignty hampered the work of the Japanese was out of proportion to the value of such forms to the Koreans. Unless Japan were to abandon the task of governing Korea, the change was to be expected. To govern Korea for any length of time as England has governed Egypt would be exceedingly difficult, and long persistence in this attempt would, in my opinion, have been unwise. I am inclined to believe that most persons who have given careful thought to the subject will agree with me in saying that more has been lost than gained by England's delay in annexing Egypt.

To the annexation of Korea the other powers have made no objection on political grounds. And Japan has forestalled objection on commercial grounds by providing that the open door to trade in

Korea shall be maintained for ten years, and that for a like period the ships of all nations may engage in the coasting trade of Korea and in the trade between Japan and Korea. After the expiration of that period these matters will be arranged by treaty. In the Anglo-Japanese treaty of 1905, in which England concedes to Japan a free hand in Korea, Japan recognizes "the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations."

The task which Japan has undertaken is a serious one, one in which her motives

and methods will be subjected to the severest criticism, one which requires infinite patience and practical common-sense. She has thus far exhibited these qualities in a high degree. If her future achievements to fulfill the promise of success contained in her achievements thus far, it is not certain that Europe and America will not have something to learn from her methods. They should at least not unnecessarily hamper her progress by insisting that her action shall conform to their dogmatic notions as to the superiority of the Casensians and their institutions.

### WAR—THE ROBBER.

ONE of the most interesting discussions of "War" is contained in the address of President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, before a gathering in Berlin recently. The address appears, translated from the German, in the Popular Science Monthly and is so refreshing in its treatment of the subject that we reprint it with as little condensation as was consistent with the exigencies of space.

The message I shall attempt to-day, commences the address, is a message of peace through the arraignment of war. My text may be found in these words of Sophocles, "War does not of choice destroy bad men, but good men over."

My message concerns solely the relations of war to mankind, as shown in the succession of generations. Benjamin Franklin once said: "There is one effect of a standing army which must in time be felt so as to bring about the abolition of the system. A standing army not only diminishes the population of a country, but even the size and breed of the human species. For an army is the flower of the nation. All the most vigorous, stout and well-made men in a kingdom are to be found in the army, and these men, in general, can not marry."

What is true of standing armies is still more true of the armies that fight and fall. Those men who perish are lost to the future of civilization, they and their blood forever.

The last thirty years have seen the period of greatest activity in the study of biology. Among other matters, we have seen the rise of definite knowledge of the process of heredity, and its application to the formation and improvement of races of men and animals. From our scientific knowledge, men have developed the fine art of selective breeding. With men, as with animals, "Like the seed is the harvest." In every vicissitude of race of men or of breed of animals, it is always those who are left who determine what the future shall be.

All progress in whatever direction is conditioned on selective breeding. There is no permanent advance not dependent on advance in the type of parenthood. There is no decline except that arising from breeding from the second-best instead of the best. The rise and fall of races of men in history is, in a degree, conditioned on such elements as determine the rise and fall of a breed of cattle or of a strain of horses.

Always and ever, says Novicov, "war brings about the reversal of selection." These traits of character, physical strength, agility, courage, dash, patriotism, desired in the soldier, are lost in the race which decrees the destruction of the soldiery. The delusion that war in one generation sharpens the edge of warriorhood in the next generation, has no biological foundation. The man who is left determines always the future.

Once, on the flanks of the Apennines, there dwelt a race of free men, fair and strong, self-reliant and confident. They were men of courage and men of action—men "who knew no want they could not fill for themselves." "Vir," they called themselves in their own tongue, and virils, virils, men like them are called to this day. The man of courage beget descendants. In each generation and from generation to generation the human harvest was good. And the great wise kings who ruled them; but here my story halts—for there was no king. There could be none. For it was written, men fit to be called men, men who are Viri, "are too self-willed, too independent, too self-centred to be ruled by anybody but themselves." Kings are for weaklings, not for men. Men free-born control their own destinies. And so there was no king to cherish and control these men his subjects. The spirit of freedom was the only rule they knew, and this spirit being herself metaphoric called to her aid the four great gods which create and recreate nations.

So in the early days, when Romans were men, when Rome was small, without glory, without riches, without colonies and without slaves, these were the days of Roman greatness.

Then the Spirit of Freedom little by little gave way to the Spirit of Domination. Conscious of power, men sought to exercise it, not on themselves, but on one another. Little by little, this meant banding together, aggression, suppression, plunder, struggle, glory and all that goes with the pomp and circumstance of war. The individuality of men was lost in the aggrandizement of the few. Independence was swallowed up in ambition, patriotism came to have a new meaning. It was transferred from the hearth and home to the trail of the army.

"Send forth the best ye breed!" That was the word of the Roman war-cry. And the spirit of domination took these words literally, and the best were sent forth. In the conquests of Rome, Vir, the real man, went forth to battle and to the work of foreign invasion; Hovee, the human being, remained on the farm and in the workshop and begot the new generations. Thus "Vir gave place to Hovee." The sons of

real men gave place to the sons of scullions, stable-boys, slaves, camp-followers and the riff-raff of those the great victorious army did not want.

The fall of Rome was not due to luxury, effeminacy, corruption, the wickedness of Nero and Caligula, the weakness of the train of Constantine's worthless descendants. It was fixed at Philippi, when the spirit of domination was victorious over the spirit of freedom. It was fixed still earlier, in the rise of caesars and triumvirs and the fall of the simple, sturdy, self-sufficient race who would brook no arbitrary ruler. When the real men fell in war, or were left in far-away colonies, the life of Rome still went on. But it was a different type of Roman which continued it, and this new type represented in Roman history its weakening percentage.

Thus we read in Roman history of the rise of the mob and of the emperor who is the mob's exponent. It is not the presence of the emperor which makes imperialism. It is the absence of the people, the want of men. The decline of a people can have but one cause, the decline in the type from which it draws its sires. A herd of cattle can degenerate in no other way than this, and a race of men is under the same laws. By the rise in absolute power, as a sort of historical barometer, we may mark the decline in the breed of the people. We see this in the history of Rome. The conditional power of Julius Caesar, resting on his own tremendous personality, showed that the days were past of Cincinnatus and of Junius Brutus. The power of Augustus showed the same. But the decline went on. It is written that "the little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus." The emperor in the time of Claudius and Caligula was not the strong man who held in check all lesser men and organizations. He was the creature of the mob, and the mob, intoxicated with its own work, worshipped him as divine. Doubtless the last emperor, Augustulus Romulus, before he was thrown into the scrap-heap of history, was regarded in the mob's eyes and his own as the most godlike of them all.

The Romans of the Republic could not have made the history of the Roman

Empire. In their hands it would have been still a republic. Could they have held aloof from world-conquering schemes, Rome might have remained a republic, enduring even to our own day. The seeds of destruction lie not in the race nor in the form of government, but in the influences by which the best men are cut off from the work of parenthood.

"The Roman Empire," says Soley, "perished for want of men." The dire scarcity of men is noted even by Julius Caesar. And at the same time it is noted that there are men enough. Rome was filling up like an overflowing marsh. Men of a certain type were plenty, "people with guano in their composition," to use Emerson's striking phrase, but the self-reliant farmers, the hardy dwellers on the flanks of the Apennines, the Roman men of the early Roman days, these were fast going, and with the change in the breed came the change in Roman history.

"The mainpring of the Roman army for centuries had been the patient strength and courage, capacity for enduring hardships, instinctive submission to military discipline of the population that lined the Apennines."

With the Antonines came "a period of sterility and barrenness in human beings." "The human harvest was bad." Bounties were offered for marriage. Penalties were devised against race-suicide. "Marriage," says Metellus, "is a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge." Wars were conducted in the face of a declining birth rate, and this decline in quality and quantity of the human harvest engaged very early the attention of the wise men of Rome.

"The effect of the wars was that the ranks of the small farmers were decimated, while the number of slaves who did not serve in the army multiplied." (Bury).

Thus "Vir gave place to *Howo*," real men to mere human beings. There were always men enough such as they were. "A hencoop will be filled, whatever the (original) number of hens," said Benjamin Franklin. And thus the mob filled Rome. No wonder the mob-leader, the mob-hoer, rose in relative importance. No wonder "the little finger of Constantine

was thicker than the loins of Augustus." No wonder that "if Tiberius chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions."

"Government having assumed godhead took at the same time the appearance of it. Officials multiplied. Subjects lost their rights. Abject fear paralyzed the people and those that ruled were intoxicated with insolence and cruelty." "The worst government is that which is most worshipped as divine." "The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force over which citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had no domestic ties." "There runs through Roman literature a leonard's and barbarian's contempt for honest industry." "Roman civilization was not a creative kind, it was military, that is destructive." What was the end of it all? The nation bred real men no more. To cultivate the Roman fields "whole tribes were borrowed." The man of the quick eye and the strong arm gave place to the slave, the scullion, the parish, the man with the hoe, the man whose lot does not change because in him there lies no power to change it. "Slaves have wrongs, but freedom alone have rights." So at the end the Roman world yielded to the barbaric, because it was weaker in force. "The barbarians settled and peopled the barbaric rather than conquered it." And the process is recorded in history as the fall of Rome.

"Out of every hundred thousand strong men, eighty thousand were slain. Out of every hundred thousand weaklings, ninety to ninety-five thousand were left to survive." This is Dr. Seeck's calculation, and the biological significance of such mathematics must be evident at once. Dr. Seeck speaks with scorn of the idea that Rome fell from the decay of old age, from the corruption of luxury, from neglect of military tactics or from the over-diffusion of culture.

The men of Napoleon's armies were the youth without blenheim, "the best that the nation could bring," chosen as "food for powder," "one evening to be trampled like the grass," in the rush of Napoleon's great battles. These men came from the plow,

from the work-shop, from the school, the best there were—those from eighteen to thirty-five years of age at first, but afterwards the older and the younger.

Says Le Goyt, "It will take long periods of peace and plenty before France can recover the tall stature moved down in the wars of the republic and the first empire."

The spirit of freedom gave way to the spirit of domination. The path of glory is one which descends easily. Campaign followed campaign, against enemies, against neutrals, against friends. The trail of glory crossed the Alps to Italy and to Egypt, crossed Switzerland to Austria, crossed Germany to Russia. Conscription followed victory and victory and conscription debased the human species. After the battle of Wagram, we are told, the French began to feel their weakness, the Grand Army was not the army which fought at Ulm and Jena.

On to Moscow, "amidst ever-deepening misery they struggled on, until of the 600,000 men who had proudly crossed the Nieman for the conquest of Russia, only 20,000 remained, frost-bitten, unarmored, skeletons staggered across the bridge of Kornil in the middle of December."

"Despite the loss of the most splendid army marshalled by man, Napoleon shut out of his resolve to dominate Germany and discipline Russia. . . . He strained every effort to call the youth of the empire to arms. . . . and 350,000 conscripts were promised by the Senate. The mighty swirl of the Moscow campaign ended in 150,000 kids of under twenty years of age into the devouring vortex." "The peasantry gave up their sons as food for cannon." But "many were aroused at the frightful drain on the nation's strength." "In less than half a year after the loss of half a million men a new army nearly as numerous was marshalled under the imperial eagles. But the majority were young, untrained troops, and it was remarked that the conscripts born in the year of Terror had not the stamina of the earlier levies. Brave they were, superbly brave, and the emperor sought by every means to breathe into them his indestructible spirit." "Truly the emperor could make boys heroes, but he could never repair the losses of 1812." "Soldiers

were wanting, youths were dragged forth." The human harvest was at its very worst.

The unfulfilling result of this must be the failure in the nation of those qualities most sought in the soldier. The result is a crippled nation. The effect would not appear in the effacement of art or science, or creative imagination. Men who lead in these regards are not drawn by preference or by conscription to the life of the soldier. If we cut the roots of a tree, we shall not affect, for a time at least, the quality of its flowers or its fruits. We are limiting its future, rather than changing its present. In like manner does war affect the life of nations. It limits the future, rather than checks the present.

Those who fell in war are the young men of the nations, the men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, without blenheim so far as may be—the men of courage, alertness, dash and recklessness, the men who value their lives as naught in the service of the nation. The man who is left is for better and for worse the reverse of all this, and it is he who determines what the future of the nation shall be.

It is doubtless true that warlike traditions are most persistent with nations; most frequently engaged in war. But the traditions of war and the physical strength to gain victories are very different things. Other things being equal, the nation which has known least of war is the one most likely to develop the "strong battalions" with whom victory must rest.

More than all who fall in battle or are wasted in the camps, the nation misses the "fair women and brave men" who should have been the descendants of the strong and the manly. If we may possess the spirit of the nation, it grieves most not over its "unreturning brave," but over those who might have been but never were, and who, so long as history lasts, can never be.

And all laws of probabilities and of averages are subject to a still higher law, the primal law of biology, which no cross-current of life can over-rule or modify: Like the seed is the harvest.

And because this is true, arises the final and bitter truth: "Wars are not paid for in war time. The bill comes later!"

## SOCIALISTIC TENDENCIES IN ENGLAND

THERE is a delightful optimism and convincing logic in the work of George Bourne, writing on the subject which is the heading of this article. It appears in the *Forum* for January. He points out that many of the reforms which have been brought about in England, and which are loosely called "Socialistic" are in reality the result of nothing more than a growth of a larger spirit of humanity in the country, rather than the result of Radical Propaganda. He points out that it is the attempt to alleviate conditions and remedy economic flaws, that is keeping down the growth of the revolutionary idea which are the dreaded feature of Socialism.

Week by week, he begins, the rumor increases that Socialism is making wonderful advances in England. Everyone is ready to affirm it; you can hardly look at a newspaper without coming upon some allusion to it; from America and the Continent the news of it begins to travel back: the tale is so persistent, nay, is gaining so much the complexion of a commonplace, as to leave no room for doubt that something strange must be going on in England to account for it; and yet, when one looks around for the circumstances which would justify such a general persuasion, at first sight it is puzzling to make out precisely what they are.

A great deal of the talk—and that, too, the most convinced in its tone—will not stand a moment's examination. To take a recent example: no sooner had the news arrived that a republic had been set up in Portugal, than it began to be said in England that that change was the work of Socialists and that England's turn would come next, by reason of the spread of Socialism in England. The people who expressed this belief probably had no real opinion on the matter; with the examples of France and America before them, they still had failed to perceive that republics might have nothing to do with Socialism; they had simply hit upon a remark to make which sounded apposite to the occasion. Yet this is a fair specimen of half the talk that goes on; and it is clear that, in so far as the rumor about the advance of Socialism is spread by empty phrasing like this, there is next to nothing in it.

But, apart from such disordered and irresponsible prophesying, the evidence is still extremely questionable. It appears that the name "Socialism" is habitually given to projects which, albeit of a reforming character, are not regarded by their promoters as anything but Radicalism.

It is quite true that several Members of Parliament acknowledge themselves Socialists; true too—and for the moment this looks more like the real thing—that the greater Labor organizations have professed a sort of academic adhesion to the Socialist doctrine. This should be conclusive, so far as Labor goes. Yet, very oddly, it is not conclusive. For the present Labor platform, when closely scrutinized, proves to be based upon a very unsocialistic acceptance of private ownership in capital and land, and of the existing industrial organization. No doubt many individual members of the Trades Unions are Socialists in theory; but that is a different thing. Many middle-class people too are Socialists. If all who truly accept the theory of Socialism could be counted up, the number would run into thousands. Yet what are thousands, in a population of forty millions? If numbers are to be considered, England looks as much like going over to the Salvation Army as to Socialism.

But if the rumor is not justified by facts, so far as genuine Socialism is concerned, it is not therefore to be dismissed as unworthy of attention. The truth is that the prevailing talk, ill-informed or alarmist though it may be, is a distorted and grotesque reflection of a movement in the under-currents of popular feeling, which is probably as momentous as any that has occurred in England's history. Something, certainly, is spreading very vigorously; something well deserving to be investigated, whether it be called Socialism or by any other name.

To come to the point: that which is giving rise to all the talk is a growth of ideas—ideas whose outcome it is as impossible to foresee as it is impossible to doubt that it will be far-reaching. These ideas differ from the theory of Socialism in much the same way as a holiday-maker's first dreams of travel differ from one of Messrs. Cook's Tourist Programs.

The tourist program is a definite and ready-made idea of something that might be carried out; a published idea; an idea which has done growing and now waits to be accepted. Anybody may be acquainted with its main outlines; an earl or a professor of science might add it to their other stock of information and take no harm at all. And so with the idea of Socialism. It is a program of certain economic arrangements, the details of which no doubt may be varied slightly or elaborated more fully, but the essential features of which can no longer grow and can only be approved or disapproved. Like a boat on the sea-beach, separated from the ideas which gave it birth and shaped it, there it lies—a finished product of invention for anybody to examine; for anybody to use too, if he will; but wanting in force or initiative of its own.

In strongest possible contrast, the truly growing ideas, full of force, and in fact providing the impulse of the new movements of England's life, are no more definite and not much more theoretical than a would-be holiday-maker's dreams of travel. Instead of being powerless, they may rather be said to be power itself—power to recognize new aspects in old things. Such ideas are they as those by which a doctor appreciates the obscure symptoms of disease, or a musician the harmonies unnoticed by other people, or a sailor the significance of the clouds. For better illustration, say that they are like those conceptions which nowadays sway the English in their attitude toward the old "half-timbered" buildings of the Elizabethan period. Where the Mid-Victorians saw in those places little save unprofitable inconveniences deserving to be pulled down, something even worse than inconvenience is discovered by the modern idea of the hygienic importance of light and air; but on the other hand, ideas of picturesqueness in shape and color, and of the lovable sentiment belonging to things associated with so many generations of English life, discover precious values in overhanging wall and crooked gable and steep roof, and induce the owners to preserve what their forefathers would have destroyed without a qualm. An example perhaps even better still may be found in the modern attitude with regard to the

treatment of animals. It is not on theory that people are apt to sicken now at sight of an ill-used horse or a tormented bullock; but because of an idea which recognizes, in the sensitive bodies of animals, an attribute transcending their utility; a something which at all costs should be inviolate; a sort of sacredness, of which men of an earlier period had, literally, "no idea."

And the growth of so-called Socialism in England proceeds out of ideas of just this quality—powers of recognition very new and unfamiliar and ill-defined, but yet strong, as we see, even in this rudimentary state. They are rooted in taste and feeling; conscience is concerned to cherish them, because they discern for it what is beautiful, or sacred, or happy, or just, or stately.

And then—continuing in closest growth with all this, are ideas—more theoretical perhaps, or perhaps more imaginative—as to what people ought to live for, and what benefits ought in common fairness to reward the endless labor of the wage-earning classes. Should there not be found somehow, should there not be conceived and realized, a happiness to make industry worth while? Ought not men and women to have leisure to live? And ought not the riches of art, and refreshment of games, and the delight of gardens and pleasant places, to be available so that leisure may be enjoyed? One sees the seeds of some such ideas germinating everywhere; and even of ideas picturing conditions in which labor itself would be as pleasant as leisure. Truly, new ideas are not lacking in England. It would be easy to instance others; but I have said enough to show that the stir of approaching change is caused by no program or ready-made doctrine, but by ideas—powers which multitudes of English men and women are exercising almost spontaneously, as they go about their daily affairs.

But now note the inevitable result of this activity. All up and down England the life of the people is coming under review; the relations between the classes are being re-examined, and the effects of old laws and customs. And most of all the nation is focusing its attention upon Poverty, looking into the varied manifestations of it, searching out its causes, and generally testing it by the new ideas of

what is fit for the sacred life in human bodies and fit for the English as a people. No discerning person who has lived in England during the last ten years can have failed to notice the great awakening of the national conscience in this direction. It is as though poverty had just been discovered; as though it were a new thing in the country. With growing displeasure we view the scandals that attend poverty—the unemployment, the sweating; and the innumerable diseases which it fosters, and the crimes and vices into which it drives men and women who have no other souls, or no other means of livelihood. In fine, poverty, we may say, is being dragged out from its old haunts to come up for trial, and to receive judgment too; for on every charge preferred against it, it is found guilty.

Of course this is not all. It is only the beginning of a further growth of ideas, which are the outward and visible sign of the inward spiritual grace of the others. The Old Age Pensions Act, costing some eight million pounds a year, proves what compulsive force is in these new ideas; for the English are not exactly burning to spend their money.

Were it not for one reason, it would seem that these hot scare-mongers could pretend to see "Socialism" in this a mediocrity of undirected activity as this. It is true that, inasmuch as poverty is inherent in the present economic system, some modification of that system must be expected to follow any movement against poverty. But Socialism does not propose to modify; it proposes to recast. Instead of demanding that those who control wealth should control it more patriotically so that there shall be less poverty, it would give the control of wealth into the hands of the state, so that there should be no poverty at all. That is how Socialism differs from the partial schemes now agitating the country. And when one considers how those schemes are supported by people who, for the most part, dislike the name of Socialism and have no intention of inquiring into its nature, it seems at first unjust that the name they dislike should be so freely bestowed upon their plans.

The name of Socialism has not lost all its terrors yet; but it has lost many of them, since it has been hounded about so

recklessly, and applied so readily to all sorts of projects which large numbers of the English have at heart; and as a consequence the program begins to receive attention in quarters where it could hardly have been mentioned with safety a little while ago. Not in a quarter of a century have avowed Socialists been able to do so much for their cause as the fatuity of their opponents has effected in five years.

That fatuity indeed should be watched. It is a source of danger. The enemies of Socialism can do nothing either to check the growing ideas of which I have been speaking, or to alter the Socialist program; nor is it easy to see what they could do, to prevent the new growth from entering into the program and vitalizing it, if that should prove to be the tendency of the times. But they might, by an excess of fatuity, stimulate into sudden growth a wholly different crop of ideas—revolutionary, vindictive—which would forestall the other growth, and use Socialism for violent ends. In the industrial centres, where capital appears to be planning to crush organized labor and reduce the working population to political impotence, such revolutionary ideas as these are particularly likely to spring up. And there stands the program of Socialism, waiting to be used. Note that. It is common property. It is at anybody's disposal; should the overburdened workers once be persuaded that all other avenues of well-being are closed to them, there is nothing to prevent them from trying this one as a last resource. If capital is foolish, such a situation may easily be produced; and if one considers how much foolishness on the side of capital is betrayed in the ignorant talk of the day, one must admit it to be not quite impossible that some day England may wake up to find real Socialism on the move, driven by ideas not hopeful and kindly, but desperate and angry. It is of course questionable if such ideas could carry out the constructive part of Socialism; but its destructive proposals they could unquestionably carry out to the bitter end.

At present, however, in most parts of England revolutionary ideas are quiescent, and if there is any real movement toward Socialism, it is a movement of merely Radical ideas. Will they ever get

any great distance on the way? It is impossible to say; but provided that their humane intention is understood, there is no great objection to regarding their advance as something more than a tendency. Call it, rather, the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers of Socialism, destined to make a "New England"—at home. Forshadowed dimly in the "program-idea," the real Socialist State stands unexplored, waiting for colonists—waiting for ameliorative ideas to come; the small achievements of Radicalism being but primitive settlements on its fringes.

That, at least, is a point of view; and not one that should excite alarm. Everybody for example is glad at heart, though some few still shake their heads, at the thought that the aged poor are getting state pensions. It is the program of any change that disturbs people in England, and not the accomplished thing. Invariably, while a project of collective action is under discussion, there are people ready to see in it the thin end of a wedge. The establishment of the police force had its detractors at the time; state education, because its program is constantly developing, still has them. But as one after another the ameliorative projects become established facts the propriety of them is admitted by all save the very few. In general those who make the opposition are wanting in imaginative idea-power rather than in good-will; they fail to recognize

the advantages of a scheme until it has been carried out. Then they approve it, and transfer their opposition to the next scheme. It is becoming a common thing in English towns for the District Council or municipality to buy land and make it into public gardens. And the same thing always happens; so long as the plan is under discussion there is opposition to it; it is "Socialism." But as soon as the gardens are laid out, there come public-spirited offers from the ranks of the opposition to put up drinking fountains and garden-seeds. I have lately heard of another curious example of the same sort of thing. Notwithstanding the reluctance of the members of a certain school-authority, it has been decided to provide diners at the school for the poorer scholars, below cost price, and to make up the difference out of the local rates. That proved to be the only decent thing to do. In other words, an idea of decency as to the nourishment of children has grown up in prudent brains and, Socialism or no Socialism, insists on having its way. For many other projects as yet disapproved a similar success may be anticipated. The Individualist theory still holds its own in England; inspires still the outcry against "Socialism"; but the Collectivist spirit grows, with the results that we see. The aged poor have pensions paid to them; starving children begin to be fed; little patches of garden bounty make their appearance in the dingy quarters of England's old towns.

♦

### "MIRACLES."

By William Hanson Thomson, M.D., LL.D. In *Everybody's Magazine*.

DESPITE the frequent recurrence of archaeological discoveries which confirm the historical truthfulness of Biblical narratives, with many persons these all count for little so long as they regard the Bible as a book abounding in stories of miracles. Rating all miracles as equally false, the mention of one in a narrative is equivalent in their minds to the detection of a plain untruth in the testimony of a witness.

All attempts at explaining away the miracles of the Bible as merely natural occurrences wrongly supposed to be mir-

aculous by those who witnessed them, are now so justly regarded as failures that we need not waste time with them. The supernatural enters too deeply into the very essence of that which a Christian must believe for it to be appreciably affected by details concerning any particular miracles. Without the supernatural the Christian religion is nothing.

The question then becomes, Is there anything in this world now which is truly supernatural? Because if there is, we may find in it the solution of the question of miracles.

It is not often that many sides of a great problem can be covered by one illustration. But we think that this is nearly done by a spectacle which daily meets the tourist in the great clock of the Cathedral of Strasbourg. This clock, which is twenty feet in height, was made by Jean Baptiste Schwilgué in 1842. Besides various astronomical devices indicating true solar time, it has a great planetarium in which the revolutions of the planets are represented, so that the relative positions of each at any time can be seen at a glance.

Here we have, at any hour of the year, the rising and setting of the sun and of the moon; then the movements of the great planets in their orbits; then striking human figures poetically representing the stages of man's life; then the Apostles moving past, reverently bowing to Christ, until, when the moment of Peter's denial comes, a cock crows in as proper time for him as that which sun and stars keep for their movements. Each goes as it is wound up to go.

But what does Jean Baptiste Schwilgué, who designed and made all this wonderful clock mechanism—what does he represent? Here, on the one hand, we have most perfect samples of mechanism, and on the other, the man Jean Baptiste Schwilgué. What is the difference between these things thus side by side?

This question suffices in its way to suggest the greatest of human problems, namely, What is this world of ours with all it contains, man included?

There can be no middle ground between two mutually and essentially opposing answers to this question. The first is, that this world is all one great mechanism, regulated by the law of its being, in which there can be nothing contrary to or above that law. Now, law is impersonal, unconscious, inflexible, and inviolable; the law of gravitation is quite as operative in the most distant star in the heavens as it is here.

The other answer is that man as a being is an exception to everything in Nature. In his physical frame he is as much a mechanism as are the other animals. But as a being, man is essentially supernatural, with nothing equal to, or corresponding to, him in this world of Nature.

In fact, man's ability to create mechanisms is unlimited and illimitable, whether it be a watch, a dynamo, a microscope, a theodolite, a sewing-machine, a phonograph, or anything else which he cares to make. By the same faculty he causes a waterfall to light the streets of a town miles away. He may be seen erecting poles for a telegraph, or for the more marvelous telephone line, or, lastly, for talking across oceans by means of the mysterious ether which pervades all space. No one, indeed, can say what he will not yet do by virtue of this great innate equipment which he alone on this earth possesses. Meantime, this capacity is not in the least like an animal instinct, for instinctive actions do not vary. Bees still construct the same cells for honey which bees did in the Tertiary period.

Now again can any part of this power be ascribed to the exceptional development and organization of man's brain. As Huxley showed, the human brain does not possess a single small convolution which is not also present in the brains of these apes.

But more than all, the demonstrated fact about the human brain is that only one of its two perfectly matched hemispheres is ever used for speaking, thinking, knowing, or for any other mental action, while its fellow does nothing of the kind: in other words, it has nothing to do with the mind, but only with the muscular movements and sensations of the side of the body which it governs. The explanation of this fact inevitably involves the conclusion that the brain itself never originates a word or a thought any more than does the hand or foot, but that the brain instead is the mere instrument of the invisible thinker. Yet this power, great as it is, to invent and to perfect mechanisms is but a minor attribute of man. One has only to name some of the subjects which human science deals with to feel that he has stepped higher than mechanisms.

Now the point which we would here emphasize lies in the question, Is such a being natural or supernatural on this earth?

For a while the development of life on this globe was so thoroughly studied that an ascending series of animal forms was pictured, culminating with the anthropoid

apes, till we were asked to recognize at last the primate Homo at the top. Many persons then imagined that by this science had explained man! But where in any part of this series is there even a prophesy of a being who could make a speech or write a book? It is thought that these things are themselves natural, whereas they are as much above the powers of any earthly creature that ever lived, other than man, as wireless telegraphy would be. The truth is that man is as little included within the limitations of animal life as an archangel would be if he visited this earth.

Greatly transcending in significance the human powers which we have been demonstrating as virtually supernatural are two characteristics of our race which dominate all the others, and which are so nearly universal that they may be regarded as generic. Of the presence of neither of these is there a sign in the whole world of natural earthly life. The first is a belief in personal immortality, and the second lies in the great word, Religion.

There is a deep reason for this universal refusal to accept death as involving extinction. Owing to his high and supernatural endowments, man from the beginning has had to ask himself, What does death mean? In this darkened world he can find only one mistakeable certainty, and that is his own personal existence. Whatever is or is not, he knows that he is, for every human being can say, I am!

Personality never changes. However numerous or great the changes in one's outer life, a man is never for a moment *any one else*. All his experiences, all his memories, are indeed his own. Thus through everything there remains the abiding single conscious self. With this certain consciousness of his own existence one becomes equally certain of the existence of other conscious personalities. And if he be a true man, he is all the more certain if he has loved other selves, for this last makes him the more confident that they have not ceased to be when death renders them no longer visible. He knows that conscious personality is the same yesterday as it is to-day—and why should the day come when it shall cease to be? And this certainty grows still stronger when by increasing knowledge he learns that no

part of his physical frame which dissolves at death is ever a part of his personality. He has long known that he does not lose any part of his personality when he loses hand or foot, and now science tells him that his brain no more thinks or is himself than either hand or foot.

Religion is as exclusively the characteristic of the human race as is the faculty of speech itself. It bears all the signs not only of an innate instinct but of the strongest of instincts, dominating every other instinct, even that of parental love. At the present moment there are millions of sane persons who would rather die than deny their religion.

What does all this signify? Elsewhere in Nature instincts *subserve some purpose for the advantage or for the preservation of a species*. Why, therefore, this mighty instinct in man? Other creatures have no religious instinct whatever. They all go along quite well without it, and why not man?

Among us a common fallacy is to confound religion with ethics, so that many think that if one be ethical in his conduct nothing else is needed. But there is no necessary connection between the two. The province of ethics is to teach men how to treat one another justly in this world. Religion is occupied with the concerns of the world to come. It is only in the Jewish and in the Christian religions that right conduct here is made essential for inheriting the future life.

Universally accompanying religion is the significant human characteristic of Prayer. At all times, and the world over, the sense of need beyond what he can supply naturally makes man a praying being. This, however, in time causes it to become a custom or a mere performance, with less and less in it of personal feeling, until it estimates among the people of Tibet in the absurdity of praying windmills and water wheels. But this in no wise lessens the original significance of the instinct to pray. A conscious personal appeal is the soul of prayer; and the more devout a man feels, the stronger is his intent to put up his prayer to a supernatural personality. Outwardly he may seem to be addressing an image of wood or of stone, but back of everything intimate he is

speaking to an invisible, but always personal, being.

We are thus brought finally to the solution of our original problem. The strong, by logical mind of John Stuart Mill led him to say that if once we admit that God is a personal God, miracles become as possible as anything else can be.

This being so, we may ask, Was there ever a time in history when miracles became necessary for the accomplishment of the divine purpose as regards man in this world?

With beating hearts all Israel was waiting for the coming of its King. But when he came at last as a carpenter of Nazareth, belonging, therefore, to the poorest trade in the country, how inevitably were the words fulfilled, "When we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him," (Is. liii, 2).

It was simply contrary to human nature that many others besides his fishermen should be attracted to such a Messiah King. Something a great deal more than what was first visible about him was needed to cause men to consider him at all. Soon the word was spread abroad that a great prophet had risen in Israel. A prophet might be a king, like David, or a herdsman, like Amos, but according to Moses, he must show the supernatural credentials of a prophet; and greater supernatural powers and works than those of any other preceding prophet Jesus did not fail to manifest.

#### "HAUNTED HOUSES OF DEATH."

By F. C. Walsh, M.D., in the *Technician* World.

FIRST thought was no connection between haunted houses and the great while plague. But second thought knows there is some connection in many instances. And, by the way, Mr. Man-of-Slow-Belief, is your house haunted? Are you sure that it isn't? You smile charitably, yet a smile is neither an answer nor an argument.

Back in the good old days, far back than our grandmothers would care to remember, when "seeing ghosts" relieved

Miracles are impossible! cries. Renan. We would agree with him in this statement if he had added the word, *now*. God would not be the just judge of all the earth if He permitted a miracle in our times.

When Christian homes began to abound, miracles ceased of their own accord. From that time to this Christian parents have been the chief means of continuing the kingdom of God in this world. They are the divinely chosen agents for this work. And how strikingly does the wisdom of this choice appear when we examine how deeply laid are its foundations in human life! To parents naturally belong first love, then veneration and lifelong influence. From them do the children derive all their first knowledge, at a time also when knowledge is best remembered.

We often hear of such or such a person's having been converted by some eminent preacher. But how rarely do such preachers convert any one who has not had Christian parents or grandparents. God does not always leave the outside world without heralds of His own to call them into the kingdom. But such great messengers of His, like St. Francis of Assisi or John Wesley, appear only at long intervals. The abiding hope of the world lies in the humble, devoted men and women, the meek who shall inherit the earth, and who train up their children in the fear of the Lord; for the family is the earthly antechamber of heaven.

the drag of time, and took the place of the moving-pictures of to-day; when vaudeville acts were woe unheeded of, and society had its madhouses and realistic drama in the form of witch-burning, it was quite the proper thing to believe in ghosts and haunted houses. Then man had firm faith in supernatural evil agencies, and, to do him justice, he attacked those mysterious, intangible evils with all the strength of his manhood, to the full measure of his light and might. Our

modern ghost is the tuberculosis germ, and its habitat, the haunted house, is too often your own home, Mr. Average-Citizen!

Some twenty years ago, as the writer remembers, in a certain Mid-Western town, three members of a family living in a sufficiently picturesque cottage, were stricken with consumption in rapid succession, and died. Nothing unusual about that! Nothing. But wait. The remnant of that family moved out, while another family, containing five children, moved in and within six months three members of this second family "went into a decline," as the mother stated, and ultimately died.

The neighbors were sufficiently observant to gossip over the similarity of death in the two families, and the wiser ones attributed the deaths to dampness, while the more superstitious openly hinted that the house was haunted. Time went on, and the house was sold. The purchaser, with a family, moved in, and in less than a year the old story of the haunted house repeated itself. One girl died. "Consumption," the doctor said. Two others of the family, young adults, were advised to change climate, and went to Colorado, with what result is unknown. This sadly decimated family, in its turn, moved away, and from then on, for some little time, the house remained vacant, a source of mystery to those inclined to superstition; a warning against "dampness" to others. Again the house was put on sale, this time for a mere song, but no one wanted the white sepulchre.

Then something happened. A young physician, new to the town, was making a professional call one day in the neighborhood. Before he left, his patient, a rather garrulous old Irishman, told him the story of the haunted house, with elation

born sufficient to make an interesting magazine story in itself. The doctor listened eagerly, and then made careful investigation for himself. He found no signs of dampness; found nothing, in fact, to explain the sequence of deaths. He then traced back for twelve years the different families who had occupied the house during that period. Finally he got back to the original owner and occupant, an old bachelor, who had died of lung trouble! The story was becoming interesting. Tracing down the various deaths from this beginning, our medical Sherlock Holmes found no less than twenty-five deaths from "lung trouble"—tuberculosis—occurring in the successive families who had occupied the house up to the time of his investigation. Not one family that did not give up its quota to this horrible, intangible Juggernaut! His investigation completed satisfactorily to himself, the doctor bought the house.

It was a House of Death, and he knew it; but he knew also that his science could break the evil spell and turn it into a House of Life.

The average man will flee the wrath of one tarantula, or else attempt to destroy it, yet ten thousand tarantulas in every room of that evil dwelling would have been less dangerous to health and life than the malignant germs which, unseen by the naked eye, nevertheless literally covered the walls and floor, particularly the latter. That abode of evil required just one thing to make it perfectly sanitary and safely habitable—disinfection. And so it was fumigated and disinfected, as never a house was before. That was a number of years ago, when the neighbors marvelled at the doctor's madness. To-day, they wonder at his wisdom, and the healthfulness of his happy family, who still occupy the house.

#### "THE NEW CONFIDENCE GAME."

By William Brown Meloney, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

THERE'S a new confidence game, and it's a big one, for it takes whole communities to play it. Within the next few years every municipal com-

munity with an ounce of progressiveness in its cosmos will be playing it. Municipalities like old Amsterdam and London and Vienna and Berlin, and even Chris-



tiana under the Northern Lights, are already alive to it, and asking New York please to teach them the rules.

The City of New York—the greatest of all municipal proving grounds—started this confidence game in October last by taking its taxpayers into its confidence. That is the new game in a nutshell: Taking the taxpayers—the people who make a city and who pay all of its bills—into the city's confidence, telling them how their money is spent; showing them how it is spent; letting them see whether they are getting real wool or Buster Street shoddy; treating them as genuine Missourians!

Budget Exhibit is the name of the new game. That word budget sounds forbidding. When the average citizen hears it he usually shudders. He sees a mountain of figures taping over on him and he takes to his heels. In a vague way he knows that a budget is an estimate of the proposed expenses of conducting his city or state government or the nation for the ensuing year, and that upon the total is based the tax levy. But when a man can look a budget squarely in the face and see what lies behind its apparently forbidding columns of figures and involved tables of percentages, it becomes a great big human proposition. It puts a taxpayer in a position to say to a public official or a whole set of them:

"Stop! I don't like the way you're spending my money. How is it the city is paying eighteen dollars a ton for hay? I pay only sixteen in my business for better hay." Or, "I'm a manufacturer. I'm getting better steam coal for a dollar less a ton than the city pays. Why?"

New York's Budget Exhibit brought the taxpayers face to face with the municipality as it is, with all of its shortcomings, its hopes, and its great attainments. It was a school for taxpayers where they were taught that it costs more to carry on the government of their city than of any state. It was demonstrated to them that this is so because it is a community of almost five million souls, and constantly growing.

Next they were made to understand that, although tax rates have gone on climbing in the past ten years, graft and extravagance are not to be held wholly

responsible. Rather it is that the present taxpayers are building for new generations, as they are bound to do, and just as past generations builded for them; and that this is an expense which increases in proportion to the growth of the community. They were taught that as citizens they have a common heritage. They were taught that though 540,000,000 gallons of water a day are sufficient for the city's needs now, the time is not far off when it will not do so, and that it is part of their duty to arm the city against drought. The public works responsible for increased taxation were analyzed. The taxpayers were shown how to analyze them for themselves.

For instance, it was shown that where the Department of Education used but 16 per cent. of the city's income three years ago, it required 19 per cent. this year. Again, it was shown that while the interest charges on the city's debt incurred for public improvements had increased from 18 to 29 per cent. in twelve years, the cost of protecting life and property had been reduced from 23 to 18 per cent. of the annual income. If a taxpayer asked why the Department of Health's appropriation was mounting steadily, his answer lay in the reduced mortality records and the reduction of disease.

Not a taxpayer could have attended the exhibit and gone away without being better equipped to weigh his own responsibilities and those of the men whom his vote had put or may put in office.

The exhibit was the result of attempts by the Bureau of Municipal Research to hold civic shows in 1908 and 1909. The government of the city then was largely in the hands of men who suspected the Bureau's purposes. The Bureau is a non-official organization supported by private subscriptions. With a new set of men in charge of the city's affairs last year, the Bureau's efforts produced an appropriation of \$25,000 for a genuine budget exhibit, and every department of the municipality was compelled to participate.

Instead of the group of men directing the Bureau of Municipal Research as its critics, the whole body of taxpayers sat in judgment. All of the facts were submitted to them, and they were presented, not in staggering columns of figures, but in

physical form and tagged with the purchase price and cost of maintenance—from the old fire horse, Brentwood, which has been serving the city for twenty-one years and is still in harness, down to the strapful of books necessary to start a six-year-old boy or girl in the public schools.

Wherever one looked it was to see a vivid chapter or picture of progress—life, health, public comfort subordinating all else. There were models of the old style, disease-breeding tenements, carrying legends of shattered life and of death. There were models of the new, bearing tabulations of lowered death-rates. The price of one good cigar added to each taxpayer's bill in a year saves a human life.

The extension of New York's water system is under projection at an estimated cost exceeding \$160,000,000. The exhibit visitors were enabled to visualize this tremendous project—touch it. A segment of the water tunnel which is to pierce Manhattan Island from end to end was one of the gateways of the show.

What was impossible of presentation in a physical way was exhibited in pictorial form, with the heads of departments to explain the illustrations and to be heckled, too, by anybody who desired to heckle.

Between 200,000 and 300,000 school children went to that budget exhibit, and to-day they have a more comprehensive grasp of the government under which which they are living and of things as they really are than a good many university graduates. Among the disenchanted things they learned was that the biggest and finest fire-engine doesn't cost \$1,000,000, but only \$6,500. Still, they were

able to go home and tell their parents how the family could so burn gas as to obtain two-thirds more light at one-half the present cost.

Exclusive of children, there were 554,000 men and women who saw the exhibit in the thirty days and eight nights it lasted. Among these were foreign consuls and journalists to send reports abroad which have awakened cities across the sea. There were Westerners and Southerners and Northerners and Canadians to take home seed for planting. There were mayors and councilmen and educational bodies from all of the large cities and towns around New York.

Essentially it was a genuine city show, even to the advertising. Seven hundred thousand cards of invitation were sent to homes through school children, without cost, save for the printing. Two hundred and fifty thousand similar notices were inclosed in bills and notices of personal taxes sent through the mails to taxpayers. The newspapers printed things about the show because the show was news, and that was more advertising. When the doors were closed, \$4,000 of the appropriation for expenses remained on hand—an exhibit in itself that those who were in charge of the show had also taken a lesson in economy.

There is an appropriation of \$25,000 in this year's budget for another exhibit in September or October next. The exhibit will be an annual event in New York unless, as has been suggested, a permanent municipal museum is established.

The new confidence game is here to stay. It can stand publicity.

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### "BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE"

By Frederic Blount Warren in the Technical World.

**T**O you who have lived in a day when wireless leaped trackless oceans and made continents talk with each other as men talk across a table; who have heard aeroplanes clatter out of misty obscurity and become appliances of human flight—to everyone possessing imagination and grasping the scope of man's pre-

ent-day triumphs there will still be a surprise in learning that human genius has wrested a secret from Death; the secret of restoring life to dead bodies; of calling men back from the dead.

Actually, this is no blow at centuries-old beliefs; one may continue to accept the Psalmist's measure for the length of

the life-thread and still admit that there are three-and-a-half thousand of premature deaths—needless deaths; deaths by poison and accident; termination of life as unnecessary as the appalling slaughter of 200,000 infants each year that our better knowledge of hygiene is now doing much to counteract. But for the countless victims of drowning, electrocution, chloroform, morphine, asphyxiation and scores of other causes of death—everything except broken down, worn out, years-old human machinery—a woman surgeon and scientist, famous on two continents, has found and demonstrated a life-restoring force in electricity.

One day more than a decade ago there sat in a little laboratory in Paris a young woman physician who, for more than an hour, noted closely the effect of galvanic action upon the leg of a frog. Whenever she applied an electric current muscular contractions took place in the leg and therein the investigator found a principle which she thought might be applied to the human system. The heart and lungs in the human species, as well as in the animal, are formed of muscles susceptible to reaction from outside influences, she reasoned, and straightway began to experiment with various sorts of electrical apparatus. Applied to the heart of an animal, electricity, she found, made it contract and relax just as if she had taken the organ in her hand and squeezed it into activity. The lungs, too, proved susceptible to her electric excitations. From these scant bits of basic knowledge there were evolved electric instruments, which, if successful in fulfilling their purpose, would stifle science and layman the world over.

For two years these early experiments in Paris were partial failures, but there were always enough promise of ultimate triumph to lead the zealous fact-seeker onward. Then, one day in December, 1908, Paris found itself enjoying all the thrills of a great "story"—a wondrous tale that the *Stock of American newspaper* correspondents there have never told to this day; a woman, dead and given up by the doctors in attendance, had been brought back to life.

"Doctor Volt!" exclaimed the volatile Frenchmen. Thus they dubbed the new

development of the related science of electric anaesthesia and as "Doctor Volt" it is known to-day and will live in the future.

The woman was only one of the many characters of her kind in the underworld—a morphine eater—and she had been admitted to the *St.-Anne Asylum*, Dr. Maggan's service. For two years she had indulged each day in two grams of the drug. When admitted to the hospital she was deprived of this dose. Waiting to be examined by Dr. Maggan, she had a sudden attack of syncope. Various means were used to revive her and she regained consciousness. In a few minutes she fell into a second attack. Her respiration became slow, shallow, appearing at rare intervals—perhaps four or five per minute. The pulse was almost imperceptible and her face was blue—almost black-blue from asphyxia. Assistant physicians began to practice artificial respiration and rhythmic traction of the tongue. Almost any reader has witnessed the application of these methods in drowning cases at some summer beach. At the end of twenty minutes every method had proved unavailing. The last visible spark of animation had fled. The patient was quite black in the face, to use the doctors' own expression.

"Dead!" they said and one, in true French fashion, shrugged his shoulders. After all, she was only a street woman; the place was an asylum, or "poor hospital"—and so much effort had been wasted. It was not thought wise to carry the body to the *Robinson laboratory* on the second floor, lest some hidden spark of life might be jolted out. Even the doctors used the word might; they had seen too many cases of death to be deceived after this. Twenty minutes had elapsed after death before Doctor Robinson's electrical coil was brought in and the electrodes placed in their proper position for resuscitation; the cathode in the dorsal region, the anode in the lumbar.

Imagine for a minute what this scene represented. Not one of the spectators expected a favorable result, though all were deeply engrossed in a situation surcharged with dramatics. Then the rhythmic excitations were begun and practiced for thirty seconds. Because the patient

looked so thoroughly asphyxiated, judging from the color of the face, the operator shortened the period of the opening of the circuit. The change that took place was like the breaking up of storm clouds on a summer afternoon to make way for the full radiance of the sun. As the excitations were repeated the dark blue of the features changed to pale blue, then to an almost natural color. There was a quick, sharp sigh and the woman's eyes popped open.

"Oh! I feel so cold in the back!" she cried, with a shiver. It was the wet pad of cotton in the electrodes at her back.

A devout little nurse dropped a bottle of aromatic spirits she had been holding and crossed herself. "Back from the dead!" she exclaimed and the look in her eyes was half horror, half astonishment. The operator had expected scepticism on the part of the male physicians. One, witnessing this "reawakening," asked: "I wonder have you brought the seal

back, too?" The woman, in her hour of triumph, merely smiled.

It had taken years of effort but the contracted muscles in the leg of the frog had been carried to the ultimate development of the principle they had revealed to the mind of the scientist. The dramatic force of this incident is bound to suffer by the necessary resort to surgical or technical terms, and is only possible for each reader to construct his own mental picture.

Doctor Robinson's did in Paris bring back to life a human being who had been declared dead, and has been, for the last year, in New York restoring hundreds of animals, pronounced dead by her conferees; animals deliberately shocked to death by electricians, only to be awakened at the end of twenty or thirty minutes by a curly-headed little woman whose work, when it finally leaked out and was published with all sorts of distortions by the yellow journals, furnished a most profound sensation.

♦

## GETTING 100 PER CENT. RETURNS FROM THE PAY ROLL.

By William Hamilton Burgess in "System."

"OUR clerks are getting stale," admitted the junior partner, snapping a rubber band round a pitifully small bundle of sales slips. He was store superintendent, and part of his job was to keep the clerical force "up to concert pitch."

"They are stale," declared the senior partner with a frown. Customers flocked to the store. But with a taste both economical and discriminating, they confined their purchases almost wholly to the bargain counters. In other departments the women merely "shopped"—stopped, looked, gossiped, and took samples. The store was profiting not a penny from the sale. For this, the proprietor knew, the clerks were in large part to blame. Their mental attitude, if put into words, would have been translated thus:

"The boss oughtn't to expect us to sell goods at this time of year. It's trying enough, goodness knows, to be polite to customers in this hot weather."

"How about a prize contest?" suggested the junior. They argued the matter long, finally, like a flash, came the inspired idea.

"Let's offer vacations on full pay," the junior proposed, "to every clerk who increases her sales a certain percentage over the same sale of last year! We needn't make the increase over twelve per cent. to move every special you've bought and cut a big hole in our regular stock. To keep everybody on the jump till the gong rings, we'll also promise three round-trip tickets to Chicago as extra prizes for the three high-scorers, and ten dollars in gold to the man or woman who makes the biggest individual increase. That'll wake 'em up all right!"

The senior partner objected. He didn't believe in vacations—had never taken one in his life other than trips to buy goods.

"We can spare half our people next month," the younger man insisted, "if only to keep them from getting lary and

hored. And we'll profit on the deal. To earn a vacation a clerk will have to make money for us. And we'll have a force in the fall with plenty of snap and ginger."

He had his way. Details were worked out then and there, and marks set for clerks less than a year in the firm's employ and others whose records had been satisfactory. Announced next morning, the newspapers devoted considerable space to the contest.

In the store an instantaneous change took place. Every clerk was charged with energy. Best salesmanship was devoted to listless bargain-hunters and sample-takers. Patient urging brought out the needs of each, both current and future; then the remnant or article to satisfy such needs was dug out of the heterogeneous stock. To reach possible buyers who did not appear, clerks wrote memoranda on postal cards furnished by the store, calling attention to special bargains, and mailed them to their special customers.

From front door to alley, from basement to roof, the store vibrated with vitality and buzzed with energy. After eight days of the contest, it became evident that every clerk in the store would qualify for the vacation with pay. The senior partner smiled as he telephoned for supplementary bargain lots to fill holes in the stock and provide the force with "something to sell" during the grand wind-up. The race for the round-trip tickets and the added prize money became more engrossing every day.

The net gain over the preceding year was more than thirty per cent. More important far was the matter of dynamic energy and added efficiency, gained by the clerical force through rest and recreation unhampered by any worry over loss of wages.

Offering good "business literature" to employees—giving the books away, not circulating them, is the method used by the general manager of a big machinery house. He presents his salesmen, both in the house and on the road, with books on salesmanship, and kindred subjects. He gives free subscriptions of magazines on business and selling to new salesmen. Another aid to superior salesmanship is found in snappy, business lectures. "Live-wire" talks at regular meetings at the main office of a company. By one large

firm of wholesale grocers this is considered a great incentive toward top-notch effort. There is an annual gathering of road salesmen from all parts of the country. Several evenings are devoted to the discussion of matters of general interest.

A unique and desirable form of rewarding high-grade work is the donation of free scholarships in technical schools. The chief executive of a western house manufacturing electrical appliances tried various schemes to speed up individual employees. All were unavailing, however, until he tried the scholarship idea. His explanation is that he made the mistake of watching the advance of a few employees in each department, when he should have studied the general advance of all his men. After he had concluded that the majority of his men were going back, he found that it was only relative, and that, as a matter of fact, the great mass of the men were turning out just as many machines per capita as ever. Deciding to try something new, he sent ten men who had shown consistent advances to a technical school, paying their tuition and allowing them an average wage, for a special four week's course.

Coming now to a consideration of real profit-sharing, the results achieved by one of the greatest of wholesalers are noteworthy. For the last five years, the pay of road salesmen has been based, not upon gross sales, as was the old plan, but upon the net profit realized. Not only are prices better maintained, but expense accounts are kept down.

A further step in this movement to secure the co-operation of employees in increasing output, is the distribution of stock. The plan has been adopted by many firms both large and small in various parts of the country. A large manufacturer attributes his success in securing team work to the stock-distributing system.

He found that the plant's per capita production was far below what it ought to be. His managers and foremen studied for months to find a satisfactory plan to "speed up" the employees without resorting to piece work, which they regarded as objectionable. Prizes were offered for increased weekly output, but this brought no appreciable general improvement. A few men made astonishing records, and

easily ran off with the prizes. Their very efficiency seemed to discourage the rest of the workers. The rank and file relapsed into a "What's the use" attitude and made no effort to win. Next, grading the employees was tried, and prizes were offered by classes for improvement stretching over six months' time. A little more interest was shown, but the time seemed too long, and the employees lost this interest, even the weekly percentage announcements arousing little enthusiasm.

"At last, we tried the idea of offering stock in our company to those who showed a certain monthly average, said the manufacturer. "For the first time the men began to sit up and take notice. The average for the first three months showed an upward trend, six months confirmed the improvement, and a year's trial convinced us that we were at last on the right track.

Our directors voted a special issue of treasury stock, and from that day to this we have paid the additional dividends regularly, and have never had any labor troubles."

This system of co-operation makes the employee a vital part of the business. He is both worker and part-owner. Taking the good men into partnership was Andrew Carnegie's pet hobby. An establishment in which all skilled employees were partners as well as workers would come very near solving the labor problem. And the standard of efficiency would seldom fall below that of the largest office stockholder.

"Pay 'em and drive 'em!" was the eighteenth century rule. Profit sharing and stock distribution have become the ideals of the twentieth century.



## "BRINGING IN THE MONEY."

By Lynn Sumner in "System."

**T**IMES come in every credit man's experience when the old methods fail.

Hard-shell debtors manage to pass every guard of precaution, and set themselves down with seeming immovability upon the firm's books. Chronic delinquents persist in trifling at the very borderline of credit. They are proof against every ordinary collection method of process. Trained upon them, statements and second notices fall without effect. The cleverest letters lose their pulling power.

Such debtors must be graduated into a class by themselves. They are subjects for the credit man's ingenuity. And it is for these that so-called collection schemes must be devised.

Every credit man knows this situation, whether his business be wholesale or retail and, if the latter, whether on a straight, monthly or installment basis. To him these schemes that have been used successfully will bring suggestions.

Since the "night letter" privileges went into effect, at least one wholesaler uses the telegraph in much the same way. Of course, one cannot openly dun a customer by wire, for it is illegal under the black-

mail laws to give publicity to a buyer's indebtedness. But this dealer uses the wire as a follow-up for his letters most effectively.

For instance, suppose the customer orders a bill of seasonable goods, meanwhile neglecting to settle a back account. The wholesaler knows he needs the goods badly and so uses the order as a lever and telegraphs him something like this:

"When office closed to-night, no reply had been received to our letter of the 8th, asking for a settlement of your account. His check been mailed? Your cash order is ready in the shipping department, but we feel we cannot let it go forward until this matter has been adjusted. If you have mailed check, please wire us collect so goods can go forward to-morrow."

Such a telegram as this is permissible, because it really asks regarding the account only as a matter of information. From the merchant, who is anxiously awaiting his goods, it is practically certain to secure at least a partial remittance.

A more gentle, but highly suggestive scheme, is used systematically by an east-

ern hat manufacturer. A week or ten days before a bill is due, the credit man sends the customer a card printed in facsimile of a leaf from a desk calendar pad. The large figure on it, representing the day of the month, signifies the due date of the bill. In the blank space below is printed in imitation of handwriting a memorandum, so that the leaf reads after this fashion:

"Thursday, August 16th.

Mail check to Vincent & Co. for \$— to cover invoice of July 16th. Their goods were right, they filled my order promptly, and I owe them an equally prompt settlement."

This card is accompanied by a brief note:

"Place this card anywhere on your desk—just so you'll be sure to see it."

A somewhat similar scheme is used on the sensitive debtor. One firm often collects the number of promises that a debtor has made in letters written to the house, and arranges them in one, two, three order on an attractive card as follows:

"Messrs. John Blank & Company, Hugheville, N. Y., Promised Blank, Blank & Sons on—

"May 10th—'Will Remit in Ten Days'

"May 25th—'You Will Have Check Promptly by the 1st.'

"June 10th—'Accounts are Slow But Will Surely Settle in Fifteen Days'

"All Promises Unfulfilled.

"Don't Promise Any More But Mail Check To-day."

The card is mailed with a special delivery stamp and it makes an immediate impression. In ten cards recently sent out by a certain firm, eight brought settlement in five days after receipt.

Akin to this letter scheme, is another equally as unique that has aroused many lagging debtors. The house sends a letter, by special delivery, formally addressed on the letter head but in the centre of the page is simply a large interrogation point printed in red. The letter is signed as any ordinary letter.

The debtor may not catch the point instantly, but invariably he will rummage in his mind for something that he has overlooked or that has reference to the

house sending the letter. In the majority of cases he will hit on his account first.

Carelessness is often a cause of slow payments. It is the put-off merchant that annoys the credit man. This class must therefore be handled in a way bordering on coercion. He most often be guided in the side. One concern rouses this procrastinating merchant by having the advertising man write a short news item covering a hypothetical law suit of its firm against a certain debtor. The firm is given an execution of his property, and prints the news item in ordinary newspaper type, with a heading on it and a date line. This is torn as you would tear a clipping, and pasted in the centre of the letter to the debtor. Underneath the clipping is written on the typewriter: "You would not want us to do the same by you, would you, Mr. —?"

Every retail credit man knows the value of any scheme that will jolt the customer into a recognition of the condition of his or her account. One big store does this through its C. O. D. service.

A customer, whose account has been badly neglected, comes in and orders goods sent out C.O.D. The credit man leaps at the opening. A bill is made out for the single purchase, but to it is added the amount of the delinquent account.

When the driver delivers the goods, he delivers with them the statements in full and he has but two alternatives—to bring back the money in full or the goods. If the customer wants the articles badly, there is but one way to get them and more often than not a settlement is forthcoming. At least the scheme serves to rouse her into touch with the credit man.

But there are many instances when, any method short of a personal collector's cleverest persuasion fails to get the money. And even schemes must be used to make the personal call productive.

One installment house has been very successful in its hard local collections by sending a lady collector to call on its men delinquents. Few things could be more embarrassing to a man than to have a young woman approach him in an office full of his associates, and ask him when he is going to pay the \$10 he owes her firm. In nine cases out of ten, with this pressure upon him, he will procure the money on the spot, if he has to borrow it.

Another effective scheme of the retail credit man is to play on the average customer's horror of a personal collector. A Chicago store uses this in a unique way. When the account has fallen pretty far behind and the routine letters have failed of response, the credit man gets the buyer on the phone.

"I just called you up to tell you," he says, "that I have a memorandum on my desk to have one of our men call and see you to-morrow. I find that your check has not come in as yet, and I called you so that if you wished you could wait until to-morrow and hand it to him personally. This will save you the bother of mailing it."

Of course, the purpose of the call is to effect just the opposite result. What the average customer wants to do is to head off the collector, and in many cases this phone message will evince a hurried request to never mind having the collector call as the check will be mailed that night.

Then occasionally every retail credit man finds one delinor on his books on whom even more extreme measures than this must be used. All hope of retaining the patronage of the customer had been abandoned. The only aim is to get the money. When a debtor reaches this final stage, he is given by one store what it calls the "bawling out" process. A typical case illustrates the method.

A real estate broker had become deeply indebted to a number of stores and all were searching for ways to persuade him to settle.

The credit man for the largest creditor, the store in question, felt that this man could have paid his bills if he had wanted to do so and learned, upon investigation, that he was actually hoarding what cash he had in hand in order to handle some deals in prospect which he very much desired to swing. Naturally the credit man had his doubts about the propriety of the customer using the merchant's money with which to run his business.

The collector called a number of times and letters were written, but all to no purpose. Then the firm's star collector was called and the "bawling out" process prescribed. The collector decided to use it at the "psychological moment." So each day he waited until the broker was in conference with one of his clients; then he would open the office door, and in elevated tones, ask the broker when he expected to pay that bill he had been promising to settle for three months past. The real estate man stood the strain for a week, but constant fear of the jeopardizing unexpected entrance of this collector wore him out and at the seventh call he paid up.

Many houses have brought in the money by offering a sentimental inducement to the debtor. An installment firm selling by mail order makes clever use of a certificate of credit. At a certain point in the follow-up, a letter is sent the customer, enclosing a sample certificate and explaining that as soon as the account is settled in full, a properly filled in and authorized certificate of credit will be presented to him. This, it is pointed out, will be a valuable asset to him in dealing with other concerns—in fact in every transaction where his credit might be a factor.

The certificate itself is an elaborate, lithographed affair. It has been found remarkably effective when used on country and small town buyers. Many in their desire to possess a properly filled in original, even pay their installments up before they fall due.

In any event, the scheme is more or less of an emergency method. Except in the case of the last one cited above, all these methods are employed only when ordinary means have been exhausted.

The clever letter is always the most diplomatic collector. But it cannot always win. When it fails, the scheme comes in to its own.

## "CUTTING DOWN THE COAL BILL."

By Harry Chast Bressley in the Technical World.

CAN a man be imagined buying stocks without inquiring what the stocks represent, or a housekeeper ordering a basketful of groceries and not seeking to learn the contents of the basket? Yet something rather like this takes place when the average buyer exchanges his cash for a ton of coal. Coal is coal, he thinks—and sometimes it isn't.

Ten or twelve years ago the government commenced to investigate facts which had long been known to science, and soon dry chemical formulas, translated into the popular language of dollars and cents, took on new life and interest. The government accordingly ceased buying coal as coal and began to buy it as heat. Next some concerns in Baltimore followed suit and from these the idea spread to certain large consumers in New York, Chicago and other cities. But ideas spread slowly against human inertia. Chicago has indeed applied it to a large proportion of her plants, but other cities are more backward and the individual householder has not in general even heard of such a thing. Buying coal as heat, means buying upon analysis which is an utterly foreign thought to ninety-nine out of a hundred citizens, and yet it probably wants but popular education upon the subject for public opinion to bring about "pure fuel" legislation as was recently the case in the "pure food" law.

The average buyer, hoping that the dealer may not have shortened the weight more than the anticipated eight or ten per cent., pays his bill with characteristic weakness. He realizes that much of the bulk and weight which go into his fire come away again in the shape of ashes and clinkers, but this occasions no surprise. It was also anticipated. It needs must be. However, commercial science now steps in with a contradiction of this statement. It does not need to be in any such proportions as have hitherto obtained, unless the buyer pays the lower price of an inferior grade. How is he to discrimi-

nate? Not by the appearance, for even an expert can judge very little by eye alone. Here are two specimens of common anthracite, differing little in looks, and yet one of them contains forty-one per cent. of ash and the other but nine per cent.—to state an extreme case. In other words the latter contains 1820 pounds of combustible fuel to every ton, and the former but 1180 pounds. Here then are two grades sold at the same price, looking substantially alike, yet one of them exceeding the other in full value by more than fifty per cent. Furthermore, the poorer coal produces four and one-half times the bulk in ashes of the better, meaning corresponding trouble and expense in handling, together with greater wear upon the fire-grate and a more frequent stoking of the fire. To say that a consumer must pay the same price for both grades seems almost as absurd as for him to pay a uniform price per acre for land without reference to its location or character, and yet while the example cited is extreme, it and its lesser variations are the everyday facts of the coal trade. How, then, is he to discriminate? By scientific tests.

The difference between a successful and an unsuccessful business may often lie in the coal bill and a manufacturer who has studied the problems of labor, of improved machinery, of office systems, etc., often partially realizes this to the extent of experimenting with various combustion devices, without attacking the still more vital question of the coal itself.

All of the foregoing refers, of course, more especially to the larger consumers, for the average householder, with his purchases of from five to twenty-five tons per year, could hardly afford the relative expense of frequent tests. And yet there is no more reason, ethically considered, why he should be compelled to pay a high price for an impure commodity than in the case of the plants. The remedy must come, as most remedies do, through education, popular demand, the joint action of communities and perhaps ultimate

legislation, unless the coal trade is wise enough to render such action unnecessary by complying in advance with a clear public right—the right to know what it is

buying. In other words, as a newspaper recently said, it should be made "a finable offence to sell coal without an analysis label or with a false one."

## RECRUITING A FACTORY FORCE.

By Franklin Russell in Business and the Bookkeeper.

NOT many years ago any factory employing more than half a hundred workers possessed a sign, more or less battered, reading "Men Wanted." Most any Monday morning, and always on the day after a holiday, you could find this sign swinging on the street side of factory walls all over the country. These were the times when ranks were most frequently broken; the misgilded deserter having gone off in company with a black bottle. So much the superintendent or his foreman usually found out a few minutes after work commenced. If the missing man was especially valuable the superintendent would probably call up police headquarters and offer half; otherwise the sign would be hung from its accustomed peg.

To-day such a sign is comparatively scarce, for now it is not a question of simply finding a man who is willing to work but one who is experienced in some particular work. Most factory offices have half a dozen or more of these signs, each calling for the services of men trained to some one task. And many manufacturing plants have passed this stage, especially if their product requires the services of operatives of more than ordinary skill and intelligence.

So it has come about that the selection of capable workmen has developed a new and very important department within the factory walls. A department not actually productive, yet so closely related to production as to make it an integral part of the works. This is the recruiting office, and its duty is to keep the plant supplied with the best workmen the market affords. Only concerns that have undertaken this task realize the labor difficulties it presents and the labor in-

volved in making the department entirely efficient.

At what we have been pleased to term the recruiting office of this plant, the business of enlisting workmen has been carried to a remarkable degree of perfection. While the company has individual reasons for following this work to the last detail of completeness, yet every large employer of labor, whether manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer, public service corporation, or whatever may be theirs, would find it time well spent to compare these methods with their own.

An interesting feature of this plant is that all employees are on a strictly piece-work basis. Their product of firearms necessitates the manufacture of many delicate and often complex parts; and the many patents they control require the operation of numbers of special machines, in use in no other plant, and to the working of which men have to be personally trained.

The payroll of this house numbers from forty-five hundred to sixty-five hundred employees and the majority of these are skilled workers, performing tasks that demand considerable time to learn before sufficiently instructed to make them first-class operators. Consequently when any person makes application for employment they are examined on a number of points that might not seem essential to the conduct of most factories. When an applicant appears at the recruiting office he is first asked a few general questions, before he is officially considered, to see if there are any very apparent reasons why he would be undesirable.

Passing this preliminary examination the applicant is then expected to answer the complete list of questions printed on

the application blank (see Forms 1 and 2). Beginning with the name and address and the date the application for work is made, the information required is sufficiently comprehensive to give an experienced judge of men enough facts concerning the applicant to permit the formation of a very fair and accurate estimate of the man.

The items listed on this blank are self explanatory, so there is no reason for their repetition here. To the man who studies it, the worth-while completeness of the card will grow on him, for the company has a peculiar reason for securing each item of information listed. It would be hardly advisable to attempt a discussion with a prospective employee as to his ideas of the workman's responsibility toward the employer, or as to whether he, personally, was determined to become a reliable and steady employee. But there are other questions which may be asked where the answer, though seemingly without reference to these subjects, in reality give an opportunity to form a very practical opinion concerning the man's views on them.

These unbridled information blanks tend to give both parties a good bargain. The man whose record shows up to his advantage has a pretty well defined standing even before he enters the company's employ. Instead of being taken on speculation and feeling like a piece of human material of unknown quantity and quality, he already has a record for good work that gives him every opportunity to do his best.

Many employers of labor would save themselves expensive law suits that have been brought by employees who by chance or planning have found opportunity to take an unfair advantage, if they carried some such information bureau as this card offers.

It is an exception when an applicant is hired at the time he first applies. Two reasons may be given for this: Through their method of recruiting, this office is usually able to provide a capable person for any productive position within the works from among those whose applications have been approved, consequently they are not apt to be short-handed, rather there is always likely to be some one who

is promptly available ahead of the newest recruit; in addition to this reason the company is averse to hiring any one until word has been received from the applicant's place of last employment.

And this brings us up to the plan this concern pursues in its endeavor to secure a confirmation of each applicant's statement, concerning his ability and conduct, by applying to his last employer for information. To this end a form letter is used, signed by the second vice-president to assure the concern addressed that the request is from one in authority. The letter states that such a man, giving his name, has applied to them for employment and has given the house addressed as his previous employer. To make the applicant more easy to locate, as well as to insure a more accurate report, the name of the department head or foreman under whom he worked is inserted. Following this is a request for information as to the grade of work he is competent to do and whether he proved to be a good and reliable man. Finally the time is asked as to when he left their employ. The suggestion is also made that the questions be answered at the bottom of the letter of inquiry, where sufficient space is purposely left blank.

The classification and filing of the cards bearing the application forms may follow any one of several methods, though for a concern of any considerable size, that must of necessity keep the cards rather active, the following plan is probably the most accurate and labor-saving.

After the card has been satisfactorily filled out its general classification brings it under the head of the department where such work as the applicant seems capable of performing is carried on. Here it is placed under the subdivision bearing the title of the particular operation or job for which the applicant is fitted. There may be yet another division, if the employment in this work is large and divided into classes. Then when the card has reached its particular section in the file, instead of placing it in alphabetical order, in which there would be no justice because a man named Brown might be given an opening for which Smith had applied six weeks before. Instead of this they are filed by date, so that, all else being equal, the

person who came first has first chance. Of course there is always provision made for exceptionally desirable applicants by giving them preferred classification and noting the reason for it.

These files constitute the available supply, the labor reserves of the plant. When a man passes from the reserves into active service his card occupies a similar location of the employees' files. Should he leave, be laid off, or discharged—the card passes on to another file, used to hold the cards of those who have left for similar reasons.

At the time an employee is engaged, however, there is another card made out for the use and information in the time-keeper's and paymaster's departments. This card bears his name, clock number, and the date on which he is employed; also the department to which he is assigned, the class of work he is expected to do there and his rate per hour; his foreman and department head and by whom approved. After actual service has proven the extent of his ability it may be necessary to give him a new rate, and space for this is designated at the bottom of the card.

The work of this method of enrolling applicants has had too long proof to leave it open to argument. It is personal service examination as effective in its purpose to insure capable and reliable employees as any civil service test. It has become almost a *fad* among some business men to declare they pay no attention to recommendations, that they are able to judge any man after three minutes' talk with him; the only thing to do is to give the good man a chance to prove himself. And it's a fine thing to give a man a real chance; but often the chance proves a handicap because the man is thrust into work for which he is unfitted and untrained—and in some cases he has been known to turn chance into an opportunity to make away with the till and contents. To be fair to the employee as well as himself it is usually better business for the employer to know the facts rather than estimate the chances.

Every man who applies for employment at the Winchester plant must fill out this blank, which becomes a permanent record of his history, if he enters the employ of the company.

## "BUYING AN AUTOMOBILE."

MR. BLANK, begins Herbert L. Towle, writing in *Recreation*, has made up his mind to buy an automobile. Can we help him out with some advice? Well, maybe. But first we must ask some questions, doctor fashion, before we can prescribe.

What does he wish to pay for car, equipment and extras complete? What are his ideas as to power, passenger capacity, and speed? Will he use the car for pleasure only, or also for business; that is, to take him to and from the station or office, or from the farm to town and back? Will his wife drive the car? Will he employ a chauffeur? What is he prepared to pay annually for up-keep? Will he use the car throughout the year, or lay it up during cold weather? Does

he expect to sell in a year or two, or to keep the car longer? Has he had previous experience with automobiles? Does his territory include bad hills, and are the roads good or otherwise? Will he stable the car on his own premises or in a public garage? On the answers to these questions will depend the selected type of motive power—electric, steam, or gasoline engine; the type of transmission if a gasoline car is chosen; the power, wheel-base, and body style, the tire equipment, and the extras as regards wind shield, top, etc. The question of whether to buy new or second-hand will also be determined by this information.

For restricted town use, such as shopping or making doctor's calls, and for running from home to business and back

where distances are short, there is nothing quite so convenient as an electric vehicle, provided charging facilities are at hand and the necessary skill is available to keep the battery in order. It is frequently profitable to install a charging outfit on the premises, particularly as the skill available in small public garages is often of doubtful merit. The chief drawback to the use of electric vehicles for local purposes is their high price, \$1,500 being about the minimum for a small runabout. The cost of current at meter rates per horse-power is also quite an item compared with the half-cent or cent per mile paid for the fuel of a small gasoline runabout.

As steam cars are numbered in the small minority and are limited to a few makes, it will suffice to say regarding them that the choice between steam power and a gasoline engine is mainly one of personal preference. The steam engine runs quietly and its power is very elastic. It takes a few minutes to fire up the boiler, but in most cases that is not a serious objection. The principal drawback is that to hold steam and water under a pressure of several hundred pounds necessitates more or less constant attention to pipe joints and couplings, stuffing boxes, packings, etc., of all of which the number about a steam car is rather large. The fuel, also, is in some cars under pressure, and there is the possibility of some pipe or connection springing a leak, and the escaping fuel being ignited by the fire under the boiler. On the other hand, if one lives in a country of steep hills or bad stretches of road, or where deep snow may be expected, one can get more for his money in the way of ability to surmount such obstacles in a steam car than in either of the other types.

Coming to gasoline cars, we find the greater preponderance of choice in four-cylinder engines. The once common one and two-cylinder runabouts have almost disappeared, owing partly to improvements in manufacture which enable a four-cylinder car to be offered for what was once the price of a one-cylinder runabout. Requirements as to power have also increased and to-day the common type of small runabout has a twenty horse-power four-cylinder engine. Such a car does excellent local and suburban service,

and it will perform with credit even in long tours if it is cleverly handled. Such cars can be purchased to-day at from \$900 up, depending on their workmanship and on the type of transmission they contain. A genuinely high-grade twenty-horse-power car would be worth from \$1,500 to \$2,000.

If the purse allows, a slightly larger car, developing from 25 to 30 horse-power, and having a motor of 4 to 4½-inch bore, is better for touring. Such a car will negotiate hills and rough roads more easily than a smaller machine, on account of its power, longer wheel base, and greater weight. For equal speeds and mileage it will last longer, also, and for the same reason—i. e., that it does its work more easily. As a matter of fact, its owner is likely to expect a somewhat higher average speed.

The exact speeds reasonably attainable with given cars will depend on the driver and the road. On good level or moderately rolling highways, even a twenty-horse-power car will average twenty miles an hour during a day's run and have power to spare. With a thirty-horse-power touring car, the average gait might be twenty-five miles per hour, and with a light roadster of that power a thirty-mile average would be possible, though not usual. Such a roadster will easily touch 50 miles an hour for short distances—fast enough for safety.

As for larger cars and higher powers than these, they are desirable only as luxuries. Up to a certain limit, the larger and more powerful the car, the more luxurious is the sensation of riding. Beyond that point, a heavy car rides so steadily that the sense of exhilaration is lost, and one has to exceed speeds of thirty or forty miles an hour to feel that one is going at all. The difference is similar to that between a knockabout and a schooner yacht. In the small boat there is "something doing" every minute, whereas it takes a stiff blow to give one a thrill when aboard the larger craft. A big car is almost necessary for touring, as a small car driven all day on rough roads racks its passengers to the point of exhaustion. But for home use, for marketing, for taking friends to the station, and for short week-end runs, the car of twenty to twenty-five

horse-power certainly gives the best return for the money.

Other things being equal, it is advisable for the beginner to take a car of moderate power, certainly not over thirty horse-power, and better somewhat less. If he can afford to hire a chauffeur and pay the bills likely to result, his choice need not be restricted. But the larger his car, the more completely will an inexperienced owner be at the mercy of the chauffeur, and the more difficult it will be for him to master the intricacies of the machine himself. A small car, on the other hand, is easily learned; and when you have learned to look after your car—large or small—in person, your chauffeur is not likely to fool you long.

If a woman is to operate the car, planetary transmission is best, unless she has had previous driving experience. Under other conditions, sliding gear transmission with three or four speeds is preferable, and except perhaps in the smaller cars, four speeds are better than three. An air-cooled motor has an advantage in severe winter weather, but elsewhere, water cooling is usually preferred. The ignition system is important; a high-grade high-tension magneto is as good a choice as any.

As already indicated, \$1,000 is about the lowest price that one can expect to pay for a four-passenger car intended principally for service. By this is meant regular travel to and from the station or place of business, regular household service in place of a horse, regular calls on patients, if the owner is a doctor, and so on. Indeed, the result is more likely to be more satisfactory if the purchase price is a little higher.

If, on the other hand, one does not purchase with an eye to service, but merely for week-end runs and cooling-off spins after dinner, one may get along quite comfortably with a second-hand car purchased for less than \$1,000. This subject will be mentioned in a later paragraph. Meanwhile, the reader is cautioned to bear in mind that, with an old car, a low purchase price is apt to be followed by high repair bills, and that a \$3,000 car purchased at the end of six years for \$450 is a deal more expensive to keep up

than the same car would be if new. The worst possible purchases in the second-hand line are worn-out cars of low first price and worn-out cars of foreign make. The first are certain to go to pieces in one port after another with harrowing regularity. The second, if of good original reputation, will stand up fairly well while they last, but it will be nearly impossible to obtain parts for them, and wholly impossible to get such parts at reasonable cost. If one must spend from \$500 to \$1,000, it is better to get a small than a large car, since, other things being equal, the former is apt to be in better condition. For the lower figure, indeed, the purchaser will be lucky to get a car of any sort, except the smallest runabout, which will not require an expensive overhauling to put it in shape.

Going to the other end of the price schedule, one finds, as is natural, a much more satisfactory range of choices. Here again, however, the rule holds that high quality combined with high power commands a corresponding price. A high-grade twenty-horse-power car which can be bought second-hand for \$1,000 would have cost from \$1,500 to \$2,000 when new. The best thirty-horse-power cars cost to-day about \$3,000, though it is probable that within a year or two \$2,500 will be the standard figure without loss of quality.

Assuming decent workmanship and intelligent care, what does it cost to keep a car? Unfortunately, this is a question which can only be answered by citing particular cases, since everything depends on the personal equation and on the extent to which the car is used. If a car is used in moderation—say 2,500 miles per year—and is kept as long as it gives good service, instead of being arbitrarily sold off at the end of the first or second year, both the mileage expenses and the depreciation are kept low. Assuming a car to be purchased either new or second-hand for a total cost of \$1,000, driven 2,500 miles per year for six years, and then sold for \$250, the yearly expense figures will be about as follows: Interest on car and garage, \$75; depreciation, \$125; tires, \$70; repairs, \$60; gasoline, \$15; license, \$5; sundries, \$25; total, \$375.



*The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.*

Boliver was very unhappy. One of his cherished schemes had fallen through, and the man he had counted on to pay his dividends had gone away.

"Oh, well, never mind, Bolty," said Bunker. "What if Slithers did get away from you? There's just as big fish in the sea."

"That's true enough," groaned Boliver, "but they ain't all suckers."—Harper's.

"Yes, ma'am," said the salesman; "the price of that piece of goods is \$10 a yard, and it is worth every dollar of it."

"I don't doubt that, sir," responded the sharp-featured woman; "it's worth probably every dollar, considered in its separate and individual capacity as a dollar, but it isn't worth ten of them. Show me something else, if you please."—Chicago Tribune.



Hair-Cutting Day at Elton.  
—W. Hock, Engraver in the Sketch



He The sparkling glass is gone to sleep.  
She: Never mind, dear. It won't show well if it.  
—The Teller



Stout lady: I'm afraid you are rather young for the situation. Are you sure you could cook dinner for a large party.

Applicant: O yes'm. Who the least party I was with was quite as large as you are.  
—The Teller

Knicker—"Where do you live?"  
Booker—"Five miles from a lemon and ten dollars from a steak."—Harper's Bazaar.

"Would you marry for money?" asked one girl of another.

"Not I; I want brains!" was the reply.

"Yes, I should think so," said the first speaker, "if you don't want to marry for money!"—Ideas.

We just got started happy,  
When woe comes battlin' in—  
But we'll keep on a-laughin'  
Till it's laughin' time agin'.  
—St. Paul Dispatch.

No matter how easy it is for a man to make money there always seems to be somebody else for whom it is easier to get it away from him.—Birmingham Age-Herald.



The second helpings: You can't eat it ever nor after you. Period.

The second helpings: Very true, Maggie. The trap runs twice after the rat, but it catches him in the end.

A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation. "Bred'ern an' sistern, Ah warns yo' against de heinous sin o' shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' against de breck rascality o' liftin' pullets! But, above all else, breddern and sistern, Ah demonishes yo' at dis yer session against de crime o' melon stealin'!"

A brother in a back seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look.

"Whuffo' mah frien'," said the preacher tersely, "does yo' ra't up an' snap yo' fingers when Ah speak o' melon stealin'?"

"Yo' jes' reminds me, parson," the man in the back seat answered meekly, "wha' Ah let mah knife."

"What kind of an appointment do you want?"

"Well," said the applicant, "what I'd like is one of those positions in which a man can make a hit by seeing that nobody else has a sinecure."—Washington Star.



# Grand Trunk Pacific Elevator

FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

In the year 1908, before the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway had run a single regular freight train over its new line, the farmers who had crowded into the new land were asking the railroad to haul their wheat to market. In that year, not far from one million bushels were taken out of the grain country on Grand Trunk Pacific construction trains. The next year regular freight service was inaugurated, and several millions of bushels were taken over the new railroad, as far as Winnipeg. But the section of the Transcontinental Railway running east from Winnipeg to Lake Superior Junction, at which point the Grand Trunk Pacific line to Fort William branches off from the Transcontinental Railway, was not yet ready for freight; and the grain traffic from the Grand Trunk Pacific had to be turned over at Winnipeg to other lines for forwarding to Lake Superior ports. In the year 1910 the Transcontinental Railway has been completed as far east as Lake Superior Junction, and simultaneously with its completion, the Grand Trunk Pacific Terminal Elevator Company have finished and put into operation their immense new elevator at Fort William.

The elevator is located on the Mission River at West Fort William, in connection with the great terminals being constructed by the railroad at that point. In order to provide proper facilities for handling vessels, millions of cubic yards of earth have been dredged out of the Mission River and adjoining shores to the west, and large shipping basins and slips, with a deep water channel to Lake Superior now take the place of land which but a short time ago was covered with forest.

The new railroad runs through a grain country unequalled in the Dominion;

foreseeing the enormous possibilities of the future traffic eastward in wheat, oats, barley and flaxseed, the railroad laid its plans for unloading the cars at its Lake Superior terminals, storing the grain, and loading it into lake vessels on a scale so comprehensive and vast as to appear at first glance almost visionary. But a few months of full operation of the grain business, on the railway and through the new elevator have already justified the wisdom and foresight of the plans made.

The recently-completed elevator will hold three and a quarter million bushels of grain, but is only one small section of the great system of elevators which will, in a few years, border the docks of the Mission Terminal. The plans show three great piers devoted to the grain traffic. On each side of each is to be built a working elevator to unload in a 10 hour day 200 freight cars loaded with grain and to drop 75,000 bushels of grain every hour of the day, if required, into lake vessels lying alongside the elevator. Each working house will have connected with it storage elevators to hold 10,000,000 bushels. And this is on each side of each of the three piers. 200 cars in a 10 hour day, 400 cars in a 20 hour day, at six places, means 2,400 cars a day when all of the elevators are finished. 300,000 bushels an hour into vessels; 10,000,000 bushels storage at each working elevator; 60,000,000 bushels at six working elevators. It is a plan for the future, but for a future which no one who knows the grain country will be willing to deny capable of arriving.

But to come back from the future to the section of this great system which has just been completed. This section consists of one of the working houses complete, and of a storage elevator with a capacity of 2,

500,000 bushels to which more storage capacity will be added as fast as the growing requirements of the grain country to the West require it. The working elevator holds 750,000 bushels, so that the total capacity of the new elevator is 3,250,000 bushels. The elevator is of fire-proof construction throughout. It rests on over 11,000 piles driven 50 feet in the ground. The foundations on top of the pile are entirely of concrete, and above the concrete foundations are the super-structures, built of reinforced concrete and steel.

The working house is a structure 237 feet long and 137 feet wide. It comprises 80 cylindrical concrete bins, each 12 feet in inside diameter. The spaces between these cylindrical bins are also used for storage. The bins rest on massive reinforced concrete columns, and girders. In the first story and immediately beneath the bins are installed 15 steel cleaning machines of the largest size, for general cleaning, while above the bins are installed machines to clean flaxseed, and separate the screenings from the other machines into the various kinds of seed of which they are composed.

Above the bins the building is of structural steel covered on the outside by galvanized corrugated steel. The floors and roof are of reinforced concrete, and the windows are of wired glass in metal frames, all outside covering, floors, roofs and windows throughout the plant being of similar material. In the cupola above the bins are ten 2,000 bushel scale hoppers, resting on 120,000 pound hopper scales, each scale hopper being surmounted by a 2,500 bushel garner. Five of the scales are used for weighing grain being received from cars, and five for weighing grain being shipped to vessels or to cars.

The unloading of cars is done in the truck shed, which is alongside of and forms a part of the working house. Four tracks extend through this shed and to a sufficient distance beyond the elevator so that they may be filled with loaded cars twice a day; and for the balance of the time, the cars pulling arrangement of the elevator will handle the cars through the truck shed without the use of a switching engine. On each of the four tracks there

are five unloading hoppers, so that there is a total of 20 hoppers in five lines of four each extending across the shed. Each hopper has a capacity for a full car load of grain, and beneath each line of four a belt conveyor is installed to carry grain to one of the five receiving elevator legs in the working house. Each line of four hoppers has its discharging valve connected to an interlocking mechanism, so that it is not possible for more than one hopper to be open at the same time, thus there is no possibility of grain from the various cars becoming mixed. Cars are unloaded into the hoppers by power grain shovels which have been made of unusual size and strength on account of the constant tendency to increase the average amount of grain loaded in freight cars.

Each of the receiving elevator legs has a capacity of 15,000 bushels per hour, and each of the shipping legs has a similar capacity, the working house is also equipped with 9 other legs for elevation of grain from the cleaners, screenings, flaxseed, grain from the dryer, etc.

Six vessels loading spouts are provided for loading grain into lake steamers. A grain drying plant, with hoiler for same using forced draft, is placed outside of the elevator at the west end. A passenger elevator, offices for foreman, inspectors and weigh-men, electric lighting system, a very complete signal system and a fire service system, using a motor-driven pump for the purpose of putting out possible fires among the freight cars or on vessels are incidental portions of the equipment. A transfer conveyor for carrying grain lengthwise of the house is installed in the cupola, and the dust collecting system necessary in connection with all large cleaning elevators is most complete.

The wharf alongside the elevator is built of concrete.

The storage house consists of 70 cylindrical concrete bins, each 23 feet 8 inches in inside diameter, and 54 inter space bins. The storage house is filled by belt conveyors running from the working house, and is emptied by similar conveyors running to the shipping legs in the working elevator. These conveyors all have a capacity of 15,000 bushels per hour

each. All bins in the storage house, are self-emptying.

The entire plant is driven by alternating current electric motors. The fifteen cleaning machines in the first storey of the working house are arranged in five batteries of three machines each, each battery being driven by a separate motor. Each elevator leg is also driven by a separate motor, and other motors drive the conveyors, passenger elevator, and the remaining machinery. Power is obtained from the Kaministiquia Power Company at 22,000 volts. It is transformed to 500 volts for the motors and 220 volts for the

light and signal current, in a concrete transformer and switch board building placed outside of the elevator. The transformer building also contains a large rotary condenser to give the elevator company the benefit of the best power factor obtainable.

The elevator was constructed by the Canadian Stewart Company, Limited, of Montreal, Quebec. The consulting engineers for the railroad company on the layout of the grain terminals and on the unit just completed being the John S. Metcalf Co., Limited, of Montreal, Que. and Chicago, Ill.

